

JUNE

ARE WE VERGING ON WAR WITH GERMANY?

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHITEL

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CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

ARE WE ON THE VERGE OF A WAR WITH GERMANY?

THE vast maelstrom of war which has drawn into its vortex six of the great powers of the world and has had another one dangling on its rim for weeks now threatens to engulf the United States. It is a voracious vortex. Into it had gone, up to May, according to the latest estimates, 1,350,000 men killed in battle, 4,650,000 men wounded, and over 1,000,000 taken prisoners—a total of seven millions in the first nine months. Hundreds of ships have been sunk, the tonnage of the British ships alone, not counting war ships, amounting to 460,000 tons. About thirteen and one-half billions of dollars of wealth have been sucked down. And the fiercest part of the fighting, to all appearances, began only last month. With nothing whatever to gain from plunging into this frightful whirlpool, with nobody in this country desirous of plunging into it, with every material interest and every political advantage urging us to neutrality, nevertheless the United States found itself last month, in the twinkling of an eye almost, face to face with the grave possibility of war. The situation seems like a bitter irony of Fate and affords a striking commentary on the views of those who always talk of war as if it were a matter of deliberate choice on the part of a people or their rulers. Certainly no people ever lived less desirous of war than the American people at this time, and no men were ever in power more averse to an appeal to arms than our President and his Secretary of State. Yet three thousand miles away from the scenes of carnage, the suction of the maelstrom has caught us in its power and escape will apparently require the utmost skill and energy.

German Submarine Warfare Arouses Neutral Nations.

NOT the sinking of the *Lusitania* alone has brought about this situation. Four acts in quick succession are responsible for it. On March 28th the British

passenger steamer, the *Falaba*, was sunk by a German submarine, one American citizen, Leon C. Thrasher, being drowned. April 28th an American ship, the *Cushing*, was attacked by a German aeroplane, but the bombs went wild and no serious damage was done. On May 1st an American vessel, the *Gulflight*, was torpedoed by a German submarine, two American lives being lost in consequence. On May 7th came the sinking of the British passenger steamer, the *Lusitania*, with the loss of more than one hundred lives of American citizens as a result. That the *Falaba*, the *Gulflight* and the *Lusitania* were all carrying contraband of war and were subject to seizure and even destruction, if the captors could not take them to port, is not denied. The crisis between the two countries arises from the destruction not of the ships but of the lives of non-combatants on board, who were given no warning and no adequate opportunity of escape. Officially, of course, the United States government is concerned only with the deaths of Americans; but the feelings not of this country alone but seemingly of all the neutral countries have been tremendously aroused by the fact that 1,154 lives, nearly all of non-combatants, were deliberately sacrificed to the exigencies of war, and that the repetition of this sort of thing is promised us for an indefinite number of times. In Italy anti-German riots have been in progress and Germans have been fleeing across the border by the hundreds. In Switzerland, another neutral country, the government has had to send troops to the border towns to protect the German residents from the mobs. Anti-German riots in the poorer parts of London and Liverpool and other English cities have been with some difficulty suppressed, and residents with German names and of German ancestry are now being interned by the thousand for their own protection. Even in Constantinople, according to detailed dispatches, anti-German

riots have been seen. In this country, while there have been no demonstrations against German citizens, the feeling has become so acute that the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung* felt called upon last month to "urgently recommend" that all Germans and German-Americans keep



"MY SENTIMENTS, MR. PRESIDENT"
—Carter in N. Y. *Evening Sun*.

away from all public places "where the excited groups congregate and discuss the burning questions of the day."

The President's Note to Germany Achieves the Impossible.

FOR several days after the sinking of the *Lusitania* President Wilson denied himself to callers, isolating himself, so it was reported, even from members of his own cabinet. On the 13th of May, six days after the event, the "Note to Germany" was published. No state paper was ever awaited in this country with more breathless interest. Probably no state paper ever received more instant and wide-spread approval. That it could at the same time satisfy the highly-wrought feelings of the most emphatic pro-Allies and be stoutly commended by most of the German-American papers seemed impossible. It has done just that thing. The "Note," which, tho signed by Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, is universally assigned to the President as author, begins with reference to the attacks upon the four ships mentioned above, saying that, in view of these events, "it is clearly wise and desirable" that the two countries "come to a clear and full understanding as to the grave situation which has resulted." It expresses the "growing concern, distress and amazement" with which our government has observed these events. Then follows a paragraph that has been construed as irony by some of the British papers. In it the President recalls "the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the Imperial German Government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas," and refers to German influence in the field of international obligations as "always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity."

In view of these facts, says the President, this Government can not bring itself to believe that the acts enumerated, "so absolutely contrary to the rules, the practices and the spirit of modern warfare," could have the sanction of the German Government. Then follow a reference to that Government's notice of the establishment of a "war zone" around Great Britain and a repetition of our reply to the effect that we cannot permit such measures "to operate as in any degree an abbreviation of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality" and that we will hold the German Government "to a strict accountability for any infringement of those rights, intentional or incidental."

Warning Can Not Be Accepted as an Excuse.

THE next paragraph in the Note has been in some degree misread. It refers to the use of submarines in the destruction of commerce and to "the practical impossibility" of employing them "without disregarding those rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative." This paragraph does not contain any demand that the use of submarines cease. The three demands come later. It simply "calls the attention" of the German Government to this state of facts, using the excuses which the Germans themselves make for the methods of their submarine warfare as reasons for its abandonment. "Manifestly," says the President, "submarines cannot be used against merchantmen without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity." Then comes a scathing reference to the advertizement which the German Embassy published in the daily papers the day the *Lusitania* sailed, warning travelers that those "sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own peril." Says the President: "I do not refer to this for the purpose of calling the attention of the Imperial German Government at this time to the surprising irregularity of a communication from the Imperial German Embassy at Washington addressed to the people of the United States through the newspapers, but only for the purpose of pointing out



"BUT WHY DID YOU KILL US?"
—Kirby in N. Y. *World*.

that no warning that an unlawful and inhumane act will be committed can possibly be accepted as an excuse or palliation for that act or as an abatement of the responsibility for its commission."

Three Things the President "Confidently Expects" Germany to Do.

THEN the President comes to his three demands, which, however, he does not call demands. The word "demand," indeed, does not occur in the Note. The Government of the United States "confidently expects" the Imperial German Government to do three things: to "disavow the acts" complained of, to "make reparation so far as reparation is possible for injuries that are without measure," and to "take immediate steps to prevent the recurrence" of such acts. Expressions of regret, he adds, and offers of reparation may answer where no loss of life ensues; but they "cannot justify or excuse a practice the natural and necessary effect of which is to subject neutral nations and neutral persons to new and immeasurable risks." The Note closes with the following significant sentence—the most significant in the communication: "The Imperial German Government will not expect the Government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

Such is the message which the *Westminster Gazette* considers the "greatest single event of the war," and which, so the *London Times* says, "both in substance and expression recalls the best traditions of American diplomacy." Expressions of delight in London and Paris are indeed common, but can hardly be considered surprising. More noteworthy are those that come from the journals of neutral countries. The comments in those countries on the President's Note and on the sinking of the *Lusitania* are, so far as they have reached this country, of much the same tone as those in the American papers. *La Prensa*, the leading paper of the Argentine Republic, declares that if the principles laid down in the Note do not prevail, there will be an end to all neu-

trality and universal war will ensue. The *Diario*, also of Buenos Aires, concludes that Germany is no longer deserving of any sympathy from civilized nations. The *Tribune de Genève*, of Switzerland, asks: "How can our opinion remain neutral before such an abominable



"GOD IS WITH US"

—Pancoast in Phila. North American.

crime?" The *Osservatore Romano*, organ of the Vatican, joins in the protest against the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Giornale d'Italia* speaks of the "atrociousness of the crime," which in its judgment has "no extenuating circumstances." The *Amsterdam Telegraaf* calls the act a premeditated crime, and calls for a "spontaneous joint protest of the entire civilized world from which Germany has separated herself." The *Handelsblad*, another leading paper of Holland, speaks of the deed as "opposed to every law and every sentiment of humanity." The *Politiken*, of Copenhagen, the *National Tidende* and other papers of Denmark are only a little less emphatic.

Standing by the President in a Great Crisis.

THE President's Note has been criticized in this country, but even the critics half apologize for finding any fault whatever with it. Professor George W. Kirchwey, Dean of the Law School of Columbia University, while he regards it as a "strong, sane and convincing statement of the case for civilization," thinks it is lacking in some suggestion of a way out of the difficulty, such, for instance, as a conference of the powers to determine the rules for submarine warfare. The *N. Y. American*—Hearst's paper—while commending the Note as "undeniably vigorous," regards it as "possibly dangerous as well," not because of its actual demands but because it "goes on to practically protest against the use of submarines by Germany in the war



"WE BOTH GIVE NOTICE"

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

that country is waging on British commerce." In this the President, we are told, "has abandoned the safe and firm basis of obvious and unquestioned rights and ventured upon the debatable ground of international exigency and morality, and opened the way to a retort which it will be difficult for the United States to bear calmly." The N. Y. *Press*—Munsey's paper—is almost or quite alone in the tone of its comment. It speaks of the "graceful but empty rhetorical phrases" with which, it says, the Note begins, and of the "curious mixture of wearisome homily and pitiful plaint" which it finds later on. Nevertheless, we are assured, the Note will have an effect because the Berlin Foreign Office now knows that "the United States Government is passing, if it has not already passed, out of the hands of Mr. Wilson and into the hands of the American people." The weak attitude of the administration heretofore, we are told, "got its authority into contempt, led Berlin further into defiance of it and still further invited the succession of crimes and horrors which have befallen our citizens." Aside from these contemptuous remarks in the *Press*, the call to stand by the President has been sounded far and wide by the press of all parties and sections. The adjectives which Mr. Taft finds to apply to the Note are: admirable, moderate, judicial, dignified, accurate in its statement of international law. Joseph H. Choate has nothing but praise for it and agrees with everything the President says. Professor Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia, with strong radical sympathies, takes the same attitude. Congressman Gardner, who has been attacking the administration for its program in regard to the army and navy, thinks the President has met the crisis courageously and in a manner "worthy of our best traditions." Jacob M. Dickinson, Taft's ex-Secretary of War, finds the Note "just what, under the circumstances, should proceed from a peace-loving, self-respecting nation that knows its rights." The N. Y. *World* thinks it "cannot fail to satisfy the highest expectations of the American people," for "it is calm, it is restrained, it is courteous; but with a cold, cutting courtesy that gives added emphasis to every word." "The President," remarks the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), "is standing up for the Government and people of the United States and they stand behind him to a man." The Note, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), "deserves a place among America's great state papers." "What he had to do," says the N. Y. *Tribune* (Rep.), "Mr. Wilson has done with utmost simplicity, clarity, completeness." We could fill this magazine with similar utterances.

What the *Lusitania* Carried When She Sank.

THE main facts about the *Lusitania*, as they have been brought out at the official hearing in England and in various accredited statements, are as follows: The ship carried contraband of war. In her manifest appear not only sheet brass, copper and copper wire in large quantities, lubricating oil, motor cars and "military goods," but also 1,271 cases of "ammunition," 4,200 cases of "cartridges and ammunition," and eight packages of "drugs," which, according to the statement of a chemist in Pittsburgh, included 250,000 pounds of tetra-chloride, for the making of gas bombs. According to the statements of the Cunard Company officials, the item of 1,271 cases consisted of unloaded shrapnel shells, and the 4,200 cases were Remington cartridges

for small arms, which, under the ruling of the courts, do not come under the classification of ammunition forbidden by law on a passenger ship. "There was no explosive of any sort aboard." In the first official statement issued in Berlin, the first words are: "The *Lusitania* was naturally armed with guns." In the dispatch from the German Foreign Office to the Embassy at Washington, it is stated that, according to the British Parliamentary Secretary, "practically all British merchant vessels were armed and provided with hand grenades." The Berlin *Tageblatt* is more specific. It declares that the *Lusitania* "carried armament of twelve strongly mounted guns." But according to the Cunard officials, the ship "never has been armed and never carried an unmounted gun or rifle out of port in times of war or peace." This is confirmed by Dudley Field Malone, collector of the port at New York. The ship was regularly inspected before sailing, he says, and she "sailed without any armament." While the *Lusitania* was subject at any time to use by the British Government as an auxiliary cruiser, there is no evidence, aside from the bare assertions in German papers, that she had actually been turned into an auxiliary. Before the ship sailed, the following notice was inserted in the New York papers:

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY

Washington, D. C., April 22, 1915.

When the Torpedo Struck the *Lusitania*.

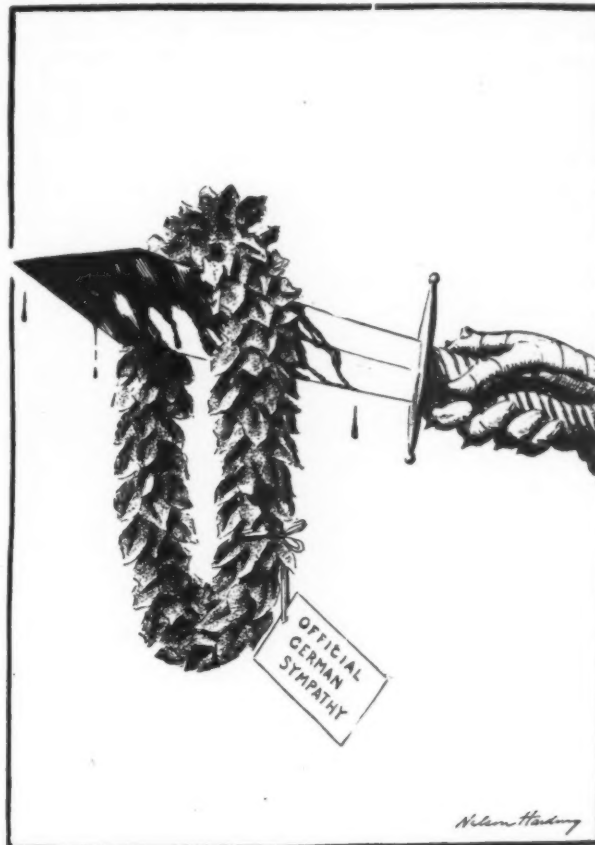
WHEN the *Lusitania* sailed, she had on board 2,160 persons, of whom 188 were Americans. Many of the passengers were women and children. Between the time of sailing and the time the ship reached the war zone, twenty-two vessels were torpedoed in the zone. The captain received admiralty communications, but no warships were sent to convoy the big liner. For this, bitter complaint against the British Government has been made, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, when questioned about this in Parliament, said: "Our resources do not enable us to provide destroyer escorts for mail and passenger ships. . . . The general principle regarding the providing of escorts is that merchant traffic must look after itself." The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* supplies another possible explanation. If a ship is under convoy, a submarine, we are told, is entitled to treat her "precisely as if she were a man-of-war," this having been the law of the sea as far back as the days of Napoleon. As the *Gulflight* was under convoy at the time she was torpedoed, this phase of the law may become an important part of the controversy. The *Lusitania* was struck by one torpedo only, according to the official version in Berlin. "The detonation of the torpedo was followed immediately by a further explosion of extremely strong effect. . . . The second explosion must be traced back to the ignition of quantities of ammunition inside the ship." This tallies with the tes-

timony of Captain Turner, of the *Lusitania*, before the coroner's jury. He said: "There was a slight shock. Immediately after the first explosion there was another report, but that may possibly have been internal." In eighteen minutes the ship sank. The Captain tried to reverse the engines but found them out of commission. As he could not stop the ship, he had to delay lowering the boats, as "it was not safe to lower boats until the speed was off the vessel." Altho the *Lusitania* was capable of making 25 knots an hour, and her speed was relied upon to protect her from submarines, she was going at but 18 knots when struck, tho the weather was clear. The Captain's explanation for this is that he wanted to arrive at Liverpool bar within two or three hours of high water, without stopping. Nor was the ship pursuing a zigzag course. "It is impossible," says the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, "to escape the impression of foolhardiness in the navigation of the *Lusitania* in view of the insistent threats that had been made against her." This view has found frequent expression. Some German-Americans even assert that the British Admiralty were desirous of the sinking of the *Lusitania* for the effect it would have in embroiling this country with Germany. The editor of the *Friedensbote*, of St. Louis, finds no other way of explaining the attitude of the Admiralty. He does not comment, however, on the obliging disposition of the Germans in thus playing the alleged British game!

How the Sinking of the *Lusitania* Is Defended.

FOR the most part the defense made for Germany in the *Lusitania* affair is based, as the defense of the invasion of Belgium has been based, upon the doctrine of military necessity. Germany, says Dr. Dernburg, was forced to declare a war zone in British waters in retaliation for the British attempt to starve the non-combatants of Germany. Even before the British orders in council were issued, he says, the contraband lists were so constantly changed that "no food-stuffs of any kind have actually reached Germany since the war began." The submarine warfare was the only reply that could be made effectively. The submarine is a recognized instrument of war. Every nation has them. But the submarine is a frail craft that may easily be rammed and a speedy ship may easily run away from one. In seizing a ship carrying contraband, "it has been the custom heretofore to take off passengers and crews and tow a ship into port." But that, he tells us, can not be done in submarine attack. Nor need the right of search be exercised if it is known a ship contains contraband. Such a ship is subject to destruction under the Hague rules. The fact that Americans were on board the *Lusitania* did not entitle her to immunity. "England could hire one American to travel to and fro on each of her ships, carry on shipments of arms, and place her men of war anywhere if American passengers can be used as shields. . . . Any ship carrying the American flag and not carrying contraband of war is and will be as safe as a cradle; but any other ship, not so exempt, is as unsafe as a volcano." The German Foreign Office places the responsibility for the sinking of the *Lusitania* upon the British Government, "which, through its plan of starving the civilian population of Germany, has forced Germany to resort to retaliatory measures." As British merchant vessels "are being generally armed with guns and have repeatedly

tried to ram submarines," a search of the ship previous to her destruction is impossible. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* lays stress, as does Dr. Dernburg, upon the alleged character of the *Lusitania* as "a ship of war" an "auxiliary cruiser"; and "a British cruiser can be attacked without more ado." The loss of life in this case was due, so the *N. Y. Fatherland* claims, not to the



EXTENDED

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

torpedo but to the internal explosion. "But for that explosion the ship would not have sunk for hours." The same journal calls for the impeachment of Secretary Bryan because he has not warned Americans to keep out of the "war zone" as he warned them to keep out of Mexico. Such is the German contention. Technically there is some merit in it, in the opinion of the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*. The *Jacksonville Times-Union* accepts it as valid. "Americans should not have crossed the ocean on a British ship, especially at a time when special warning had been given." The *San Francisco Chronicle* expresses a similar view.

Making a Black Record Look Still Blacker.

IF the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* finds technical strength in the German defense, it finds none in the moral aspects of that defense. It says:

"The moral aspect is entirely different, and shows the German Government without a leg to stand on, barren of humanity, a monster of monsters, immoral and unmoral, barbarous and savage, a war machine without soul, daring everything and stopping at nothing, imperiling at once the civilization and the progress of the world, a pariah among nations, a composite criminal, too powerful for immediate

chastisement, but certain sooner or later to languish in the hell of payment and go down into utter ruin."

This sounds like fairly lurid language for a conservative paper; but it is no more lurid than that of many other conservative papers. Here is a passage to match it from the N. Y. *Evening Post*:

"It really seemed impossible that the German rulers had left for themselves a climax in deeds fitted to shock the civilized world, and to bring upon them the abhorrence of all humane people; but they had, and they have now attained it. Solemn treaties made scraps of paper; Belgium trampled into bloody mire; Louvain followed by Rheims; asphyxiating gases—it seemed hard to make that atrocious record blacker, but it has been done. As if the ruthless militarists now in control of the German Government were desirous of depriving their country at one stroke, of every remaining shred of sympathy in neutral lands, they devised this crime of slaughtering the innocents so as to outstrip in hideousness all that had gone before, or that it entered into the imagination of man to conceive."

"In the history of wars," says the N. Y. *Times*, "there is no single deed comparable in its inhumanity and its horror" with the destruction of the *Lusitania*. "Nothing that the bloody buccaneers did in the days of pure and unconcealed piracy," says the Boston *Traveler*, "surpassed it in the fiendishness of the spirit that inspired it and the means that carried the terrible plans into direful completion."

The Word "War" Glares Out In the Headlines.

A LARGE section of the American press, complains Herman Ridder in his paper, the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung*, is "clamoring for war." We do not find that to be the case; but it is true that a large number of American journals have been discussing war as a possibility, or even a probability if the President's demands are not met by Germany. There is no shying at the word war. It glares out from headlines and editorial titles in papers all over the land. "No graver question of national policy," says the Charleston *News and Courier*, "has arisen since the United States became a nation." It deprecates any rushing ahead with fury, but it can see no practicable way for us to remain at peace other than by "acquiescing in Germany's assumed right to close a large portion of the seas to our ships and our people." George W. Wickersham, ex-Attorney General, thinks Congress should be called in session at once, Count Bernstorff sent home, Gerard summoned back from Germany, one hundred submarines provided for and a conference of neutrals called to "plan a contest of Civilization against Germany and give the Kaiser's case a trial on its merits." He adds: "Let America get ready to show that this is a real nation and not a mere dwelling-place for one hundred millions of people, a rich people, ready spoils, helpless in the face of insults." Another eminent lawyer, John R. Dos Passos, sees no defense in international law for Germany's course and says:

"Every hand and voice must now be uplifted against her. Her acts are hostis humani generis, they are against the teachings of Christianity, civilization, humanity, and while we must be the principal complainants, every other neutral nation, every individual, is called to protest against this massacre. It is pure mockery of principles and terms to seek to sustain it by law or reason of any kind."

Mr. Roosevelt was heard calling for immediate and vigorous action as soon as the news of the large loss of life came. He denounced Germany's course as one of pure piracy and wholesale murder, and declared that we shall merit measureless scorn and contempt "if we heed the voices of those feeble folk who bleat to high Heaven that there is peace when there is no peace."

Is Germany Trying to Force Us Into the War?

UPON the threshold of this the most momentous moral crisis since the crucifixion of Christ"—such are the opening words of an editorial by Henry Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He sees in the destruction of the *Lusitania* not a mere incident of war but "a parting of the ways upon the broad Highway of Life, one of the crossways leading to Heaven, the other to Hell." He sees in Germany's course a "species of paranoia" which has developed into "an emotional insanity, losing all distinction of moral values, of national character and of international relations and obligations." We are not interested, he goes on to say, in the physical triumph of any of the forces engaged on the other side; but we are very much concerned for the future of the world. He asks: "Has not the time come not only to put an end to all this but to exclude the German Empire from recognition by the family of nations?" Nowhere do we find more emphatic words than in New York City, where the mere mention of war is usually strongly deprecated. "The patience of the United States," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "is exhausted. The United States can no longer look upon the war area in Europe as a field for neutrality. The system of German 'kultur,' which means material expansion by organized warfare under a military autocracy, has thrown down the gauntlet not only to the democracy of France and of the British Empire but to the democracy of the world. There is, there can be, but one answer. Democracy must take up the challenge." The same paper speaks of the possibility that Germany is trying to provoke war with this country, in the belief that while our ships and troops could make little difference in the result, the Allies would be hampered by the necessity under which war would place us to fortify our own resources in munitions of war, instead of sending munitions abroad. The same thought is given utterance in other papers. "If Germany has become our enemy," says the N. Y. *Times*, "if she has resolved to make war on us, as an unworthy newspaper printed here in the German language rather too plainly intimates, then we cannot too soon be advised of her purposes."

German-Americans in the Event of War.

IN THIS situation the utterances of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* have excited comment. "The chief reason," it thinks, "why a war would be unthinkable, is the presence of an enormous German element in the United States. What could be done, for instance, with the 3,000,000 German-speaking immigrants? And what with their 9,000,000 children? And their grandchildren who in many cases still think along German lines? . . . Even if only some of these millions would have to be brought into concentration camps, the American Army would not be enough to watch over them." This question of the attitude of the German-Americans in the

case of a war with Germany has elicited quick assurances from their leaders. Henry Kersting, president of the German-American Alliance of St. Louis, says: "The manner in which the so-called German-American citizens receive the President's message shows that as a matter of fact there is no such thing as a German-American or any other hyphenated American." Herman Ridder, of the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung*, has this to say of the position of the German-Americans:

"Nor is this a time to burden millions of the American people with unjust and unnecessary anguish of mind. The German-Americans must suffer in any conflict between the United States and Germany pains of which their fellow citizens can never know anything. It is rather a time for showing them the greatest degree of consideration. They have fought to uphold the flag in the past and they will do so against any enemy whatsoever. They deserve the fruits of past loyalty until they have forfeited the right to claim them. There has never been but one flag under which the German-American has fought. There never can be but one flag under which he will ever fight. And that flag is the Stars and Stripes."

The President's Note to Germany is held by Mr. Ridder to be diplomatically correct and it must, he thinks, "compel the support of the entire American people." Rudolf Bernard, president of the Deutscher Kriegerbund von Nord-Amerika, with a membership of 20,000 sons of German war veterans, commends the Note as "a masterpiece of construction and framed in the friendliest expression," and he adds: "In the event that war should be declared between the United States and Germany, a thing which I do not look for, we will find German-Americans to a man enlisting under the Stars and Stripes and fighting against the Fatherland." The German Catholic Union of Baltimore, with a membership of 8,000, sends a resolution to the President saying: "While proud of our German ancestry, we know only one flag, the flag of our country, and we

tender to you, the standard bearer, our undivided loyalty." Similar expression from many other German-American sources indicate that if Berlin is counting on America's impotence as a result of the divided loyalty of German-Americans, she is making another mistake similar to those she has already made as to the feelings of the Belgian people, the Italians, and the Boers of South Africa.

Our Unpreparedness for War.

NOBODY denies that we are unprepared to fight Germany effectively if it comes to fighting. The issues forced upon us by the *Lusitania* affair have stirred the advocates of military and naval increase to renewed activity. The *Army and Navy Journal* takes direct issue with President Wilson's idea that "there is such a thing as being so right that a nation does not need to convince others by force that it is right." Where in all history does Mr. Wilson, a student of history, find any illustration of the truth of this statement? asks the *Journal*. The Navy League, of which General Horace Porter is president, calls for an immediate extra session of Congress and the authorization of a bond issue of \$500,000,000 to provide additional naval and military strength. Congress, thus called, should consider the single question of national defense, in the opinion of the *Washington Post*. The National Security League, sponsored by Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to Great Britain, Henry L. Stimson, ex-Secretary of War, ex-Governor Alton B. Parker of New York, and others, makes an appeal in more general terms. In view of "our deplorable condition of unpreparedness"—with only 30,000 mobile troops, short of officers and equipment; an inferior National Guard; inadequate coast defenses; a navy "neither adequate nor prepared for war"—the League asks support for a definite military policy, an effective mobile army and organized army and navy reserves. Statements regarding naval unpreparedness made by the National Security League Secretary Daniels characterizes as a libel of the navy, which, according to Admiral Dewey, "was never in a better or more efficient condition." But it should be stronger. We are entering upon an era of progress such as the navy has never known before, Secretary Daniels continues, "an era marked by the lifting of our navy out of politics and by the subordination of all things afloat or ashore to the efficiency of the fleet, in order that by our very strength we may be able to demand the right to live at peace with all the world." And President Wilson, reviewing the Atlantic Fleet at New York, sees in our navy "no threat lifted against any man, against any nation, against any interest, but just a great, solemn evidence that the force of America is the force of moral principle, that there is not anything else that she loves and that there is not anything else for which she will contend."



BRAVE WORK!

—Carter in N. Y. *Evening Sun*.

Onward Christian submarines?—*Baltimore American*.

Times come when a man would rather be most anything than President.—*Washington Post*.

German torpedoes are of two types—those discharged with regret and those discharged without regret.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

As a collector of political skeletons the Colonel has proved to be a faunal naturalist of first rank.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

One of the leading Japanese statesmen says that Japan will take over the Philippines if we'll pay them a billion dollars. And yet some people persist in saying that the Japs are not inclined to do the right thing by us.—*Southern Lumberman*.

MENACE TO THE UNITED STATES IN JAPAN'S TRIUMPH OVER CHINA

AMERICAN newspapers are not hastening to congratulate Japan on her bloodless victory for an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine in China. Whatever the final terms of agreement may prove to be by which war with China was averted last month, the tendency in America to distrust Japan's word regarding her purposes is still apparent tho it is less marked than it was a few weeks ago. At one stage during the month's negotiations the *N. Y. World*, for instance, declared that "Japan asks more of China than Austria asked of Serbia last July." The *World* now admits that "there has been some misunderstanding of the deadlock between China and Japan, and uncertainty has tended to magnify difficulties." Japan's Foreign Office, in a statement made public by the Embassy at Washington, reproaches the Chinese government "for having made public the Japanese proposals in various exaggerated forms and having endeavored to stir up ill feeling among the powers against Japan, and for attempting to shake the confidence placed in Japan by her allies." It must be admitted that there is considerable difference between two versions of a demand, as cabled to this country from Peking, the earlier of which reads: "The central government of China shall employ influential Japanese subjects as advisers for conducting administrative financial and military affairs"; and the later, which reads: "Before choosing any foreign political, military or financial advisers, China must consult Japan." But whether it be vassalage or merely advice which China must accept at the hands of militant Japan, most of our papers see her pitifully helpless and suspect the aggressor of unscrupulous ambition.

A Kind of Monroe Doctrine for Asia.

CHINA seems to have yielded to a modified ultimatum by which it is understood that Japan secures even less than China was willing to concede at one time during the negotiations. Japan waives present consideration of the group of demands which China claimed would impair her sovereignty. Let us, therefore, be on our guard, urges the *N. Y. Evening Post* ironically, against Oriental duplicity and guile. "A nation that presents an ultimatum to a much weaker nation in which it concedes half its case, in which it restores to the weaker nation territory lost to a third Power, in which it guarantees to the weaker nation the integrity of its coasts and harbors—such a nation embodies the slimy methods of the 'yellow peril,' at its worst, to a world so recently instructed in the manfully direct methods of white civilization." But this disposition to give Japan the benefit of the doubt concerning her professions of insuring honorable peace in the far East is not yet widespread. In April Premier Okuma cabled a message to the American people insisting that no treaty violations were proposed, that "Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or any other peoples of anything that they now possess." The Japanese Embassy statement, already quoted, explains in detail how even Japan's rights in Kiao-chau, conquered from Germany, are to be subject to the terms of peace that shall be agreed upon by the Powers when war ends. That Japan should institute a kind of Monroe Doctrine for Asiatics finds

here and there a certain amount of American approval. "After we have boorishly and pettishly denied to Japanese the privilege of seeking opportunity on our side of the Pacific," observes the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "can we say to them that they must not seek opportunity on their own side of that ocean?" The *N. Y. Independent* says:

"Japan has the same rights in Asia that we have in America under the Monroe Doctrine—that is, the right to maintain Asia for the Asiatics as we do America for the Americans. Not only has Japan this right to assume the political primacy of the Far East, but it is her duty to do so. Otherwise China may be dismembered and Japan may be compelled to wage further wars against encroaching rivals. When China becomes Japan's equal in power, as she surely will in a very few years if left to herself, then she can share with Japan the responsibility of maintaining Asia against the White Peril."

What Japan Is Ready to Fight For.

IF, HOWEVER, George Bronson Rea, editor of the *Far Eastern Review* (published in Shanghai), is correct, these and similar utterances simply indicate that the Japanese publicity methods have been successful in misleading us here. However honeyed may be her words about preserving "the principles of territorial integrity, equal opportunity and the open door," Mr. Rea insists in the *N. Y. Herald*, that "it is on record that every move our financiers or manufacturers have made to expand their influence in China has been met with the undisguised hostility of Japan, and our right to transact business with the Chinese government has been repeatedly challenged and denied." In the *N. Y. Sun*, Mr. Rea says that Japan is prepared to go to war with America to enforce the principle of racial equality and to contest with us the supremacy of the Pacific. She wants to get some of the costs of such an undertaking out of the control in China. "America quietly dreams



THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING BUSY, PEACEFUL AND UNPREPARED.

—Ireland in Columbus Evening Dispatch.

on, believing that a series of peace and arbitration treaties will protect us from the fury of an enraged Nippon when the hour comes for her to strike." On the other hand, Lindsay Russell, president of the Japan Society of America, while he admitted that Japan would probably fight for her own Monroe Doctrine, says that she "has never violated a treaty and that she values above all things her honorable position in the family of nations." Mr. Russell believes that we can rely on Japan's giving equal opportunity of trade and maintaining the "open door." He writes in the *N. Y. Sun*:

"There has been but one political desire in China cherished by the Japanese government, and that is to help China grow strong, remain independent and continue to develop her resources in peace and prosperity.

"Through this policy, and this alone, can Japan expect to reap any permanent or increased profit. Whatever concessions she may now or at any future time obtain from China, seeming thus to interfere with the independence of that country, will merely be to safeguard China's integrity against the aggression of other nations or to prevent the establishment of military or naval bases close to her own shore. For this latter cause she would probably fight, even as the United States would uphold the Monroe Doctrine against the establishment by any other country of a naval base in Vera Cruz or southern California."

The "Open Door" for Whom?

PRESIDENT WILSON'S abandonment of "dollar diplomacy" was definitely applied to China in 1913, reversing the policy of Secretary Knox. He considered the proposed six-power loan plan of development and control obnoxious to the principles of our government. An "open door" policy, therefore, does not mean the same thing to the present administration and to those seeking concessions in China on the former basis. Similar confusion obtains regarding what Japan really means by an "open door." A Chinese situation that excites New York and leaves Peking tranquil affords food for reflection to the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*. It says:

"Public opinion has traveled far since American statesmen, like Secretary Sherman and Representative Dingley, were asking, What have we to do with the dismemberment of China? and were complacently assuring the business community that they would do more trade with a divided China than with a united one. . . . In any case, it is difficult to see how, in presence of a China which is slowly but surely crystallizing as never before into one united and progressive nation, Japan or any other power can hope to impose more than a semblance of her will on three or four hundred millions of people. Having regard to the steadily increasing ability of China to stand alone, it is difficult to see any great cause for alarm in the effort of Japan to become the adviser and director of the policy of the Republic."

The *Nashville Tennessean* thinks that the outcome of the Far Eastern diplomatic contest may be immensely more significant than that of the European war:

"If China awakes and goes into the morning of her new day under Japanese guidance, the East will have become capable of coping with the West. The result would probably be an antagonism between Caucasian and Mongolian that would 'uproar the universal peace' through a long period of time, perhaps for centuries. It might mean the Mongolian race would dominate the world, as the Caucasian race has so long done. Conceivably, there might be a realization of Macaulay's nightmare of a single naked fisherman on a ruined pillar of London Bridge."

No Adventure in World Politics.

AN APPARENT determination upon the part of the Washington government to risk no adventure in world politics was a decisive factor with Yuan Shi Kai in making terms at the last moment with Prime Minister Okuma. Such is the belief of German dailies like the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, which notes likewise the hope still cherished by France of a participation by Japan in the European theater of war. The outcome of the negotia-



"NOW IF YOU DON'T PROFIT BY THAT LESSON—"

—Sykes in *Philadelphia Ledger*.

tions of the past few weeks, as interpreted in Berlin, is the practical reduction of Peking to dependence upon Tokyo. Premier Okuma is even accused of having purposely inserted in the ultimatum sent by his foreign minister certain preposterous demands for the mere sake of seeming to save China's face when he withdrew them. That restoration of Kiao-chau to China of which so much was made lately will be a restoration, we are asked to believe, in the Tokyo sense of the expression. A change of ministry in Japan may occur in the very near future, but that will not help Yuan Shi Kai in the least. Japan is firmly determined to take advantage of the present situation in Europe. She believes the great war will continue for at least two years more. Premier Okuma has been assuring the Americans that China's integrity remains unaffected. There will be no Japanese monopoly of anything, despite interested insinuations to the contrary. Such talk is nonsense. Thus runs the stream of German comment, which interprets the month's negotiations as a blow to America:

Why China is Helpless in the Face of Japan.

YUAN SHI KAI must not be accused of lacking energy in coping with the situation prepared for him by Premier Okuma. For the past few months, as the Berlin papers assert, the soil of the republic has felt the tread of increasing brigades of Japanese troops. In one or two of the provinces, agents of the Tokyo gov-

ernment give themselves the airs and assume the authority of official functionaries. There have been outbursts in the vernacular press on this subject. The army at the disposal of Yuan Shi Kai is unable to cope with the forces of the foe either in the matter of numbers or of training and equipment. The Chinese army has, to be sure, made progress, especially within the past few years. It is provided with modern rifles and machine guns. It has been trained by competent Europeans and Japanese officers. To-day it numbers some 400,000 men; but their distribution is so wide, in view of the necessity of holding down certain regions, and the artillery is so antiquated except in the capital garrisons, that Yuan could put barely 150,000 men in his firing line. The ammunition has run short. As for the navy, it is beneath contempt. Tokyo can, it is said on the same authority, land 600,000 perfectly equipped troops in China whenever she pleases. Her army is on a war footing. The navy has been mobilized for weeks. Even the transports for the troops are waiting. These are the facts which explain the obscurity of the crisis in the far East, which account to the Berlin press for the reluctance of official London, official Paris and official Washington to cite chapter and verse, to dot i's, to depart from that becoming reticence which, concludes the Berlin daily, is always in the public interest when blunders are being made or defeats have to be endured.

China a Prey to Robber Bands.

CHINA has been asked to do little more than give formal sanction to a state of things which in fact exists, as influential Tokyo dailies interpret the new situation. Japanese publicists resent the tone of the lectures read to them in Europe, and in the *Rikugo Kasshi* we are reminded that when so disgraceful a drama as that unfolding itself in Europe is enacted in the world, Japanese faith in western civilization sustains a severe shock. Japan will act in China as a trustee for the interests of humanity, to give the gist of an article in the *Kokumin Shinbun*, which, like its contemporaries generally, has pessimistic notions regarding the capacity of the Peking administration to protect property and life. Brigands and robber bands flourish. This assertion finds corroboration in *The North China Herald*, according to which the vicinity of Shanghai itself is ravaged now and then. There are gangs whose head-

quarters are in boats on the waterways. The leaders are too shrewd as a rule to risk capture. They organize and pillage at will. A system of brigandage spreads by degrees over the whole land. On the other hand, as the *London News* reminds us, China has suffered severe financial losses through the European war. Trade has been dislocated. The customs revenue dropped heavily. Exports, notably silk, have declined. Yuan has, in spite of a demoralized finance, met his financial obligations. Nor has he ceased to wrestle with the opium problem, altho the disorganization of Europe has facilitated the revival of that drug as a narcotic and a comfort in many provinces.

How American Distrust of Japan is Promoted.

PARIS papers take pains to trace to their source many of the month's rumors respecting tension between Tokyo and Washington, and they usually find German diplomacy to blame. The world has been misled, says the *Temps*, into supposing that Washington has withheld all moral support from Peking and has been urging Yuan Shi Kai to yield to Tokyo. Nothing of the sort! The American representative in China has confidential instructions for his ultimate guidance, but not in that sense. Ever since the arrival of Emperor William's new minister in Peking, Herr von Hientz, the ear of the American public has been filled with rumors and alarms from Peking. Herr von Hientz is described in our French contemporary as an expert on the whole subject of China, where he has spent many active years, cultivating opulent mandarins, dining with chiefs of revolutionary movements and hobnobbing with spies and even hired assassins. He proved too genial in such mixed company and had to be recalled by the Wilhelmstrasse as the result of a compromising episode or two. The outbreak of the war found him in Mexico, where he had been exploiting his peculiar talents for the exacerbation of international feelings. Berlin needed him elsewhere and he was summoned to Berlin, eluding the English, who tried to intercept him, eluding the French, who had been warned how dangerous he is. Herr von Hientz has a propensity to pass himself off upon the innocent as an Englishman, for he can speak the language better than King George can. In Berlin William II. embraced him and hurried him to Peking. The Japanese were told of his coming, but he eluded them, too.

Japan is willing to maintain a Chinese "open door" if she is allowed to keep the chain on.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Even the staunchest advocate of prohibition wouldn't object if all the rulers would take a sociable drink and make up.—*Washington Post*.

GERMANY'S DETERMINATION TO DEFY THE WORLD IN ARMS

THE degree of reliance that can be placed upon last month's report that Emperor William made a hasty visit to Vienna and Budapest for the purpose of a conference with his allies remains a theme of conjecture. Nor is it easy to find a justification for English newspaper assertions that Emperor William and his great military magnates feel that their fortunes are at a turning point, that desperate steps must be taken to check signs of disaffection in the people they rule. Nothing in the comments of the German press justifies these insinuations, altho it is true that the tone of that press alters from day to day with such swiftness as to make

a summary of its verdict hazardous. Nevertheless it seems true that the great dailies of the fatherland are confident still. They may talk less of the German offensive, of domination and conquest, but, in the words of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "Germany can say to herself that the world and even her enemies are admitting that she possesses resources that were never dreamed of, and that she can neither be starved out nor in any way seriously injured." There exists, in the opinion of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, a combination of the world to keep Germany down, to hem her in, to balk her progress and her aspiration towards legitimate expansion through-

out the world. Hence the war has become a struggle of the Germanic race for its own future:

"The object of our enemies is the obliteration of political, economic and spiritual Germany. Germanism, Teutonism, or by whatever other name they designate our German people and civilization, our foes wish to uproot and destroy. It is a mistake and a source of self-deception to direct our attention to sound and just foreign voices and opinions respecting ourselves. There are those who think well of us. Wherever such a view may find expression, there will be contrary ideas of a decisive influence. For us here the significant thing must be what opinion is destined to prevail in the world at large.

"Now the view that is in the ascendant among the peoples of the world opposed to us is that no terms ought to be made with us until we resign ourselves to playing in the world the part of the harmless dreamer and poet, the imaginative artist. They want us to stand timidly upon the shore of the great world ocean and go no further, to hold aloof from the markets of the world and from all that goes by the name of world politics."

Germany's Refusal to Play Second Fiddle in the World.

A SOMEWHAT sensational story that arrangements for a conference are in progress between Nicholas II. and William II. somewhere in Hungary is placed by the English and French dailies, which notice it in the category of "trial balloons." On the other hand, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin), supposed to be in touch with court circles, has had a good deal to say concerning a separate peace with Russia. An understanding with Russia might be the easiest way out of the welter of war in which the world wallows, according to the important organ of the military element, the *Berlin Tägliche Rundschau*. The tendency of Pan-German and Prussian organs to dwell upon the ease with which Petrograd and Berlin might reconcile their differences is understood to be one reason why Foreign Minister Sazonoff dwelt lately upon the perfect har-

mony subsisting between the chancelleries of the allies. What German diplomacy is striving for, through the talents of the conciliatory Herr von Jagow, the *Paris Figaro* says, is a separate peace with both France and



"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLAH!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

the Czar, so that Great Britain and Germany may fight for dominion of the seas. Never was the Wilhelmstrasse more convinced of the discord among the allies which such papers as the *Berlin Post* harp upon continually. The whole discussion in the German press regarding which of the allies is the most dangerous enemy of Germany proves to the *London Standard* that responsible Germans are beginning to think seriously of peace, not with all her foes, but with Russia, whereupon France would have no alternative but to extricate herself from the war.

Mystery of the Attitude of German Socialists.

GERMAN expectations of some sort of understanding with Russia have seemingly been disappointed in Berlin by the failure to bring about an exchange of letters between the Emperor and the Czar. That seems to be the impression in Rome, which has become a sort of clearing-house for newspaper gossip regarding the events transpiring behind the scenes. The Socialists are held responsible for this fiasco by the correspondents of Italian dailies here and there, and even the *Berlin Vorwärts* lends countenance to that view by some recent comment upon the project of an understanding with Russia. The cry which determined the Socialist majority in the Reichstag to vote with the other parties in the crisis of last summer was: "Against Czarism." It reminds us that nearly every Socialist



THE ALLIES: "OUCH! DON'T YOU KNOW WE'VE TAKEN THE OFFENSIVE?"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun.

paper in the fatherland has been telling its readers of the wish of the people to strike a blow at Czarism. "The conviction that Asiatic despotism is the enemy became part of the flesh and blood of the German workman long ago, and the rest of the nation now realizes how it is menaced by the cave dwellers of

way to the front emphasize the league of all the world against the German race. He speaks of the high and holy flame that must never go out and of the certainty that God is with his people. The idea in the Emperor's mind, and the idea he impresses upon the troops, is that Germany must be saved. The German news-

papers, as the Italian dailies note, reflect this imperial mood. The most striking feature of German journalistic comment upon the progress of the war, observes the *London Times*, too, is "the almost complete disappearance of any suggestion of a German offensive." The talk is now mainly about "ability to hold out" and the "iron wall" of national defense. The spirituality of this new attitude to the war is well illustrated by these remarks from the democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"If there be any reason in the factors which decide the fate of nations, we may and must believe that Providence has reserved us for great tasks. We have not yet reached the goal of this war and it is possible that there are still heavy days before us. That is no misfortune. It would have been a misfortune if we had won an easy victory, which might have made us proud, overweening, arro-

gant. A difficult victory will preserve to us German seriousness, and reverence for the eternal powers, which stand above the life of peoples, and without which all this fighting and wrestling would be a meaningless and desperate chaos. . . .

"The world will see that we shall not misuse our victory and that the cause of humanity, truth and justice can nowhere be in such a state of protection as with the German people, because, notwithstanding all national self-confidence, no people feels and thinks so universally, so justly and so humanely and so much in the sense of true and genuine world citizenship as does our own."



GERMANY AS A FORTRESS

In this diagrammatic view, where the natural obstacles are powerful they are shown by an increased height and size of wall. The mountainous southern half of Germany is shown by a darker tone. —*London Sphere*

Gatchina. A page of world-history will be written at our eastern frontier. Barbarism will be defeated, for barbarism must succumb even if it be supported by England and France." This is the popular temper in the face of the efforts by Prussian Junkers to come to terms with an enemy of German freedom. The conflict within the Socialist group in the Reichstag—a conflict involved in more obscurity than ever—is said in Italy to rage around this point. Whatever the facts may be, it seems certain that negotiations with Russia will have to be opened by way of Vienna or Budapest instead of Berlin, a fact responsible for the importance attached to Emperor William's alleged visit by night to Francis Joseph. Italian dailies get the impression now and then that the masses of the German people grow a little suspicious, and the *Corriere della Sera* (Milan) has these reflections:

"This German people has been intoxicated by promises. It was prepared long in advance for this war and it consented to undoubted sacrifices, sacrifices which it imposes upon itself because it was told that it would be repaid a hundred-fold. From the diplomatic and military point of view, the war has been conducted in such a way that the redemption of these promises seems doubtful. It would be an insult to the intelligence of the majority of Germans not to believe that behind the reserve they impose upon themselves through a spirit of discipline they begin to see clearly. It is certain that a sudden disillusion would be dangerous."

New Temper of the German People.

SO PERFECT is the knowledge of the German people possessed by Emperor William, according to the *Rome Tribuna*, that he has diverted into a new channel the emotions precipitated in the soul of the nation by the magnitude of its misfortunes. His speeches in the western theater of the war some weeks ago and the addresses he regularly delivers to the regiments on their



STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE GERMAN FORTRESS

Guarded by its natural ally on the south, Germany lies before us a compact and homogeneous territory. Nowhere is there any area difficult of defense. Her weakness, however, lies in the distribution of four vital districts alongside her frontiers. To north-east and south-west lie two "prestige areas," territories into which the invader must not be allowed to put his desecrating foot, and on the east and on the west are two vital industrial areas, one of which includes Essen, and other muniment-manufacturing centers liable to receive a deadly thrust at the very outset of invasion. —*London Sphere*

What the Men About Emperor William Expect.

THOSE military magnates like the von Falkenhayns and the von Mackensens, who comprise what the Germans call their higher command, reached the conclusion weeks ago that, without a tactical miracle or two, the strategical aims of Berlin can not be realized. "Tho we can not conquer, we can not be defeated." Such is the conclusion, and Emperor William himself is declared to share it, according to the cautious and reliable *Manchester Guardian*, which has been investigating the German state of mind carefully. Level-headed and well-informed Germans, men who control great engineering enterprises and the captains of industry and finance, thought the chance of German triumph brilliant in the beginning. The rapidity and decision of the early strokes being below expectations, Germany has now to keep herself from being driven back to the Rhine. The German higher command will see to it that the losses in any frontal attack on the lines in Belgium and northern France stagger not only the French and British but all humanity. Reluctantly as they may face the fact, the allies have no alternative but a peace from which Germany will emerge uncrushed, unbroken, as strong as her strongest foe. "Germany would then go on, with her population increasing very rapidly, grimly and unceasingly to prepare for the next war." The existing combination against her can not be arranged again. Separately, Germany could handle each easily. Thus, in brief, runs the German logic as seen from the standpoint of an informed organ of the allies. A quite different impression is disseminated in the comment of the organs of the allies, which say that all the efforts of the Wilhelmstrasse to sow the seeds of strife among them have failed.

German Plea for Righteousness and Peace.

GERMANS must have the courage to look the truth in the face. The intimation comes from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which has printed much comment from military experts to indicate that the fatherland is in a better position than are the allies to stand a long war. France is about at the end of her supply of troops, it thinks. Russia is constrained to fall back upon her untrained men. England can improve no army to the point of efficiency while the war lasts. Yet the world must not be misled into believing that Germany seeks world dominion. She seeks to be let alone, to live her own life. From this point of view is conceived a plea for world peace and righteousness in the columns of this important Berlin paper from the pen of that high authority on international law and distinguished leader of German thought, Professor Walther Schücking:

"To be possessed of the iron will to play our part with the same heroism with which we began there is no need to make a festival out of a tragedy. It is an inspiring thought for us to feel ourselves at one with the man who possesses

the confidence of our people. In time of peace William II. never spoke of a 'brisk and jolly war' and since the beginning of the struggle he has never spoken of 'this glorious time.' His deep human feeling makes him realize to the full the sacrifices of this war and it is his sense of personal duty and of union with his people which gives him the strength to continue the struggle to a victorious end. Next to the wish for victory comes to us in this connection the thought of what we can do to make this the last war.

"The last war! Great words, indeed, words which from the first forced themselves upon the lips of so many of us and to which the war poetry has given such deeply moving



IN HIS LATEST ROLE

Carrie Nation Mars: "No 'Arf and Arf' business about this.

—Enright in *Harper's Weekly*.

expression. All the victims buried in foreign soil will not have given their lives in vain if we reach approximately that goal. Our fatherland, our liberty, has no price. But viewed from the standpoint of humanity, the death of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers on both sides can only assume a deeper and fuller meaning if there arise out of the great suffering of this time a new era in human history. There are many in Germany who believe that the solution of the problem of the last war can be arrived at by Germany obtaining the political leadership of the whole world of civilization, or that the result of this war must strengthen German power in such a way that for generations to come peace will be secured. But while we may all be filled with the conviction that the victorious repulse of such powerful enemies will considerably increase respect for Germany in the councils of nations, we realize, nevertheless, that our cheap politicians in their exaggerated national enthusiasm have underrated the strength of our opponents. Those who have made a study of history know that the civilized world can not be ruled from a single center.

"What old Moltke said, in direct contradiction of his earlier utterances, namely, that permanent peace was a dream and not even a beautiful dream, applies to a state of things under which a single people want to be the law-givers of the whole world. If the result of this war could give us such a position, we should not hold it for ten years. The present terrible position would be only the beginning of a period of great world wars."

The "smart" writer among the German liberal professors, Doctor Werner Sombart, holds other views:

"Militarism is the German spirit.

"Militarism is the self-revelation of German heroism.

"Militarism is the heroic spirit raised to the spirit of war. It is Potsdam and Weimar in their highest combination. It is Faust and Zarathustra and Beethoven's score in the trenches.

Every time we think Germany is about to repent in earnest she seems to hit some slippery ellum on the sawdust trail, and backslides.—N. Y. *Evening Sun*.

"For even the Eroica and the Egmont overture are nothing but the truest militarism. And just because all virtues which lend such a high value to militarism are revealed to the fullest extent only in war, we, who are filled with militarism, regard war itself as something holy, as the holiest thing on earth."

Yet one can't help wishing it were some other than a powder-making company whose business is so good that it can afford to give its employees a 20 per cent. bonus.—*Boston Traveler*.

HUNGARIAN BATTLES THAT MAY DECIDE THE FATE OF THE WAR

TREMENDOUS as was the scale upon which last month's battles in Hungary between the Austro-Magyar-German forces on one hand and the Russians on the other were fought out, and important as must be the result upon the fortunes of the war, there is still, apparently, no method of deciding finally which of the two sets of "facts" in the rival official dispatches corresponds closest to reality. What seems to have happened, in the light of comment by the military experts of the allied press, was a dash down the Carpathians into the Hungarian plain by the Russians. The plan of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as outlined in the *London Post*, was to get from the foot of the mountains as far as Karsa, the independence city, and its county. At the worst, the Russians ought to have reached the lower Hungarian counties and the historic Rakoczy towns. What encouraged the Grand Duke, observes the expert of the *Paris Temps*, was his knowledge that the general staff in Berlin regards the line in the west as of far greater importance than the line in the east. France must be settled with and disposed of before decisive action against Russia can be logical or imperative. Hungary, indeed, has all along protested against this strategical conception and has even, it is alleged, warned Emperor William of her purpose to make peace if the Berlin general staff will not modify its idea. The German rush to defend Hungary implies, therefore, to the French press, an important change either in the face of affairs or in the "conception."

Economic Importance of Hungary to Berlin.

ASSUMING the accuracy of Vienna dispatches, the forward progress of the Russians into Hungary has been at least checked. The Berlin tale has it that the forces of the Grand Duke have been driven not only back to the Carpathians with slaughter on an unprecedented scale, but permanently halted. An entrenched line makes any further invasion out of the question, as the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* reports. The risk incurred by the Berlin general staff in dispatching a force adequate to such an achievement must have been considerable, the expert of the *London Post* thinks. The line in the west must have been denuded here and there. Nevertheless, the Germans are claiming victories in the west no less decisive than those they won or think they won in Hungary. All this is, we are told, more "bluff." The Germans rushed into Hungary, as the British daily last named infers, because Hungary is now the granary of the Teutonic allies. Upon the Hungarian plain grows at this moment the seed of those crops upon which the fatherland is dependent to a greater extent than her optimists have confessed hitherto. This view is supported by comment in German

papers like the *Neueste Nachrichten*. They have been saying recently that if the Hungarian crops be ruined through the vicissitudes of military operations, or if they fail or should they fall into enemy hands, the fatherland must endure something very like half rations if not starvation.

Significance of the Coming Struggle in Hungary.

SO FURIOUS was the fray in the Hungarian plain and so completely did the Germans associate themselves with the destinies of the contest, notes the expert of the *Paris Débats*, that the food supply was evidently a vital consideration. That suggests a shortage of food in the fatherland itself. The outlook is not so rosy as original calculations indicated. This impression is con-



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"
THE CROWN PRINCE: "I don't believe I was meant to win battles; I believe I was meant to be loved."

—*London Punch*

firmed by what the Berlin *Vorwärts* says of the grain supply. There is no actual starvation in Germany today, from the latest and best accounts. The calculations for the immediate future, however, may turn out erroneous, says the Paris *Temps*, a suggestion repudiated by the *Kölnische Zeitung*. This German daily admits that the supply of potatoes must form the subject of more rigorous regulation and it concedes that the modified agriculture of a war period leads to friction with the rural population. Meanwhile, a serious difference has arisen between Vienna and Budapest over the grain supply. Count Tisza has set his face against any reduction of the Hungarian supply for the benefit of Austria. The one comforting circumstance is said to be the prospect of an excellent crop in Hungary if the Russians can but be kept far enough away from it. But Hungarian pressure upon Austria, in view of the invasion, says the London *Post* again, became so strong that Vienna passed the burden on to Berlin. The general staff took it up. The only inference can be that the granary had become a vital consideration.

Renewal of Russian Pressure Upon Hungary.

UNDAUNTED by the rebuff he sustained, the Russian Grand Duke began preparations for a renewal of the invasion of Hungary on a greater scale than ever. "Every hill is a miniature Przemyśl and every yard is contested with the utmost energy." Thus runs the report in the British daily, which admits that the Russian advance is slow, contested at every step, but on the whole steady. If there be a revival of peace talk from that clearing-house of war reports, Vienna, we may be sure that things are going badly for Germany and Austria in the Hungarian plain, whatever official dispatches may say of the tactical results. The prevailing view among the allies is well set forth in this extract from the London *Post*:

"Austria knows quite well that her fate depends on the attitude of the Hungarians, particularly on their few Independence leaders, who are the only men the people trust and follow. They admire the Germans, but do not trust them, and as to Austria they despise her now more than ever. Austria knows very well that Hungarians would be easily persuaded to leave her to her doom as soon as their

national ambitions and aspirations were satisfied, and that nothing in the world would suit the Russians better when established on the plains than to begin negotiations with the leaders of the people and detach Hungary from her neighbor. There is no Hungarian living who would care a jot as to the fate of Austria. It is not only foreign to their sentiments, but the very idea of Dualism is painful to them. A good peace for Hungary and dissolution from Austria is absolutely the thing for them as soon as it can be effected without danger to themselves."

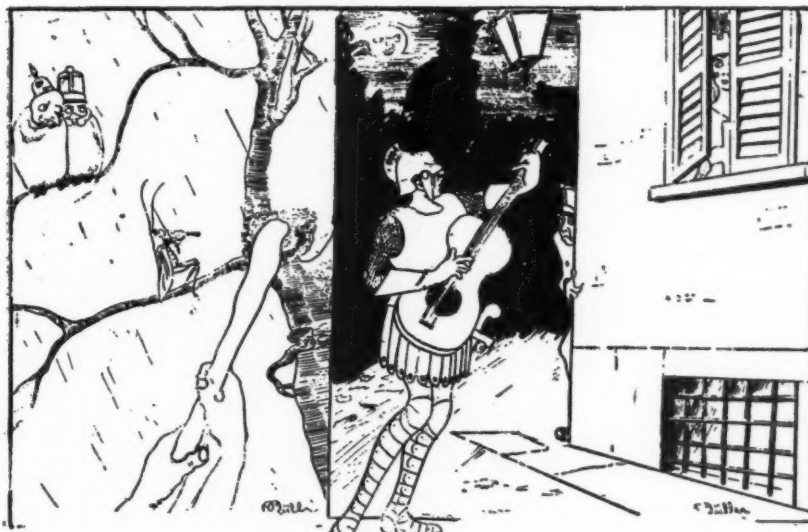
Count Tisza Sees the Hour of Fate Arrive.

AT MORE than one conference of Count Tisza with the leaders of various groups in the parliament at Budapest, the Prime Minister took pains, according to the *Tribuna* of Rome, to deny that Austro-Hungarian policy is now dictated by Berlin. The Count was striving to check that sentiment in favor of an independent Hungary which, if some British dailies say truly, occasions alarm in German military circles. Official organs in Berlin, in Vienna and in Budapest have come to the conclusion that England is manufacturing an independence movement in Hungary which as yet is intangible and imaginary. Nevertheless one of the largest towns in Hungary memorialized Count Tisza on the subject of the national independence, and even the inspired *Az Est* (Budapest) has some scornful references to the subject. The whole issue appears to have been discussed candidly by Prime Minister Tisza with the Hungarian political leaders. They represented to him that Russia pours her hordes into the plain from the crests of the Carpathians. By the capture of the main Austrian position on that part of the Carpathians which is known as the Beskid, to follow a Petrograd version, the Russians mastered "the top of the flight of steps leading down to Budapest" and the snow has melted into the bargain. Austria attends only to Italy. Might not the time be at hand for "the Hungarian solution"?

A Hungarian Solution of the War.

INDEPENDENCE is not the ideal just now of the more responsible leaders of Hungarian opinion, especially as Count Tisza, the Prime Minister, is so warm an advocate of the union with Austria. He feels confident of the good faith of Germany because she needs the food supplies available in Hungary. He is forced, none the less, to reckon with an element in Magyar opinion which finds expression through an indignant writer in *Az Est*. The daily does not agree with the sentiments expressed, but it gives them space because an agitation among Hungarians based upon such ideas is attaining consequence:

"Who is the traitor, the one who protests against the wholesale murder of his brethren for the sake of Franz Ferdinand, who never deemed it worth his while even to spit on us, the one who protests against the wheat being given to Austria and Germany, while his mother can not get a loaf of bread? Or is he the traitor who urges Hungarians to grasp the opportunity and



COY ITALY

MARS: "When will she open the door instead of a window?"

—Fischietto (Turin)

realize a dream of our fathers and break away from our lifelong enemies? Are not those the traitors who abandon the ideals of Kossuth and sacrifice our best and dearest, fighting on the side of our oppressors? Are not they the traitors who thrust the nation into this unending misery in order to flatter those who give them personal power to rule us? . . .

"The Hungarian people will find out sooner or later that they have been deceived and that it was not to the interest of Hungary but to that of Austria and Germany to drag her into this war."

Widespread Distress of the Hungarians.

PANIC has been spread through Hungary by a report that the Grand Duke Nicholas is again ready to descend upon a nation which Emperor William is unable to defend. This is an utterly preposterous view of the situation to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, which reminds the Hungarians that the German ally has never failed them yet. Hungarians reply that their country is denuded of food supplies to feed the ally in Berlin. Emissaries from Germany go through the land buying up crops and cattle, altho Budapest and Szeged, the second largest city in Hungary, are on the verge of famine. To quote the comments of *Az Est*:

"Decrees and orders have for their aim the drilling of the people into systematic starvation, a chaos of cautions, threats and warnings invests us. State, city and county bodies rush on us in all their official authority and everyone plays his own game, while the stomachs of the people remain woefully empty. . . .

"The leading tendency of these warnings is that we are to save our meals, reduce our wants, and then we shall always have plenty to eat. They are enacting laws for compulsory economies, but the very necessities of life they can not procure for the people. The government has issued an assurance that we are well supplied with maize, but we ourselves have thousands of complaints by letter, telegraph and telephone that no maize can be bought in town or country, from warehouses or bakers. It seems we have the

Elizabeth is not making a German garden this year.—*Deseret Evening News*.

Italy and the sword of Damocles are still tied for the hang-over record.—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

maize and yet we have it not. Before it can reach the consumer they stop it on the way. The hungry people rightly ask: If there is maize where is it to be had? Nowadays we are in the dire position that when you eat a meal in a restaurant you must do without bread unless you bring it with you. We ought to use Röntgen rays to find out just what man is displaying all this incapacity in ruling a people. In Germany they supply seventy million people with food; but here in Hungary we can not give them even bread. What is the cause of all this? Is there no man in our land who can administer anything or must we share the popular impression that the only Hungarian now alive who knows anything or can do anything is Count Tisza?"

Spread of the Russian Scare In Hungary.

TISZA was forced to make some concession to patriotic sentiment in Hungary, says a correspondent of the Paris *Débats*, by pledging himself to reconsider his position should the Russian movement now in progress suggest the possible capture of Budapest. Not less than two million men, mostly young, were under the Grand Duke's orders for this descent into the Hungarian plain. By the middle of this new month another clash will have come. The general staff in Berlin regards it as a test of its own efficiency. That is Count Tisza's idea. He was but slightly impressed by the fall of Przemyśl, seeing that the army of the enemy and not any one fortress or city is the true objective of an invader. The end of the siege liberated so many Russian soldiers that reinforcements were hurried to the Carpathians. The desperate battle that ensued forms the theme of the usual contradictory despatches; but it did not shake the determination of Count Tisza to hold aloof from the independence movement. If, however, the Russian advance be pushed so well across the Hungarian plain that the Cossack appears before Budapest, there will ensue such a crash that Count Tisza himself would have to fall unless he consented to a separate arrangement. Thus is the position set forth in the press of the allies.

Wonder why nobody has been kicking because Persia's neutrality has been violated?—*Florida Times-Union*.

At that it's a whole lot easier to spell Constantinople than it is to take it.—*Boston Transcript*.

BRITISH VIEW OF OUR RELATION TO THE GERMAN SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

FOR some little time prior to the most sensational exploit in the German war under water English newspapers had been noting with interest the rise and progress of official Berlin's hostility to America. The provocation was the familiar attitude of our Department of State to the traffic in arms and ammunition between this country and the nations of Europe. When the Bismarckian *Hamburger Nachrichten* denounced this country because supplies went from our shores to the allies, its words were reproduced as significant by more than one English daily. Comments in the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* inspired in the London *Telegraph* a remark that "the enemy's press has been unmuzzled." A characteristic specimen of the German comment referred to was that of the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, which declared that President Wilson was mistaken if he thought his conception of neutrality was "fair play" and regarded

as such. "It is impossible for Germany and her allies to regard as a proof of self-command a bias in favor of the triple entente which permanently tolerates extensive deliveries of arms coupled with meek acceptance of all the violations by England of the rights of the neutral shipping trade." As far as Germany is concerned, President Wilson was told by this paper that he need not trouble himself with preparations for help when the war ends. To which the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* added:

"The idea of the present government of the United States with regard to playing a leading part after the war might be acquiesced in by us if during the struggle Americans acted on the principle of giving assistance to nobody. But supplies of arms and ammunition to our enemies prevent us from considering America as neutral now and as the friend of all the belligerents during the discussion when the war is over."

Growth of German Feeling Against the United States.

AMERICANS became victims of that hatred of England which dominates all classes in Germany the moment it became apparent that no modification of international law regulating the sale of arms to a belligerent would be accepted by our Department of State during the continuance of the struggle in Europe. This announcement was an immense relief to the British public; but it had the effect of inflaming German sentiment further, because the comments of London dailies on the whole subject were reproduced in the columns of their Berlin contemporaries. Whenever the *London Times* or the Manchester *Guardian* praised the fine impartiality of President Wilson, the utterance found its way into some organ of militarism like the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which thereupon declared that many a German struck the table with his fist when he read such things. In course of time the reactionary organs began to ask what Doctor Bernhard Dernburg was doing as a conciliator of American public opinion. Another source of bewilderment to the German mind was occasioned by the technical form under which the German protest to the Washington government had been presented. While the German public writhed in its irritation, the British public was edified by this sort of comment in the *London Telegraph*:

"It may be assumed with confidence that this by no means hasty assertion of a plain point of the law of nations on the part of the United States Government will be denounced with bitterness in Germany. But it is long since it became impossible for any intelligent mind to attach importance to anything proceeding from that quarter on the subject of international obligations. It is no doubt as well recognized in America by this time as it is in Europe, that anything going against the interests of Germany is, to the mind of Berlin, 'contrary to international law,' and anything going in favor of it is 'unassailably correct.' It so happens that the people of the United States are, to a greater extent perhaps than any other nation, interested in legalities; they are acute judges of the strength of arguments; and it is probable that the American mind has been almost as much revolted by the absurdity of German political utterances during this war as the American conscience has been appalled by the barbarism of German military acts. The two things taken together—both of them growing steadily more intolerable

as time has gone on—have resulted in an equally steady growth of feeling against our enemies, which has been greatly intensified by resentment at the part played by German agents in seeking to mobilize the German-American



THE AWAKENING

PRINCE VON BÜLOW (to Italy): "Stop, stop, Signora! You're supposed to be mesmerized—not mobilized!"

—London Punch

citizenship of the country against the Government's policy of strict neutrality."

Official Germany Becomes Unfriendly to this Country.

A DIRECT connection can be traced in point of time between the declarations of our Department of State on the subject of neutrality and the adoption of a policy of hostility to Americans by German officialdom. That is, at least, the British impression. American military officers were withdrawn from Germany, according to the *London Post*, because this growing tension might have involved them in perilous complications. When Gifford Pinchot, altho an agent of the Department of State and employed in relief work in Belgium, was ordered out of that country by the German authorities, the British daily suggested that the Kaiser was showing his personal pique. Efforts were made in Washington official circles to deprecate all talk of friction with Berlin, but the effect upon our British contemporaries was not convincing. On the surface everything remained correct, altho confidential reports to Washington dwelt on the ill feeling of Germany towards this country. Little by little the tone of German press comment in Germany became less friendly until organs like the *Kölnische Zeitung* became openly antagonistic. On the other hand, more democratic dailies, and those not under official inspiration of one sort or another, like the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for instance, altho regretting our conception of neutrality, insisted



THE AMERICAN EAGLE: Now, then, I guess you'd better stop that yapping and keep clear of my tail feathers.

—The Westminster Gazette

that Germany wished to be friendly to the United States. Thus matters stood when the series of fatalities involving American shipping put a more serious face upon affairs.

Downing Street, the Wilhelmstrasse and the Department of State.

WHEN Mr. Bryan repudiated in such pointed language certain Berlin insinuations against the good faith of the Washington government, holding that it would be an "unjustifiable departure from the principle of strict neutrality" to stop the exportation of arms, the war was waged more furiously than ever in



ON THE VERGE OF WAR.

—Fitz in St. Louis Post-Despatch.

the newspapers of Berlin and London. Intense was the indignation of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The American is proud, it said, of having founded in the new world an empire free from the traditional burdens of old-world countries, a land in which the peace idea has struck root and borne fruit. He prays for peace. When he goes home from church he sends shot after shot to Europe that the murderous war there may not cease. Why? Just for the sake of money! Thus the indignant daily, said to be the mouthpiece of an influential element in the Wilhelmstrasse. Very good, continued the German daily. Germany has money. She can let America have it, provided our country will stop sending those muniments of war to ravaged Europe. What will it cost, America? Germany will pay. And while the German daily thus scorned us, the *London Standard* remarked:

"Germany is perfectly at liberty to purchase what she likes in America. The only difficulty is delivering the goods. As she has abdicated all claim to sea-power, she must pay the penalty. She cannot have her cake and eat it. The 'Admiral of the Atlantic' cannot sink to be the Admiral of the Kiel Canal and yet enjoy the freedom of the seas.

"Americans are truly neutral as long as they treat both sides alike in this matter. They would sell to Germany just as readily as they sell to England or France. But they cannot, while remaining neutral, actively assist Germany to warlike munitions or—what is equivalent—refuse to sell to the Allies. The latter course would be, as Mr. Bryan says, a 'direct violation of the neutrality of the United States.' The legal position is plain. Nor is the moral justification of the American attitude more obscure. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about making money out of instruments of destruction—nonsense nauseous enough when emitted by the sentimentalist, but incredibly sickening from the countrymen of Krupp. In point of fact, it would be a very grave thing if every neutral on the outbreak of war put a stop to the export of armaments. Many a nation rightly struggling to be free would have been enslaved had it had to rely solely on its own capacity to manufacture munitions of war. There could be no greater temptation to a powerful bully than the assurance that a small country which had neglected its own defense could in no circumstances get the means of waging war from outside its own borders."

"Women aim at peace"; of course, they'll never hit it.—*Washington Post*.

The government of Great Britain thinks it can compromise with John Barleycorn. It can't. Nobody ever did.—*Wichita Eagle*.

THE STRATEGIC IMPOSSIBILITY OF PEACE BETWEEN GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN

GERMANY at this moment is described in the press of the allies as an enormous garrison pent up within a vast area and closely besieged. That conception was set forth somewhat bluntly in a recent speech by the French Premier, M. Viviani. It explained, according to him, why time is on the side of the allies. German military experts favor the world with a totally different analysis, taking their cue from Emperor William's assurance to a Silesian regiment last month that the fatherland has so far been victorious. The allies have even lost at Ypres, altho there is the offset at Neuve Chapelle, where the British insist that a great victory has been achieved by themselves. The French think they have advanced towards Metz and the Germans

say they have won in Champagne. Russia is still confident of making an advance in Hungary; but the Germans tell us that they hold to-day a larger portion of Poland than ever, to say nothing of Belgium and the strip in northern France. Making every allowance for differences of standpoint in regard to details, the fact that Germany is now a besieged nation not only remains patent to the *Paris Temps* and the *London Times*, but forces itself more and more upon the neutral press of Europe. The discussion of the month has raged around the problems of breaking through the ring of fortifications and trenches. Can the allies hope ever to accomplish that? The task is the most stupendous ever attempted since men began to war.

**Determination of the Allies
to Break Through Into
Germany.**

GERMAN dailies remain serenely confident of the capacity of their armies to remain indefinitely behind the national defenses, defying the efforts of the allies to advance. The sacrifice of the allies in men would be as enormous as it would be futile, according to the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. Nevertheless those who have made a study of the German press within the past six weeks will notice a decided change of temper and of tone in regard to England. Columns of vituperation of England continue to fill the provincial dailies of the fatherland, it is true; but newspapers in the capital, especially if they are in touch with the solidly established bureaucratic element and the court circle, tend to modify the familiar gospel of hate. The new attitude causes comment in the neutral press, the Amsterdam *Tyd*, for instance, attributing it to a growing German conviction that separate peaces with France or with Russia would be futile even if possible. The thing is to settle with England. Nothing is allowed to leak out officially, says this Dutch commentator, which is known to have excellent sources of information regarding responsible German opinion; but it is a fact that statesmen in close touch with Emperor William have convinced him that the war will never end while Great Britain remains disposed to continue it. For some reason or other, his Majesty seems to think he can bring the British to the point of peace. He was never, we are invited to infer, more mistaken in his life.

**German Ideas of the Basis
of Peace.**

WHEN official Berlin has received assurances of British respect for the national existence of Germany and of the restoration of her colonial possessions, she will come to terms with the allies. She will even, according to the best-informed Dutch dailies, give up Belgium, or at least she will "discuss" the subject. For the present she will let matters remain as they are on land, while asserting herself where practicable on the seas. Before long the allies will grow weary. This analysis of the German mood finds favor in the Rome *Tribuna* and in those conservative Italian dailies which deprecate the immediate entry of their country into the conflict. But all these considerations taken together, plausible as they may seem to Berlin, remain preposterous to the more or less inspired Paris press and they are openly scouted in the London *Times* and the London *Post*. "Does any one seriously suppose England will break off the encounter? Are the people of France capable of such folly? Is it conceivable that the Russians will throw up the sponge and admit that all their sacrifices have been in vain?" The questions are put by the careful London *Spectator* and answered by it in the negative. The judgment is endorsed by that of the military experts of the allies. Even if, explains the authority of the Paris *Gaulois*, the armed line which Germany has drawn around herself were twice its present strength, France, England and Russia would not dare come to terms of peace based upon things as they are. The allies must break through the lines from Belfort to the ocean at any cost, for they would pay more dearly in the future for not doing so than they would pay to-day by achieving the feat. Peace now, unless Germany surrenders all along the line, would, it thinks, be submission by the allies to the Kaiser.

**Where Germany is Weak in
Her Defenses.**

BELGIUM may be held strongly for the present and the allies may have to wait some weeks before making an impression there, says the expert of the Paris *Débats*; but the collapse of Austria must leave Germany exposed to invasion. Because they are so well aware of this, the Germans are instigating the Turks to a furious resistance in the direction of Constantinople. Until the Sultan's capital falls, the pressure upon Austria may not be so severe. When that event drives Mahmoud V. into Asia, the Balkan powers must act, Italy will follow, Austria goes by the board and the Kaiser must look to his own southern frontiers. He must find two million additional men. He must dig hundreds of miles of fresh trenches. The German people may not credit these things, we read, but the allies feel convinced of them. They base their present hopes upon these considerations and for that reason peace is a strategical impossibility. Delusions respecting peace persist in the minds of those only who forget that war is a matter of strategy and tactics, we are told by the military expert in Paris. Financiers imagine that war can not be waged without them; but they are not indispensable, however important.

**German Ideas of the Basis
Behind the Kaiser.**

NEWSPAPERS in Berlin might spare the world their reiterated assurances of the unity of the German people in this crisis of their fate, urges the London *Post*. Nobody doubts that unity, it says. "It is also true that Germany has considerable reserves of men and abundant supplies of food and ammunition. The fables of a starving Germany were merely meant to touch the kind heart of America." Despite the teachings of experience and the facts of the situation, adds the well-informed British daily, in close touch with the diplomacy of Europe at all times, there are still people who talk confidently of an early peace. One might imagine they had "a straight tip" from the German Emperor himself. But the war will go on. Not that Germany has done badly. The organ of the British aristocracy even concedes that so far Germany has been victorious, and that in England there is too confident a belief that the allies must win. The military situation is such that the allies must go on with the war for the simple reason, that they want to exist as nations. The military situation must be altered radically before peace will be even in sight:

"The countries at war are playing high. Germany went to war with no less an aim than to dominate Europe, and through Europe the world. The destruction of France as a military Power was merely incidental to the greater design. The second step was to have been the destruction of England, which might have been accomplished with the resources of France and Flanders at Germany's command. . . . The scheme miscarried because it rested on the miscalculation that Britain would remain neutral, standing like the ox in the pen until the German butcher was ready for the work of slaughter. But altho the scheme has miscarried the end remains the same: the destruction of England. . . . This war is being fought by the British Empire for no less a cause than its own existence.

"Of France it may be said that she is determined to shed the last drop of her blood rather than remain under the terrible menace which has darkened the life of France for half a century. And to this end there can be no peace for

France without a rectification of frontier which will give our Ally back her provinces and their fortresses. As to Russia, she fights mainly for liberation from the Teutonic yoke for herself and her allied peoples. Russia desires also that stronger frontier which will make her secure from and independent of the German. Thus upon both sides there are great aims backed by tremendous passions: upon the one side the thirst for conquest, upon the other the instinct of self-preservation. It follows that this is no common war, but a fight to the death."

A Suggested Starting Point for Peace.

CLING as he may to the idea that Great Britain went to war because she dreaded the commercial rivalry of his own country, the German imperial chancellor must ultimately revise his conception, according to the influential organ of Dutch Socialism, *Het Volk*. The suppression of articles written for the Berlin *Vorwärts* has caused the Dutch daily to become the medium in Europe for the expression of German Socialist opinion, its views, in consequence, being widely quoted, especially on the subject of a possible early peace. The endeavor, persisted in by Germany despite all British effort at conciliation, to deprive Great Britain of command of the sea was the true cause of that Anglo-German rivalry which is tearing civilization asunder, insists the Dutch newspaper. The way to peace is, therefore, not idle talk about holding this territory or that in Europe but a naval pact between these two great powers. Great Britain, it is urged, does not really fear German commercial rivalry, whatever Germans may think. That notion is refuted by the economic development of the last decade. Great Britain did very well side by side with German competition and had no reason to wish to destroy it. Moreover:

"The real origin of this Anglo-German feud is the rivalry respecting the fleets. The keenest economic competition would not have hindered an Anglo-German pact if Germany had not stretched out her hand towards Neptune's trident. Year in, year out, British statesmen have offered Germany an agreement on the subject of the building of warships, a mutual restriction of the expenditure of armaments. Nothing came of it, because Great Britain considered the status quo, her own undisputed superiority at sea, as the basis of the agreement, while Germany was as firmly determined to upset it. As soon as Great Britain realized this, there could be no further thought of a lasting peace. . . .

"The nation which made preparations for demolishing this command of the sea was hurrying with open eyes towards war. Great Britain considered that as an island state, with a colonial empire spread over every sea, her position in the world, her economic basis of existence, probably her entire independent existence, could be maintained only while she com-

manded the sea. Whoever touched her supremacy on that element drew a dagger against her heart. The moment Great Britain could no longer doubt Germany's unalterable resolve to strike a blow at British mastery of the sea, an agreement was out of the question. In place thereof, Great Britain set herself to come to an understanding with all the powers which for any reason were antagonistic to Germany. . . .

"If the war is not to be allowed to take its normal course, which means the complete bleeding of all the peoples concerned, then an effort must be made to secure a direct agreement between Germany and Great Britain. This agreement must involve the point at which the imperial antithesis responsible for the war most clearly crystallizes—the Anglo-German rivalry for supremacy on the seas."

The war is costing \$53,000,000 a day. And it isn't worth it.—*Los Angeles Times*.

When you come to think about it, Mahomet beat them all to the idea that liquor and high military efficiency don't go together.—*Chicago Herald*.



THE COMBATIVE VIRGINIAN WHO HOLDS A SWORD OVER THE BANKERS.

The Comptroller of the Currency, John Skelton Williams, is accused of persecuting powerful financial interests. He officially penalized the influential Riggs National Bank of Washington for failure to make reports asked for. Court proceedings have been instituted to test his power under the Federal Reserve law which he helped to create. He lost the biggest fight of his own financial career to Thomas F. Ryan. His office now represents an experiment in increased government control of banking and currency.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS: THE CENTER OF THE LATEST CYCLONE GATHERING IN WASHINGTON

A BATTLE royal is developing in Washington, which, even in these days of stupendous battles, attracts national attention. The Riggs National Bank is the contestant on one side and John Skelton Williams, the comptroller of the currency, is the contestant on the other; but back of these lies an issue that is as old as Andrew Jackson's fight against the United States Bank and almost as full of dynamite as it was three-quarters of a century ago. The Riggs National Bank was, up to a short time ago, closely affiliated with the National City Bank of New York City, the largest national bank in the country; and it has sent out statements to all the national banks claiming their moral support as the defender of the rights of all of them. Back of Comptroller Williams is the Secretary of the Treasury and, presumably, the whole of the Administration, buttressed by an imposing array of legal talent, in which the names of Louis D. Brandeis and Samuel Untermyer conspicuously figure.

The important issue involved pertains to the degree of control to which the national banks may, under the new system, be subjected at the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller. The Riggs Bank charges outright persecution and conspiracy, and assigns personal motives of revenge as the cause. The officials in question claim to have been exercising the discretion accorded to them by law. The result is likely to be a cause *célèbre*, in which the personality of John Skelton Williams looms up large and combative. To take the bank's view of the case, he is an ogre with an insatiable appetite for a national bank every morning for breakfast.

Now when a sturdy, zealous militant becomes a kind of national censor of finance he runs the risk of losing popularity in some circles. It so happens that concentration of power in the Comptroller of Currency is one of the first fruits of laws passed to establish a régime of "new freedom" for business in the United States. John Skelton Williams of Virginia is the first man to handle this increased power. He evidently believes that he is warranted in exercising the power of his office to the limit of the law—and has a fight on in consequence. The courts will ultimately determine what are the

limits of the law, and whether he has "literally been a law unto himself, without restraint or limitation" as the complaining Riggs National Bank alleges. Law which provides that the Comptroller may "call for special reports from any particular [banking] association whenever in his judgment the same are necessary in order to obtain a full and complete knowledge of its condition" would seem to confer the widest discretionary power. He is a presidential appointee for a term of five years, hence his use or abuse of power is a matter of high concern to the government, the financial interests involved, and the public.

Comptroller Williams is a vigorous, upstanding male in the prime of life. He will be fifty next month. Physically well proportioned, something over six feet of height, he carries perhaps 225 pounds weight with a military bearing which is not traceable to military training. Aggressiveness, forcefulness, fearlessness, are the qualities attributed to him rather than the traditional Southern cordiality of temperament and manner. Determination and strength of will characterize his personality. He belongs to clubs as a matter of course, but one does not discover that he makes cronies. He has the style of a commander of others, says one. He is not backward about coming forward, observes another. No peculiarity of facial expression stands out. Dark hair, very slightly tinged with gray; dark eyes, well rounded features and erect carriage combine in a personal endowment of good looks. Sociability does not radiate from him nor is the desire to court popularity attributed to him. If he has any avocations they are inconspicuous. An almost grim devotion to the accomplishment of what he sets out to accomplish is considered Mr. Williams' dominant characteristic.

There is a peculiar sense in which the Comptroller's office is the man and the man is the office at this stage of attempted readjustment of the banking and currency situation. For any test of conferred powers he bears the brunt of attack. No one can read even a partial list of the duties of the Comptroller prescribed by law without getting the impression that Congress proposed to lodge something like real control of banking in this office. Functions of inspection and supervision

grew out of the relation of the government to the banks which issue currency notes based upon United States bonds. But the Comptroller is now required not only to report to Congress on conditions of banks but to report additional information that may be useful and any amendment to banking laws "by which the system may be improved and the security of the holders of its notes and other creditors may be increased." A bank must get authorization from the Comptroller to do business, and under certain conditions he can close up a banking institution. The recent creation of the Federal Reserve Board of which the Comptroller became a chief officer represented a distinct effort to decentralize and distribute banking and credit facilities. Comptroller Williams is on record regarding the main purpose of the new system in an address to the North Carolina Bankers Association in part as follows:

"New York has become the commercial capital of the country, the great citadel of the money power, the reservoir of money supply. It is the walled city from which the barons have levied tribute on a territory and population vaster than any lord or king of the Middle Ages dreamed of, yet sometimes using methods ruthless and savage as those of the fiercest of the robber nobles—forays and levies devastating by scientific, artful methods, pillaging under forms of law, smiting with swords which bite deep, altho we can not see them, consuming with fire which comes invisible and unsuspected. The simile seems strong, but it is justified by facts.

"No sudden swoop by a feudal magnate on his peaceful neighbors was a more cruel or shameless plundering expedition than some of the transactions which have been brought to light by which the shareholders of railways and other great enterprises, established to build up the country and to promote the public interests, were despoiled. Their property and money were taken from them by the might of masses of money working stealthily. The raids had none of the attractions of the picturesque or the merit of courage. They were cold-blooded, relentless seizure of other men's goods by plots, treachery and betrayal of trusts which should have been held sacred. . . .

"The purpose should be to change the relation of New York to the country generally from an attitude of dominating ownership to friendly partnership. Big as New York is, it is not big enough

to direct the destinies of this continent. Fast as it has grown, it has not grown so fast as the United States has grown in wealth, capacity, population, thought, and aspiration."

Mr. Williams began his own business career, after a course of law at the University of Virginia, in his father's bank at Richmond, Virginia. He became interested in railroad developments for the Southern states, forged ahead, and soon appeared as an active member of the firm of Mitten-dorf, Williams and Company of Baltimore. At the age of 34 he had organized and consolidated the Seaboard Air Line Railway System of some 3,000 miles reaching from New York to Florida. He was elected its first president. Then followed a fight for financial control in which he lost out, in 1904, to Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, also from Virginia but representing New York and Boston interests. Altho Mr. Williams is a Protestant, the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Richmond is humorously known as the "John Skelton Williams Cathedral" because of the legend that Ryan built it with money gained from Williams in the Seaboard transaction.

Mr. Williams was elected president of the trust company section of the American Bankers Association in 1901, and was president of various banking and industrial enterprises until his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in March of 1913. At that time he described himself as an "independent, sound money Democrat." He had been associated with Mr. McAdoo, the present Secretary of the Treasury, in building the Hudson River Tunnel. Appointment as Comptroller of the Currency became effective

in January, 1914. There was opposition to his appointment heard by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on the ground that he had used his office to get back at Seaboard Line interests in the Riggs Bank and had favored other interests with government deposits. But on denials and testimony the appointment was confirmed with only one dissenting vote.

In the continuing controversy with the Riggs Bank Colonel J. C. Hemphill points out in correspondence to the N. Y. Evening Post, that courts can not administer the office of Comptroller; he must administer it, but of course he can be removed by the President or he can be impeached for failure to discharge his duties: "If he has thought or suspected that the bank which has hauled him to court was not complying with the law or was engaged in practices condemned by sound public policy and in violation of law, it was his duty to pursue his inquiries and exercise his authority without thought of personal consequences." Colonel Hemphill adds:

"I have known Mr. Williams a good many years. He is impulsive and of a distinctly militant type. He would rather fight than eat. He lacks suavity, probably, but he cannot be charged with any lack of temerity or any purpose of avoiding responsibility for what he does. His chief weakness seems to be inappreciation of good advice from his friends. It would have been more effective, some of them think, if he had 'jollied along' the Riggs Bank people, instead of indulging in condemnation, which could only infuriate, without accomplishing in the best way the objects he had in view—not punishment, on account of real or imaginary personal grievances, because he should be acquitted of any such ignoble purpose—but a wholesome desire to pro-

tect the public from suspected irregularities in the management of what was thought to be one of the strongest financial institutions in the country.

"A great many persons do not like Mr. Williams because he is lacking in any sort of subtlety, and especially in times of excitement blurts out what he thinks, without dreaming how what he says might be twisted into a wholly different meaning from what he intended. He stands well with his neighbors, with the people who have known him longest and best. He has been a power in the development of the South. He has had very sore differences with men who have checkmated him in some of his enterprises, and he is not of a forgiving spirit—none who is engaged in great financial and industrial undertakings possesses that saving grace; but he has made his way against apparently insuperable obstacles, and achieved high place because of his worthy character."

A personal dignity, emphasized for years by the long-tailed cutaway coat habitually worn even in the hot summer months, is most frequently picked out as a chief attribute of Comptroller Williams. Erect head, rhythmical stride, broad shoulders that never sway as he walks, well-developed chest well thrown out, strengthen the impression. A clinging to some formalities of the old time suggests coldness behind a pleasant greeting. The Williams family is of English ancestry and distinguished social standing in Eastern Virginia; Mr. Williams' great-grandfather was Edmund Randolph, first Attorney General of the United States and Secretary of State under President Washington. He has a beautiful home on the James River near Richmond. His wife was Miss Lila Lefebvre Isaacs and they have two boys, 17 and 14 years old.

BERNHARD DERNBURG: THE GERMAN WHOSE PRESENCE HERE HAS AROUSED BRITISH APPREHENSIONS

MAGNETISM is one of the conspicuous personal traits of that Doctor Bernhard Dernburg whose name now appears more frequently in American newspapers than that of any other German alive, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the Kaiser himself. Even those Bismarckian and militarist organs in the fatherland which, like the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, have no patience with Dernburg, agree that he is what they call "anziehend"—attractive. The word means more than its literal equivalent in English and describes a combination of qualities for which the Doctor—Germans refer to him as "Excellenz"—is as much indebted for his success as financier, administrator, statesman and diplomatist as to his un-

deniably high order of ability. He attracts, he charms, he inspires personal confidence. French and English dailies, to which Bernhard Dernburg is for the moment the supremely important German, do not deny him charm; but they see in the man a capacity for intrigue, the genius of the mere schemer. So rare is his subtlety, according to the *London Times*; so completely does he mask beneath an aspect of simplicity the nature of the serpent that all America has been in some danger of succumbing to his spell. He has, we read in the British press, stemmed the tide of sentiment favorable at first to the allies in this country. Now a character capable of so great an achievement, the *London Mail* says, must be magnetic as well as powerful, sweet as well as supple—have a touch of the angel as

well as of the demon, since he deceives the very elect. That was weeks ago!

The clear, steel blue eye of Dernburg, the unshrinking directness of his gaze into one's face, the openness of the regular features, emerging with sculptural effect from a wealth of hair about the brow and chin—these details are more conspicuous in French studies of the man. The fine broad brow, the well-placed ear, the large build of limb and shoulder remind a writer in the *Paris Temps* of those Rembrandt effects in portraiture which give the atmosphere of a character no less than its embodiment in the flesh. The men who sat to Rembrandt were councillors, solidly established in their worldly positions, mature, well balanced, and Dernburg, we are reminded, is all of these. He has shown from the time he be-

came prominent in the financial life of Berlin until he impressed his sturdy personality upon the American nation a purposeful firmness, an intuitive perception of the character of the people with whom he must deal. There is a suggestion of the Dutchman in him as well as of the Prussian, say the French, and they give him credit for a naturally kind heart as well as a powerful brain. The traits are seldom blended in one man, but they give the character of Bernhard Dernburg its "note," the French think.

Work has been the concern of Dernburg's life, and to this day, as his admirers remind us in the *Kölnische Zeitung* and other German newspapers, he is a model of industry, of quiet efficiency. His intimate knowledge of American ways and American thought dates from the period when, as a mere youth, he clerked in a great Wall street banking establishment, living in poverty and obscurity among a people who were destined to know him so well. He was early out of bed in those days and he remains an early riser still. Necessity made him abstemious as a young man in New York and personal preference keeps him so to-day, for his breakfast, taken sometimes as early as seven in the morning at the Ritz-Carlton, may consist of nothing but a cup of coffee and a roll with some fruit. He inclines at times to a strictly vegetarian diet, avoiding meat and stimulants for an indefinite period. He is sparing in the use of alcoholic liquors. He is addicted to rather large cigars of mild flavor. His dress is almost invariably of the simplest kind, comprising a sack coat, turn-down collar and bow-tie. It is nothing unusual for him to rise from his bed and go down-town before nine o'clock. His personal habits, in short, are those of an ordinary business man in an American city. Luxury is quite alien to his temperament and recreations of the extravagant sort are unknown to him. He does not play cards unless the circumstances are unusual. He does not golf. Now and then he drops in at a theater, especially if a German play be "on." Generally, however, his days are passed in labor while his evenings, unless he is at some public meeting, are consecrated to the society of his wife, who is paying her first visit to this country. It is an open secret that the doings of Bernhard Dernburg have, like those of Count Bernstorff, been carefully watched by the agents of the allies here. This is the sum and substance of all the information they have gathered after long scrutiny of his personal habits.

When Mrs. Dernburg joined her husband in this country last January she could not bring with her the five children. Of these, three—young ladies in their teens—are employed as nurses in the Berlin hospitals, while the two boys,

one sixteen and the other fourteen, are at school. The oldest boy insisted upon going to the war, and it is possible that he is now at the front. Mrs. Dernburg is described as a blonde of the Saxon type, with the fine but sensitive features of the artistic temperament and the outlook upon life of the German wife and mother. When at

Indeed, those German newspapers which dislike Bernhard Dernburg because of his modern ideas and for his alleged dislike of militarist autocracy are wont to complain that he is too much of a cosmopolite and not enough of a German. Such accusations do not commend themselves to the *Vossische Zeitung* or the *Tageblatt* of Berlin, for

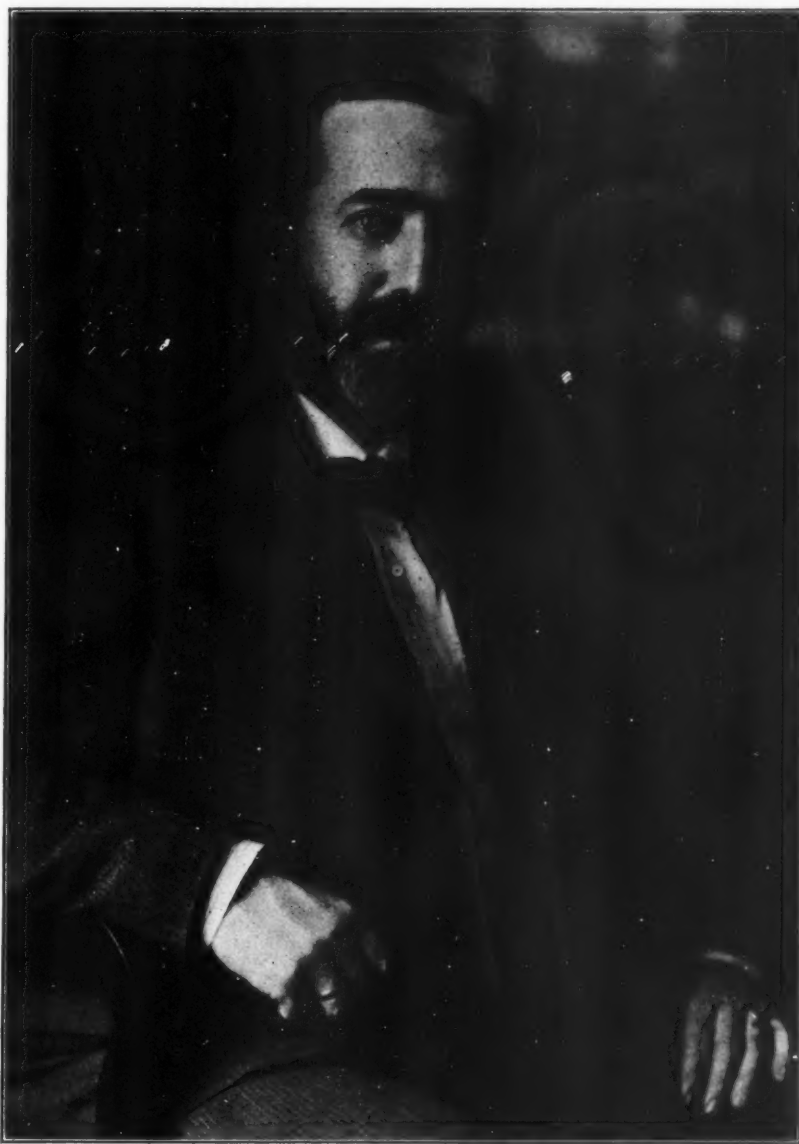


Photo by Campbell Studios, New York

THE UNOFFICIAL INTERPRETER IN AMERICA OF GERMANY'S POLICY

Years ago, as a young financier in Wall Street, Bernhard Dernburg began to acquire that intimacy with the ways and the ideas of the people of this country which caused his selection by Berlin as an interpreter of the Germans to ourselves.

home, the Dernburgs live in Berlin. Doctor Dernburg himself has always been a traveler. He has crossed Africa twice, according to the accounts of him in the German newspapers. He has gone the whole length of Siberia, visiting remote settlements. He has explored China and Japan and made extensive trips through Mexico. Contact with many men in many climes accounts to students of his character for his unusual knowledge of human nature, his ready adaptability to circumstances and the touch of the cosmopolite in him.

these dailies regard the Doctor as one of the glories of his country. He is neither an autocrat nor a militarist and the *Berlin Post* has, in consequence, very little use for him. His elevation to a post of such importance as that of colonial minister was something of a shock to the reactionaries at the court of Berlin, and it is no secret that many a Prussian reactionary would be overjoyed were his visit to this country converted into a fiasco.

The whole theory of politics for which Bernhard Dernburg stands in

Germany, and which has been set forth in such dailies as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and its liberal contemporaries, renders him an objectionable character to the old-fashioned Prussian conservatives. He thinks the main business of the state should be social advancement, the better education of the less favored classes in the fatherland and their entry into life upon a plane of equality of opportunity. This ideal, he contends, has not been realized or fully understood in the Germany of the recent past, notwithstanding the triumphs of applied science and the achievements of the commercial expansionists. One of Dernburg's hobbies at home has been the housing problem. He has given much time and money to the improvement of the homes of the humbler Berliners. Another of his ideas is that young Germany should take more to sports of the open-air kind. He is president of one society which has for its object the better housing of the poor and he holds the vice-presidency of another organization of young Germans with two million members under twenty years of age, all pledged to the cultivation of healthy sports in the open air.

The active, conscientious nature of Bernhard Dernburg makes it out of the question for him to play a passive part in these societies. Until the war interrupted the life he led so busily at home, he devoted many laborious hours to the realization of these objects.

Few Germans in official life possess Bernhard Dernburg's intimate acquaintance with everything American. His very mode of using the English language has more of New York than of London in it. He speaks the crisp, epigrammatic vernacular of Broadway readily. He acquired this fluency when quite a youth from a typesetter on the *Brooklyn Eagle*, who happened to be a fine English scholar and who is at this time a successful lawyer. The friendship between the German and the American survives, for Bernhard Dernburg is of the type which never forgets. He has picked up, or so his German eulogists say in the Berlin press, all that is best in the American manner—the hearty handshake, the easy affability and the directness of speech which can avoid offense and at the same time be plain and intelligible.

In nothing is Dernburg so German

as in his literary tastes. Goethe is his favorite author and he has also the inevitable German preference for Shakespeare. He has all his life been a reader of the Bible. These sources remain his dependence for literary culture even in the present busy period of his career, which has made all reading except that of official documents and newspapers well-nigh impossible to him. He has, however, read widely in American literature and in his youth was a lover of Poe's stories. There is a suggestion of what he reads in his public speeches, which are terse, simple and strong rather than brilliant, witty or sublime. His platform manner is never dramatic or spectacular. He is happiest in occasional addresses, which he seems to make with little or no preparation, his memory being so good that he has his vast fund of information constantly available. As might be expected from so constant a reader of the Bible, Doctor Dernburg, while not a rigidly constant churchgoer, is nevertheless frequent in his attendance at divine worship. The members of his family belong, it would seem, to the Prussian state church.

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS: THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE BALKAN PLOT

ALL Greece anticipates with confidence the return to power of that Eleutherios Venizelos who, in the opinion of the allies, has become the decisive personality in the destinies of the Balkans. He effected his retirement to Egypt last month with something like secrecy and there have been reports of his intended visit to this country. So swift a change has come over the attitude of the government and the press at Athens, however, that the officially inspired *Embros* dilates upon the prospect of a return to office of "the greatest statesman in Europe to-day," as the *London News* calls him. He ceased to hold the post of Prime Minister in Greece when King Constantine called him a liar, as our British contemporary bluntly puts it. He has been compared with Cavour, Gambetta, Bismarck, notes this commentator, and it deems the fact significant of the impression he creates. "You look for his parallel only in the ranks of the greatest." That is also the impression of the *London Nation* as it tells how the Greek officers, in imitation of Young Turks, made their aimless conspiracy; how all the parties and factions at Athens crumpled up before their naked swords; how the late King George called in this Cretan republican to save the state; how he rallied a whole nation to unity, brushed aside the feud with Bulgaria, entered the Balkan

League and doubled the territory of Greece. Not much of the responsibility for the breach with Bulgaria falls to the account of Venizelos, says the *London Nation* also, for King Constantine and the military party forced his hand, strong as it was. "He has fallen from power because he was too big a man to sacrifice everything a second time to the feeling against Bulgaria." Now, in the opinion of many important European dailies, the Greeks will call their greatest statesman back from Egypt. A general meeting of the Venizelan deputies in the parliament at Athens was held a few weeks ago and even the cautious *Embros*, supposed to be in touch with official policy, hints at a possible abandonment of Greek neutrality. Venizelos, meanwhile, waits.

The strength of Venizelos now and always is moral, says Mr. A. G. Gardiner in the *London News*—"a high courage that led him out into the mountains of Crete at the head of his rebels when Prince George of Greece, the High Commissioner, dared to play the autocrat in that little island." It is force spiritualized, we are told by this competent observer of the Greek, a humane wisdom that suggests Lincoln and Mazzini. "He pervades the atmosphere with the sense of high purpose and noble sympathies. It is not his strength that you remember but a certain illuminating and illuminated

benevolence, a comprehensive humanity and general friendliness of demeanor." He is in temperament what the character students call a positive—a man of sympathies rather than of antipathies, winning by the affections more than by diplomacy and cunning. He is singularly free, or so this journalist thinks, from the small ingenuities and falsities of politics and in all circumstances exhibits a simple candor and directness. "But for the conviction that his personality conveys, you would think such frankness was only the subtle disguise of an artful politician. It is instead the mark of a man great enough to be himself, to declare his purposes, to live always in the light." Whether his opponent be king or people, he will tell the truth, fearless of consequences, without bitterness but without hesitation, for he is neither demagog nor courtier. The world has witnessed the firmness with which he faced the throne, the throne which he has done more than any other man to make secure in Greece. He can face the people with equal firmness. At the threshold of his career in Greece he showed this quality in circumstances of unusual difficulty. The country seemed to have fallen into the clutches of thieves. Its public life was corrupt. Its government was a system of plunder by rotation in office. The crisis culminated in the military plot of seven years ago, but the soldiers

found they could not make Greece over. The land of the Hellenes cried for a man. The whole people turned to Crete.

Eleutherios Venizelos, as all the world now knows, was a Cretan, but a Cretan of Athenian origin, whose grandfather had fled from Greece a hundred years or so ago to escape the tyranny of the Turk. In the troubled events that led to the liberation of Crete from the Turk and its gain of self-government under the suzerainty of the Sultan, this young barrister had been the leader of his people and he became the president of the new Cretan assembly. The advent of Prince George, brother of the reigning King of Greece to-day, was followed by a serious conflict between him and his ministers. Prince George wanted to rule as a despot. Venizelos declared that he had not striven to overthrow the Turk for the sake of an autocrat from Europe. He resigned, put on a uniform and headed an insurrection. Nothing equals the facility with which Venizelos doffs a lawyer's gown and rushes to the hills, a guerilla. Prince George had in the end to take refuge in Paris. Venizelos returned to power. The wonder of his personality and the fame of his exploits fired all Greece and in the confusion of six years since, when the throne itself was tottering and the land seemed in dissolution, the democracy begged the man who had saved Crete to save the Hellenes. The late King George, pocketing the affront to his son, joined in the entreaty. Venizelos came.

That began the disillusion, for Venizelos can not do the uncandid thing that seems gracious or say the gracious thing without candor. "We must speak the truth to those above and to those below." That was his slogan. The crown had usurped too large a place. But when the Hellenes sought to convert his revisionary chamber into a constituent assembly which the King could not dissolve, he stood by his pledged word. In front of his hotel in Athens the crowd corrected his word "revisionary" by shouting "constituent," but he simply proceeded with his speech, repeating "revisionary" as if he were deaf to the roars of the mob below.

The fundamental fact about Venizelos is, or our observer of him mistakes the man, that he is not a Cretan merely, not a Hellenic alone, but a European. "He has that detachment of mind which is the strength of Sir Edward Grey, but he fuses it with an instructed idealism adding the quality of the prophet to the wisdom of the statesman." In Greece he has worked a wonder so complete that the popular reverence for him approaches idolatry. He is the savior and the regenerator of the Hellenic idea. He found the

land a hissing and a byword because of the dirt in which the people lived and the vulgar self-seeking of its cheap politicians. He redeemed the administration. He ennobled the national spirit. He doubled the national area. By a combination of industry with ideals of which a genius alone could have been capable, he gave the coun-

ter." Venizelos risked even his authority in Greece by offering Bulgaria Kavalla itself.

All the plans of Venizelos, we are now asked to believe, were frustrated by the revengeful spirit of King Constantine. He could not forget that his brother had been turned out of Crete by the greater man. Moreover, the



THE GREEK WHO REVIVED THE DATIVE CASE

In his zeal for everything typically Hellenic, Eleutherios Venizelos has emancipated not only his country but her language from the corruption of the times in Athens so that the newspapers of that city would to-day be intelligible to Socrates and to Diogenes.

try a new constitution, set the throne on its legs, established an army in place of a camp of intrigue and built a squadron. He abolished the taxation of the wages of the poor and he made landowners of the peasants. All this in two years!

The greatest of all the gifts he brought the Greeks in the judgment of the English publicist was that larger and nobler vision of their relations with their neighbors which was never before possible in the Balkans. The sullen feud with Bulgaria evaporated in the light of his theory that Greece must think of her rights by thinking of the rights of others. He sought the regeneration of the entire Balkans as a paramount interest of Greece herself—a very novel point of view to the Hellenes. Under his inspiration there came into being that Balkan League which laid low the Turk. "The miserable collapse of that splendid enterprise was the work of charlatans like King Ferdinand and clumsy mock-Bismarcks like Daneff, his Prime Min-

court of Athens is pro-German. The militarists and all his enemies declared that Venizelos had conspired to hand Kavalla over to Bulgaria by stealth. He retorted that there was no secrecy in the negotiations, that the King had been told all about them. The King retorted that Venizelos had misunderstood him. "The retort of Venizelos was instant. He could not bandy words with his sovereign, but neither could he remain in public life under the imputation of a lie." He announced his retirement from politics. There was a violent outbreak in the streets of Athens, men marching in procession singing his name until the troops dispersed the manifestants. Finally came the postponement of the Greek elections and a declaration of something like martial law. Not until within the past month has it been definitely stated in the inspired press of the Greek capital that the dynasty may revise its whole attitude, that the King has further particulars to reveal respecting that talk of his with Venizelos.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"BEVERLY'S BALANCE"—A DELICATE LITTLE COMEDY INTRODUCING THE PROFESSIONAL CO-RESPONDENT

WHEN Beverly Dinwiddie, the daughter of one of the finest families of Virginia, became a professional co-respondent in the divorce case of a New York millionaire, she was actuated not by a mad ambition for riches but because she found herself penniless in New York. She needed ten cents to buy subway tickets for herself and her highly respectable Aunt Maria Randolph to the flat she had rented on the top floor rear of an apartment house on 199th Street. She needed money for the taxes at home, \$175 for an old family mortgage, \$55 for Mammy Judy's allowance—in all she was in immediate need of \$411.76. She knew nobody in the city to borrow money from except her childhood sweetheart and cousin, Watt Dinwiddie. Watt was a young and very promising lawyer, with a fine office in a big sky-scraper down-town. At least, so Beverly and her Aunt Maria thought, Watt was very prosperous.

But when the curtain rises on the opening act of Paul Kester's charming and delicate little comedy, "Beverly's Balance," in which Margaret Anglin is delighting New Yorkers at the Lyceum Theater, we know at once that Watt too is "broke." Despite his letters and his "front," he is so poor that he is forced to sleep in his offices on a delapidated old Morris-chair and to import a meager bit of food in his overcoat pocket—so poor that when a message announcing the intention of his cousin Beverly to call, and the janitor demands twenty-five cents for it, he is forced to pay him with stamps and a post-card. He receives an invitation from the agents of the office building to vacate that very day, and he is too much the proud young Southerner to ask his college friend, John Courtland Redlaw, whose people are the owners of the sky-scraper, to allow him to remain until a client comes into his office.

While Beverly and Aunt Maria are under the impression that Watt is a most successful and enterprising young lawyer, with a suite at the St. Regis, Watt has heard that Beverly, who was a charming young choir singer at home, has been made principal soloist in the choir of St. Stephen's in New York. But Beverly and Aunt Maria soon

appear, and Watt learns that Beverly has lost her voice, that all the money she had been earning has been spent, to gratify grand-opera yearnings, upon lessons from a scoundrelly Italian vocal teacher, and that the two women have been driven into most desperate circumstances. Conquering their family pride, they have come to ask for aid from one of their own family.

BEVERLY. I asked them to keep the position in the choir open for me; but they said they couldn't see their way to it. Well, so much for the church. I managed for a while by pawning mother's ring and things. I began to study typewriting, but I was slow at learning. The bills kept mounting up, so I went looking for work of some sort I could do at once. Finally an agent told me he thought he could get me a position in the chorus of a comic opera company—where my voice didn't matter.

WATT. They offered you a position in the chorus of a comic opera company?

BEVERLY. I wasn't to be actually in the chorus. I was in the carnival scene among what they called "a bunch of classy dames."

WATT. Beverly, you're joking!

BEVERLY. Oh, no, Watt, and you know there are bigger ambitions than mine that have come to New York and landed in the chorus. My only trouble was I couldn't stay there.

WATT. I should say not!

BEVERLY. You see, when I hired myself out as a "classy dame," I didn't tell them my real name, of course. I gave the name of Mary Robinson.

AUNT MARIA. And her aunt, Maria Jones—

BEVERLY. But the name of Mary Robinson didn't seem to make a strong appeal to the press agent, so, for program purposes, I was re-christened Bobbie St. Ledger.

WATT. Bobbie St. Ledger! You?

BEVERLY. Oh, that would have been alright! But the same press-agent at the theater somehow got it into his head that there was a mystery about me. I suppose because I was different, and he tried to find out what it was; and when he couldn't, being ambitious, he decided to invent one of his own and he got it printed in last evening's paper. (*Takes newspaper out of bag.*)

AUNT MARIA. Read it!

WATT. "Bobbie St. Ledger, the kissing girl from Dixie"—Good Lord!

AUNT MARIA. Such language to apply to one of Beverly's lineage!

WATT. "The mysterious Bobbie St. Ledger (who appears to-morrow night in

the great carnival scene of "Step Lively") is said to be none other than the famous kissing girl from Dixie. Her repertoire consists of what she terms floral kisses, and includes the chaste lily-of-the-valley kiss, the warm rich magnolia flower, the heated cotton blossom and the scorching crimson Rambler." Good Lord! Of all the outrageous impudence—they'll apologize or I'll break every bone in their bodies—the infernal scoundrels! Some one has got to pay for this!

BEVERLY. Hold on a minute, Watty!

WATT. Some one has got to pay for this!

BEVERLY. I have.

AUNT MARIA. I should say she had.

WATT. What do you mean?

AUNT MARIA. When she was leaving the theater, an odious Yankee leaned out of the show-case of his limousine and said he'd like to meet the clinging kisser and try a crimson Rambler.

WATT. He spoke to you, he wanted to kiss you! Well, I'll get him, too. What was the number of his car?

BEVERLY. Oh, don't be foolish, Watt, you're in New York, not in Virginia!

WATT. Well, I'll get him just the same; but first I'll settle with this paper.

BEVERLY. Watt, don't you realize that the paper wouldn't have printed it if it hadn't been sent them? Back of that ridiculous stage name nothing matters, nobody in the world knows but you and Aunt Maria.

WATT. But here's a likeness of you in the paper!

BEVERLY. No, that's not a likeness, it's a sketch—no one could ever recognize me from that. But if you go to the newspaper and make any fuss, the whole thing—who we really are—might come out. Now let's forget all about it. It is of no importance, except that on account of it I had to give up the position just as I was on the eve of earning a salary.

So Beverly is forced to ask Watt for help. She asks him to give up his suite at the St. Regis and to take the vacant bedroom in her flat, and, if possible, to lend her the \$411.76 that are so essential to retain the old home down in Virginia. Watt confesses his inability to help her, that he has never lived at the St. Regis, that the steamship lines and railroads were only dreams of his, that he is to be turned out of his offices. Beverly laughs. "Think of the three of us sitting here without a cent in our pockets!" she exclaims. "Everything seems out of balance and I don't see how to put it right. It does seem as tho Humanity might strike a balance but I don't see how to adjust the scales."

While Watt is praying for a client, the telephone rings. It is Jack Redlaw, asking to see Watt on business. Already the papers had announced Mrs. Redlaw's intention of divorcing her husband in order to marry a British aristocrat, Lord Ardmay. When Jack Redlaw enters the office he discovers the newspaper containing the Bobbie St. Ledger "story," and begins to read it. Aunt Maria's indignation explodes and she reveals the fact that Beverly is no one else than Bobbie St. Ledger. When the two women retire to the other room, Jack recounts to Watt his domestic shipwreck, and asks him to secure a divorce for Mrs. Redlaw with the utmost expediency. "Ardmay is the eldest son of the Duke of Islay," he explains confidentially, "and Elsie feels that she can't afford to lose this chance of being an eventual duchess." They are already engaged, but she has only told a few of her most intimate friends of her engagement to Ardmay. "The date of the wedding isn't set," continues this amusing type of the perfect husband. "She really can't do anything definite until she gets her divorce. Ardmay is cross and so is Elsie, and they both blame me." She is sailing for England in the morning, and she has given orders to her husband to get a divorce for her as soon as possible.

JACK. Elsie's idea is for me to supply the evidence while she gets the divorce. She says she'll need all the sympathy on account of her future social position in England.

WATT. I see—you must create the situation, and let Elsie appear as the victim?

JACK. That's it, exactly.

WATT. Well! Can't you pretend to beat her or something? Cruelty is sufficient grounds in some States. I'll look up the law.

JACK. You needn't bother—I can't beat Elsie; and that isn't the sort of divorce Elsie wants. When you are planning to be a Duchess you don't want any rebate.

WATT. Incompatibility?

JACK. It's worn threadbare.

WATT. Non-support?

JACK. Absolutely ridiculous. Elsie has ten or twelve millions of her own.

WATT. Desertion?

JACK. Always respectable and frequent, but it takes too much time. With Elsie already engaged to Lord Ardmay, things must move forward.

WATT. I should think so!

JACK. What Elsie wants is a good old-fashioned New York divorce. You understand me, Watt, one that won't fade in the wash—a woman in the case—the usual grounds—sealed papers before a referee—the regular time-honored, respectable thing! Elsie doesn't want any of your gold brick divorces. She doesn't want to be married to me in one State and to Ardmay in another. You know how very annoying such a situation can be to a sensitive woman with a nice sense of propriety. Elsie is sure I'll marry

again; and she says I should think of my future wife's feelings; but I say what's the use of borrowing trouble!

WATT. Of course, there is something in what she says. Any lady in the case, Jack?

JACK. No, strange to relate, none. None at all, to tell you the truth. I may have been thoughtless, but I have never been sentimental. Of course, you know Elsie was never in love with me in the usual steam-heated fashion, but we've always been such bully friends. But Elsie says if we go on being married it certainly will break up our friendship. It all comes to just this, Watty, the whole disagreeable business is up to me. I've got to find a co-respondent, and find her quick. That's what I come to see you about, old man!

WATT. So that's what you've come for? That's your idea of the sort of law I practice on the eighteenth floor of your offensive sky-scraper? Do you seriously suppose I make a business of supplying idiots with co-respondents in divorce cases? Do you think I keep a list of professional home-wreckers on my books? What do you take me for any way, Jack?

JACK. Oh, hang it, Watty, don't get in a huff. It's legal business, isn't it?

WATT. It makes legal business sometimes—romance is about the quickest way into the court.

JACK. But there is no romance or idle nonsense about my idea! It's all strictly business, and it's no joking matter. Hang it all, old man, I can't go home until I find a co-respondent. I promised Elsie I'd fix it up to-day.

WATT. Can't you select some eligible female with a compromising attractiveness? A little sentiment usually goes with these matters, and a touch of preference.

JACK. Yes, I see myself! And get into a sweet mess, shouldn't I? If the lady happened to be married, some husband or other would turn up to sue me for alienating her affections. If the lady isn't married, then she's absolutely certain to sue me for breach of promise the minute I'm free. Do you read the papers? Do you know what's going on? I do, and experience has taught me that a millionaire should keep his young affec-



"WITHOUT A CENT IN OUR POCKETS!"

Here are three proud but penniless Dinwiddies of Virginia alone in New York, trying to find some respectable way out of their desperate difficulties. That way is discovered when Beverly (Miss Margaret Anglin) accepts the position of professional but platonic co-respondent in a society divorce suit.

tions in cold storage. One decent divorce is scandal enough for me. I'm willing to do my little part to entertain the city, but there's to be no encore. I'm not going in for a continual performance. It's all perfectly sane, it's what we're coming to—what I want is a plain, cold-blooded business arrangement with a platonic co-respondent, with no nonsense about her, who will take a lump sum down and let it go at that. That's what I'm after, and I want you to help me find her.

WATT. Do you imagine there are in New York any guaranteed, professional co-respondents of good character and unimpeachable respectability?

JACK. That's exactly what there should be! Almost everybody requires a co-respondent sooner or later.

WATT. Your idea is that an unhappy husband should be able to take up his morning paper and read, "Mamie Swift, the old reliable co-respondent; divorces guaranteed; best references given and required."

The virtuous young Southerner is absolutely opposed to the proposition, declaring it shockingly immoral. But Jack Redlaw tells him that it is the morality of it that shocks, not the immorality. He suggests the young lady whom he has just met in the office as

a possible co-respondent in his divorce case. "I'm sure she'd comprehend my position," declares Redlaw. "Of course you'd have to make her understand that it is all strictly business." Angry and out of temper, Watt Dinwiddie, in spite of his penniless condition, refuses to be retained in the case, and bids Redlaw a cold good morning, when Beverly enters the office from her hiding place.

BEVERLY. I overheard your conversation, and I believe your idea is extremely modern, entirely ethical, and intensely progressive.

WATT. Are you mad?

JACK. You indorse my idea?

BEVERLY. I do. And to prove how thoroly, I offer myself as the co-respondent in this divorce case.

WATT. What!

BEVERLY. Mr. Redlaw, allow me to be your Mamie Swift.

JACK. Splendid! If I'd searched the world over, I couldn't have found any one so ideal.

BEVERLY. My name, Bobbie St. Ledger, has a certain something in it which might be helpful before a jury, to say nothing of the kissing-girl story, which certainly should have a commercial value in an ethical divorce.

JACK. Then it's agreed? It's a bargain?

WATT. Nothing of the kind! Absolutely no! This preposterous idea will not be carried out.

BEVERLY. Why not, when it can be done so simply? Mr. Redlaw might take the vacant room in our flat. What could be more compromising? According to the New York newspapers, board and lodging is almost an offence in itself. . . .

WATT. Stop talking this rot and nonsense!

BEVERLY. But perhaps to dine with us three times a week would be sufficiently incriminating. Let me explain. My relation to Mr. Redlaw will be that which an actress sustains to an actor who takes the opposite part in a play. Mr. Redlaw makes believe he is infatuated with me. I make believe I adore him. When the arrangement terminates, we shake hands and say good-by. There will be no entangling aftermath—the acquaintance will end with purely business relations—no compromising letters—no husband waiting around the corner. Because I wish to assure you, Mr. Redlaw, that I am not now and never have been previously married. And, of course, our agreement will do away with all danger of proceedings on my part for breach of promise.

Redlaw thereupon suggests a drawing up of a contract, so that everything may be settled immediately. Beverly is quite willing to do this, but declares that first the amount of compensation for her services should be decided upon.

JACK. What would you consider a fair compensation?

BEVERLY. Let me think! Twenty-five thousand and four hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-six cents—the four hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-six cents strictly in advance.

JACK. Twenty-five thousand dollars?

BEVERLY. And four hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-six cents.

JACK. You don't mind charging, do you?

BEVERLY. Does anybody in New York? I suppose you don't want anything cheap about this divorce.

WATT. If you will give me a chance, Redlaw, I'd like to speak a word with my cousin—client. What on earth are you up to? What are you trying to do?

BEVERLY. I don't know yet. I think I've got my hands on the scales, and I'm dropping in a weight.

WATT. Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. I give it up.

The contract between Redlaw and Beverly is drawn up by Miss Dinwiddie herself. Beverly obtains "a dollar in hand paid"—one of the most urgent terms of the contract—a check for \$411.76, gives Redlaw her address on 199th Street, makes an appointment for dinner with him the following Tuesday evening.

The storm of scandal and publicity descends upon Redlaw and Beverly Dinwiddie, who is now known by everyone except her cousin Watt as "Bobbie St. Ledger, the kissing girl from Dixie." Hordes of reporters camp on the trail of the two. Beverly is forced to move from one flat to another to escape the limelight of notoriety. Tenants all move out upon learning that the notorious adventuress Bobbie St. Ledger is living in the same building. Several weeks later we discover Aunt Maria and Beverly in an old house on Twentieth Street, holding the fort against the newspaper people. We learn that Mrs. Redlaw herself has been reading the New York newspapers, and is so alarmed at the stories they are publishing about her husband and Bobbie St. Ledger that she no longer believes their relations are merely platonic and professional. In a letter to Watt Dinwiddie she announces her intention of returning immediately to New York. And Watt himself, who has always been in love with Beverly, but for some reason cannot express this love, is becoming madly jealous of Jack Redlaw. To make matters even more serious, Jack himself is beginning to fall under the spell of Beverly's charm. He still believes that she is really Bobbie St. Ledger.

JACK. You said just now something about my marrying again. I suppose I can marry again, if I choose?

BEVERLY. Yes, I suppose so.

JACK. I do wish you would show a little more enthusiasm about it. After all, a man who has been divorced once is scarcely shop-worn in New York. He's almost as good as new, isn't he?

BEVERLY. Perhaps, almost.

JACK. I've been thinking a good deal about it, haven't you?

BEVERLY. What?

JACK. Marrying.

BEVERLY. Oh, I'm not at all sure I shall ever marry.

JACK. Why?

BEVERLY. Oh, I'm not sure that anybody—I mean somebody—will ever want me, and you know, Jack, in affairs of the heart, if you subtract one from two, it is very apt to leave nothing.

JACK. No hope?

BEVERLY. Oh, I don't say I've given up all hope; but you know some nice men are just a little bit stupid.

JACK. And is this Mr. Somebody a nice man?

BEVERLY. Yes, awfully nice.

JACK. And just a little bit stupid?

BEVERLY. Well, that's what I'm basing my hope on. Meanwhile, it isn't half bad just being a co-respondent—it almost spoils one for marriage.

JACK. Oh, marriage has its good points. One hears a lot said against it, I know, but at least it is a venerable institution and a great career for a woman. Just think of the alimony some of them get!

BEVERLY. But, Jack, if you are thinking of marrying again, wouldn't it save all the bother and expense for you to stay married?

JACK. Yes, but you remember, don't you, about six days ago the newspapers saying that you and I would marry each other? I don't want to be vulgar about this; but you know I am rottenly rich, and I could really give you a wonderful time.

BEVERLY. Are you proposing marriage to me?

JACK. Yes, I am.

BEVERLY. In earnest?

JACK. Of course I'm in earnest.

BEVERLY. Why, Jack, even if I cared for you I couldn't dream of such a thing.

JACK. Dream of what?

BEVERLY. Marrying a divorced man, of course. What can you be thinking about? . . . No, bless your heart, you're not and never could be. Jack, dear, there's only one somebody in the world for anybody and nobody else can ever be that somebody no matter what anybody says, and I want to make you believe that too, and I almost think I have got you trained to a point now where I can make you believe it. Oh, Jack, why can't you and Elsie patch things up?

JACK. No, it wouldn't do any good. Besides, it's too late now. I tell you, Bobbie, there's nothing to do.

BEVERLY (*leaning across table*). Oh, yes, there is! There must be! Can't you cable, or something? If you two could only talk this all over together, away from aunts and relations, and your flippant, fashionable friends, everything would be all right. You know, when I was a little girl of seven, I had a sweetheart of six; but we both had so many toys in our garden that all the other children of the neighborhood came there to play, and so for days and days we never were alone. We'd fall out and quarrel and we could not make up. One morning I got so jealous because I could never have him alone, I decided to invent a new game. I called it the Desert Island. There was a little island down in the marsh back of Aunt Judy's cabin, where nobody went but the frogs. There I took him and we played there all day

long and left all the toys for the other children, so they never mistrusted. Our desert island was a great success. He was the king and I was the queen, and we had sixty-five children and they all had golden hair, and we lived happy at play ever after, at least until we were ten, and that's ever after when you are only seven. Ever since then, I've been a great believer in desert islands. Now what you and Elsie need is just to play desert island.

JACK. Yes, if I had her at sea on a yacht or if we'd been cast away on some desert island or other, and she needed a man to do things for her comfort, instead of a maid or a butler or a fourth at bridge or something like that, I'd make good with her—yes! I bet my head I could soon enough make her forget about Ardmay. But that sort of thing can't be managed. I can't import Elsie by wire to-day and smuggle her off. And even if Elsie were here—there's no desert island in New York!

BEVERLY. There's a desert island everywhere, if you only know how to find it.

After the departure of Jack Redlaw, we learn that Beverly and Aunt Maria are practically penniless, since Jack is very negligent about paying for the dinners he eats with them, and that Beverly has no intention of accepting the \$25,000. Her only aim is to bring the estranged young couple together again. She is dismayed to learn that the case has been moved forward on the court calendar and is to be called the following morning.

Presently Watt Dinwiddie appears with the news that Mrs. Redlaw has arrived in New York. Beverly loses no time in making Watt call the distressed lady on the telephone, and urging her to call upon him at once at the residence of his cousin, whom, of course, Mrs. Redlaw never suspects as Bobbie St. Ledger. Beverly then dismisses Watt from the house and prepares for an interview with Elsie Redlaw herself. When that lady enters, it does not take the perspicacious Beverly long to discover that she is as truly in love with her husband as he is with her.

In the midst of their conversation, Jack Redlaw returns, and before he becomes aware of the presence of his wife has called Beverly by her assumed name. Then Elsie discovers that Beverly is the notorious Bobbie St. Ledger, and Jack discovers that Bobbie St. Ledger is in reality Beverly Dinwiddie. The reconciliation seems ruined by this revelation. But undismayed, Beverly decides to make a desert island for the young couple out of the threadbare old furnished flat. She cuts the telephone wires. "The building is empty," she informs them. "There is no one in the building but Murphy, and I'll send him to Brooklyn. No one can let you out until I come back. I'm going to give you a chance to talk things over. Good



HE PROPOSES—SHE REFUSES

When Jack Redlaw proposes marriage to Beverly Dinwiddie, the professional co-respondent refuses him on the ground that her moral character would not permit her to wed a divorced man.

luck until to-morrow—now play desert island." She runs out, locking them in behind her.

When the curtain rises on the last act, we know that Beverly's little scheme has been most successful.

BEVERLY. May I come in?

JACK. You bet.

BEVERLY. I thought I'd not delay any longer in coming back, as you've only got an hour to get to court.

ELSIE. We're not going to court!

JACK. No, you've settled this out of court, Bobbie.

BEVERLY. I'm so glad, and since you are going to stay here, I hope you're as properly hungry as two happy people on a desert island should be. Perhaps you'd like me to make you a cup of coffee; and, incidentally, I'll get myself thawed out.

JACK. Why, Bobbie, you look perished.

BEVERLY. I'm nearly frozen.

JACK. Where is Aunt Marie?

BEVERLY. The last time I saw her she was sitting bolt up-right in the Pennsylvania Station, and trying to sleep with a discarded hat from the flat above on her left ear and Murphy's overcoat wrapped tight about her character.

JACK. In the Pennsylvania Station? What's she doing there?

BEVERLY. Finishing a quiet, uneventful night, which we spent there together. It's not usually resorted to as a lodging house, I know, but it's really quite clean and spacious, with such nice high ceilings.

Finally we discover that Watt Dinwiddie's jealousy had led him to secure a marriage license for Beverly and himself; but he has carried it about in his pocket so long that it is falling to pieces. The final scene—practically the only "love scene" of the little comedy—is unique for its brevity and laconicism. Suddenly realizing all that Beverly had been trying to do, Watt takes the dilapidated old marriage license out of his pocket and sits down at the table staring at it.

WATT. You don't happen to have a little paste about here, do you?

BEVERLY. What for?

WATT. I want to patch something up.

BEVERLY. There's some on that desk. *(Watt gets paste from desk, also paper—takes them down to table—starts to paste license on paper. Beverly comes to table.)* Can I help you?

WATT. You could—if you would. I asked Aunt Maria, but she wouldn't.

BEVERLY. *(Putting paste on strips.)* What's this, Watt?

WATT. It's a license.

BEVERLY. License—what for?

WATT. A marriage license.

BEVERLY. You're going to be married? Why! this is a surprise. You've never given me a single sign of it.

WATT. Nobody believes in signs nowadays.

BEVERLY. No, but they're something to go by. May I ask who the fortunate girl is to be?

WATT. You, of course.

BEVERLY. Me?

WATT. I don't mean fortunate, you know that. I mean you.

BEVERLY. And mightn't I be fortunate, too?

WATT. In having me?

BEVERLY. Well, if you're what I want more than anything else in the world, and if you want me. But I can't ask you that, can I? But you know you could ask me.

WATT. Then I may?

BEVERLY. If you will. *(Pause.)* Well, why don't you?

WATT. Because I can't believe it's true. BEVERLY. You dear stupid—and how am I going to convince you? How long is this license good for?

WATT. Forever.

BEVERLY. Oh, heavens!

WATT. If we use it to-day.

BEVERLY. Do you mean that?

WATT. Yes, I do.

BEVERLY. Then why don't we?

WATT. Do you mean that?

BEVERLY. Yes.

WATT. Then we will.

THE TEST OF ENDURING INTEREST IN PLAYS OF THE PAST

THEATRICAL revivals that bloom in the spring are doubly interesting this year. These old-fashioned plays awaken a flattering feeling of extreme modernity in their new-fashioned audiences, and the two principal revivals this year—"Trilby" and "A Celebrated Case"—representing two diametrically opposed types of entertainment, suggest the interesting question which *The Dramatic Mirror* propounds: What causes us to preserve interest in a play we have seen perhaps several times, while we profess less interest in other plays once as popular? What, in other words, is the test of vitality in a play?

"A Celebrated Case," the *Dramatic Mirror* points out, is a masterwork of ingenious construction, a clever piece of dramaturgic architecture, a fine example of the "well-made" play that is usually associated with the name of Scribe. Paul Potter's dramatization of George du Maurier's novel is deficient in thrilling climaxes and situations, devoid of intense moments of suspense. "It lacks the story interest of its rival, that most potent of all novelties in a play or story, the criminal element, the finely calculated *effet* of the French playwrights, which 'A Celebrated Case' has as few plays even of French origin have. . . . Yet the impartial critic will probably concede that 'Trilby' is a play of more enduring interest than 'A Celebrated Case.'"

It is, the theatrical paper points out, the old difference between plot and character. This authority is of the opinion that, in the theater as in literature, we retain our interest in the revelation of character rather than in the skilful unfolding of a plot.

The mechanics of dramaturgy, the critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle* points out in comparing the two old plays, are

subject to fashion and fads. He refers to William Archer's dictum that a playwright could do almost anything but keep his audience in the dark.

"The success of 'A Celebrated Case,' when first produced, might have been cited by Mr. Archer with as much assurance as we now cite 'On Trial' and 'Under Cover,' to prove him entirely wrong. Of course the motion pictures have done their part in upsetting the theory. The best plotters in the American theater are the audiences. You can fool them, but it must be cleverly done. You can't tell them the answer in the first act and hold their interest by repeating a question in every succeeding act. The only way to hold the modern audience after it has sensed the plot is by true characterization, sympathy, clash and suspense otherwise provided.

"'A Celebrated Case' has none of these elements. In a modern sense it is a one-act play, with a five-act epilog. It could be played backward with telling effect, and should make a splendid feature film so played. The audience knows the melodramatic story in a few minutes after the curtain goes up. Succeeding acts merely start over and repeat some phase of it, leading up to a theatrical climax, from which the punch has been extracted by the foreknowledge of what is to take place. All the intricate mechanism is bare, and there is nothing to do but watch the wheels go round.

"Trilby is entirely different. Simplicity is the keynote of the story, and sympathy and suspense are its driving force. It is human, and its acting possibilities cannot be impaired by age."

Montrose J. Moses attributes the change in the attitude of modern audiences to the influence of Ibsen upon the modern drama. Ibsen was opposed to the mechanical and theatrical in construction, even tho he was too closely allied to the theater of his own time to escape the charge he brought against

dramatists of the French school. Writing in *The Theater*, Mr. Moses notes:

"Certainly Ibsen has helped to make the dramas which regaled audiences in 1878 seem hopelessly out of date, even tho the great Norwegian himself, arch-enemy to mechanical construction, has been accused of resorting to the artificialities of Scribe. Somewhere Sarcey lays the accusation even harder upon the shoulders of Ibsen. His 'Pillars of Society,' wrote the great French critic, is constructed in accordance with the rules formulated and practised



TRILBY AND SVENGALI

Here is that famous scene in the Cirque des Bashi-bazouks, when the three musketeers of the brush rediscover Trilby as the famous La Svengali. Paul Potter's stage version is a creaky old melodrama, but the fragrant charm of dear old Du Maurier's romance is as fresh and appealing as ever. Phyllis Neilson-Terry is Trilby and Wilton Lackaye Svengali.

by D'Ennery. But, notwithstanding, Ibsen helped to antiquate the 'well-made play.' A few years ago we were given an all-star revival of 'The Two Orphans,' and however elemental and sentimental and melodramatically effective it seemed to us, we could not but wonder how our elders could ever have thought it a great drama in the sense that it reflected truth! So it is with 'A Celebrated Case.' It is easy guesswork to determine from the very beginning what the solution of the plot is to be."

In the opinion of a reviewer of the Boston *Transcript*, Ibsen still remains the master dramatist of the modern stage. His skill in construction has not



THEY USED TO THINK THIS WAS A GREAT PLAY

But apparently not even the all-star cast here depicted could breathe the spirit of life into "A Celebrated Case," which interested playgoers thirty-five or forty years ago. The stars, from left to right, are: Robert Warwick, Eugene O'Brien, Elita Proctor Otis, Florence Reed, Nat Goodwin, Otis Skinner, Ann Murdock, Frederic de Belleville, and Minna Gale Haynes.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING FUNNY

As the tragic buffoon in "The Yeomen of the Guard," Jack Point, De Wolf Hopper voices a typical plaint:

"Tho your wife ran away with a soldier that day,
And took with her your trifle of money;
Bless your heart, they don't mind—they're exceedingly kind—
They don't blame you—as long as you're funny."

suffered the ravages of time. In reviewing Emanuel Reicher's recent production of "John Gabriel Borkman," this writer asserts:

"Ibsen has not aged. The performance was good and just. It showed the Ibsen values with fairness and honesty. And in

it Ibsen was as great and true a genius as he seemed in the first astonishment of recognition. It is almost accurate to say that he is as far ahead of our age as he was ahead of his. After having revolutionized the modern theater in all lands, after having created a multitudinous school of followers and imitators, after having

awakened some of the best ability of the generation to the service of the theater, he remains a way-shower to art and an interpreter to humanity without an equal. One marvels that after his technic has been dissected and formulated in all the schools, there is to-day hardly a dramatist who dare attempt his technical method. The 'dovetailing' which is so wonderful in 'Rosmersholm' is still beyond the power of our best craftsmen of the theater. A generation which has sought for psychological truth at all costs has not been able to show human beings so terrible in their nakedness and loneliness, so significant in their relations to the problem of life. The poets have not created a grander poetry. The realists have not revealed a deeper truth."

Even in the revival of "The Yeomen of the Guard," one of the least known of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, interest was centered in the character of Jack Point the jester, as portrayed in masterly fashion by De Wolf Hopper. "The Yeomen of the Guard" was a distinct departure from the usual efforts of W. S. Gilbert. Plot is sacrificed in order that the character of the merryman Jack Point may be emphasized—a character tragic and pitiful, illustrating with subtle irony the calling of the jester of modern times as well as ancient. There is something autobiographic in this figure, both for Gilbert and for De Wolf Hopper, who enacts the rôle in the present revival.

THE MAGIC MUSIC OF THE CARILLONS

NOT the least poignant injury to civilization and culture brought about by the European war has been the destruction of many of the bell-towers of Belgium, and the consequent restriction of the domain of an ancient and unique music—the carillons of Belgium and Holland. The silvery music of the carillons is admittedly one of the finest cultural products of the Low Countries. Its larger development began in the sixteenth century. For more than two centuries travelers have been deeply impressed by this music. It has inspired poets and writers and artists. The inhabitants of the ancient Netherlands, regardless of political barriers, experienced a veritable passion for their carillons. In Belgium, Holland and in northern France the carillon and the bell-master became municipal institutions. The English diarist, John Evelyn, paid a glowing tribute to this music in 1641. The English composer, Charles Burney, climbed towers in 1773 to learn of the science and mechanism of the carillons. Victor Hugo was once awakened at night by the tower music of Mechlin; and in deli-

cate imagery he has immortalized his vision of the spirit of the carillon dressed like a Spanish dancer lightly tripping from the heavens on a staircase of invisible crystal, and from her silver raiment scattering magic notes upon the sleeping world. Longfellow fell under the spell of this music at Bruges. Edmond de Amicis, the Italian lover of the Low Countries, Robert Louis Stevenson, Hilaire Belloc, Havelock Ellis, and many others have attempted to express the beauty of the carillon music.

It has remained for William Gorham Rice to treat the whole subject in a manner that must be as fascinating to the layman as to the technical musician. His book, "Carillons of Belgium and Holland" (John Lane), was published last year: and more recently, in an essay published in the new *Musical Quarterly* (G. Schirmer), Mr. Rice presents an inspiring impression of what must remain—temporarily at least for most of us—"unheard melodies."

The carillon, he explains, is a set of tower-bells attuned to intervals of the chromatic scale. They are many in number, sometimes more than four

octaves, "the lowest . . . several tons in weight, with each succeeding bell smaller, so that in the highest octave the weight of each bell is scarcely 20 pounds." These bells are either connected with a keyboard by means of which the bell-master or *carillonneur* causes their clapper to strike the inside of their sound bow, or with a clockwork mechanism which causes a hammer to strike the outside.

The mechanism of the carillon, however, is not as interesting a feature as the part this music has played in the life of the Low Countries. Says Mr. Rice:

"Surely its long-continued hold upon the people of Holland and Belgium, its association with stirring events in their history, its touch with prosaic duties, its democratic spirit, its companionship with time, its seat in lofty towers, and its maintenance at the public charge—all give suggestions of racial temperament well worth considering. Ver Meer and Rembrandt, van Dyck and Rubens, listened to it as they painted the life of their time, and still in our day the benediction of this music continues for all who dwell in the Low Countries. The watchman high up in Groningen's tower in the north and those in Mechlin's tower in the south, as

in centuries past, follow with their faint-sounding trumpet-strains the notes of this bell music through the hours of the night; and the market-men at the weigh-house of Alkmaar, and the market-women in their Zealand costumes at Middleburg wait for its signal to begin their selling at mid-day. From the tower of St. Stephen's at Nimeguen it floats down upon wide river waters, and from the Town Hall at Veere it sounds out over the sea. From the spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp it unites with hundreds of worshippers beneath, and from the tower of the fifteenth century New Church at Delft it inspires students listening in the great square below.

"Each of these lofty towers, beyond carrying its part in this chain of melody, is itself of exquisite architectural beauty. Oudenaarde and Mons, Edam and Amers-

impossible to describe its character and charm through the medium of words:

"Perhaps the best conception will be obtained by thinking of it as resembling an organ in majesty and a pianoforte in delicacy, but with harmonious aerial and unbounded. Like every other instrument it must be judged when well attuned and mechanically perfect. Awakened by the hand of a master then, this tower music seems to come from the heavens, the silvery quality of the higher notes being carried far upon the tide of the sonorous bass tones."

Edmond von der Straeten of Brussels, Dr. van Dorslaer of Mechlin, and Dr. W. W. Starmer of Tunbridge Wells, England, have made important contributions to the technical history of the carillons. Mr. Rice sums up their contributions to the history of this unique art. We learn that the bells of the lowest octave and a half are connected also with a pedal clavier. This is done for the reason, Mr. Rice explains, that the larger bells require a forceful stroke when it is desired to bring out their full tones, and because this arrangement gives the bell-master greater command of the resources of the carillon by allowing the use both of hands and of feet, enabling him to play music in three or more parts. The greatest virtuosity is required to master this complex clavier. Mr. Rice explains:

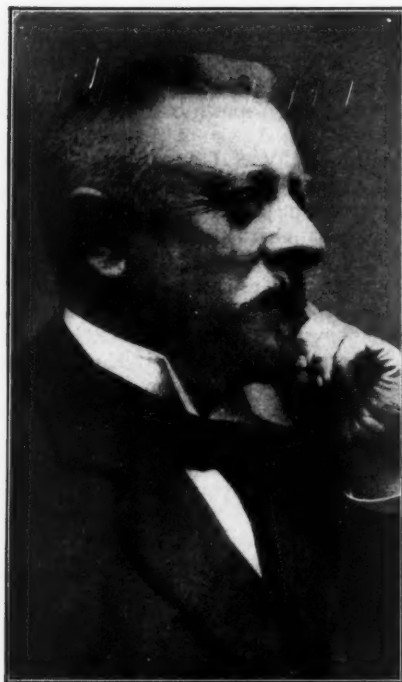
"On the manual clavier, as Mr. Starmer points out, great dexterity of hand is essential, for much of the execution is with a kind of tremulando in which the keys are played from the wrist and the elbow. Scales and arpeggios are accomplished by a constant crossing of the hands. The greater part of the playing is on the smaller bells, with occasional use of the large ones. The reasons for this are that small bells are more easily sounded, and that the effect of chords is much more satisfactory on them, due to the fact that on the large bells the harmonic tones are prominent and, when sounded together, frequently interfere with each other in a disagreeable manner. This is not the case with the smaller bells, as their harmonic tones are too high in the scales of sounds to distress the ear. All degrees of crescendo and of diminuendo are possible. Vibration of the bells does not long persist, so that, apart from the fact that the effectual damping of bells is practically an impossibility, when a carillon is played by an expert performer, there is no real necessity for such a thing. With smaller bells the sound is so quickly effaced that when the effect of sustained chords is desired, it is obtained by a rapid tremulando, much as in pianoforte playing."

"The most memorable concert I have ever heard," wrote the special correspondent of a London newspaper in describing the recital of Josef Denyn, municipal *carillonneur* of Mechlin,

which followed the royal prize competition there in 1910. Denyn, according to Mr. Rice, is the most famous master of the carillons. He describes his impressions of one of the Denyn concerts at Saint Rombold's tower in Mechlin:

"In these northern countries the day is long even in late August, and it was still twilight. Against the southern sky, framed in by two dark trees in the foreground, rose the broad, rugged tower of Saint Rombold's. High up, near the top of the tower, from a narrow opening shone out a faint, dull light.

"After the bell ceased striking, and the vibration of its deep and solemn tone had died away, there was silence. So long a silence it seemed, so absolute, that we wondered if it ever was to be broken.

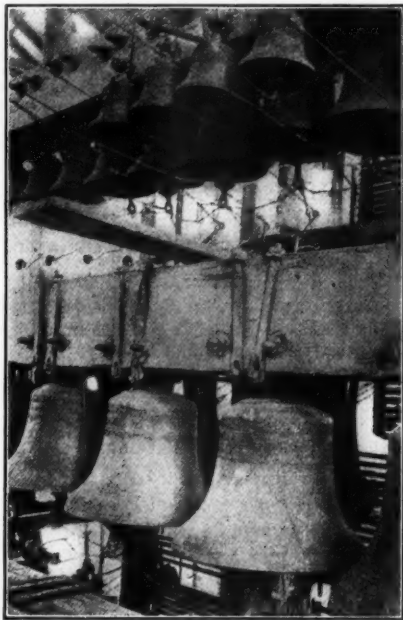


THE BELL-MASTER OF MECHLIN

The revival of interest in the inspiring music of the Belgian and Dutch carillons has been inspired primarily by the devotion, genius, and unique artistry of Josef Denyn, the greatest of all bell-masters. Pilgrims travel to Mechlin to hear his recitals. He usually takes his audience captive with some brilliant composition, perhaps by Verdi or Bach; and ends his concert with some deeply emotional music, sometimes a tender song by Schubert.

foort, and those already spoken of, are perfect in their setting. By their proportions and strength, by their domination of the scene, they satisfy the eye even before the melody of their bells comes to please the ear. Assuredly no music joins more perfectly in the celebration of days of national rejoicing; but, better still, it sends down from airy heights an influence which lightens routine and to happy occupation adds an accompaniment of surpassing charm."

Every musical instrument possesses a character peculiarly its own, the writer points out; and this individuality is as striking in the carillon as in other instruments. But it is almost



THE BELLS AT MECHLIN

This shows the bells hung in straight rows, which is claimed to be the best arrangement for them. A good bell, according to a master of the science, is not made by chance but is the result of a wise combination of qualities and thought. A fine carillon is said to be as precious as a violin by Stradivarius. John V. of Portugal is said to have paid a sum amounting to \$43,000 for a carillon for his palace chapel at Mafra.

Then pianissimo, from the highest, lightest bells, as if not to startle us, and from far, far above the tower, it seemed—indeed as if very gently shaken from the sky itself—came trills and runs that were angelic! Rapidly they grew in volume and majesty as they descended the scale until the entire heaven seemed full of music. Seated in the garden we watched the little light in the tower, where we knew the unseen carillonneur sat at his clavier and drew the music from his keys, and yet as we watched and listened, we somehow felt that the music came from somewhere far beyond the tower, far higher than that dim light, and was produced by superhuman hands. Sometimes in winter, after icicles have formed, there comes a thaw, and one by one they tinkle down gently and timidly at first;

then bolder in a mass they come till, like an avalanche, they crash down with a mighty roar. All of this the music suggested. It was low, it was loud; it was from one bell, it was from chords of bells; it was majestic, it was simple. And every note seemed to fall from above, from such heights that the whole land heard its beauty. It was as if a great master had said: 'I am no longer content to sit at my cathedral organ and give pleasure to a few hundreds only; I must give joy to thousands.' So he mounts the Cathedral tower, and plays his sonatas, or his prelude, or his songs upon the great clavier, so that all the world may hear.

"As the hour passed, daylight died, but the tower grew more distinct in the light of the full moon rising over the trees. We had programs which we passed in silence to one another, and if there was occasion to speak, we spoke in whispers. It seemed that if we moved or spoke aloud, the tower, the far-away light and the music might all vanish. Nothing we had ever experienced had been like this.

Sometimes the sounds were so low that we found ourselves bending forward to hear them. They seemed to come from an infinite distance, so faint and delicate were they. Then, at other times, great chords, in the volume of many organs, burst forth rapturously!"

The widespread revival of interest in carillon music, Mr. Rice notes in conclusion, has been inspired most of all "by the devotion, genius and wonderful skill of Josef Denyn, greatest of bell-masters." He also quotes the tribute of Havelock Ellis, who, in "Impressions and Comments," compared the music of César Franck to the art of Denyn. Ellis wrote:

"The music of César Franck always brings before me a man who is seeking peace with himself and consolation with God, at a height, above the crowd, in isolation, as it were in the uppermost turret of a church tower. It recalls the memory

of the unforgettable evening when Denyn played on the carillon at Mechlin, and from the canal side I looked up at the little red casement high in the huge Cathedral tower where the great player seemed to be breathing out his soul, in solitude, among the stars. Always when I hear the music of Franck—a Fleming also, it may well be by no accident—I seem to be in contact with a sensitive and solitary spirit, absolute in self-communion, weaving the web of its own Heaven and achieving the fulfillment of its own rapture."

The best carillons in Belgium, according to the judgment of William Gorham Rice, are—or were—in the towers of the following: Saint Rombold's in Mechlin; the Belfry in Bruges; the Cathedral in Antwerp; the Belfry in Ghent; St. Gertrude's and St. Peter's in Louvain; the Cloth Hall in Ypres; St. Martin's in Courtrai; the Belfry in Mons; and the Belfry in Tournai.

BERNARD SHAW'S UTOPIAN VISION OF THE FILMS OF THE FUTURE

GREAT as the influence of the moving-pictures has already been, George Bernard Shaw is convinced that in the next few years this influence will become more and more exigent and widespread. Writing in the *Metropolitan Magazine* on "What the Films May Do to the Drama," he declares that the film drama "will compete so successfully with the spoken drama that it will drive it to its highest ground and close all paths to it except those in which its true glory lies—that is, the path of high human utterance of great thoughts and great wit, of poesy and of prophecy, or, as some of our more hopelessly prosaic critics call it, the Path of Talk." But G. B. S. looks as well for great developments in the possibilities of the synchronized phonograph and cinematograph. "I have heard a film sing and wished it wouldn't," he confesses; but admits that he heard a film talk through a short scene quite amusingly and successfully:

"I have watched a long film drama and thanked heaven that the hero and heroine could not talk, for I knew only too well that they would bore me with sentimental twaddle, and that if they once began that they would drive their audiences back into the circus, where the acrobats seldom disenchant us by opening their mouths. But I once saw an excellent film in which Sarah Bernhardt figured as Queen Elizabeth. It was in a small town on the Welsh border, to which it could never have paid any manager to bring so expensive a star; and I realized that if the people there were ever to hear great plays handsomely

mounted and spoken by famous actors (an absolutely necessary part of high popular culture), the synchronized cinema and gramophone was their only chance. Already they can hear the singers of Westminster Cathedral singing the masses of Palestrina; and only the other day the substitution of fiber for steel needles effected an amazing improvement in the reproduction of such music, the old snarl being softened and all but cured. When they can see and hear Forbes Robertson's Hamlet equally well produced, it will be possible for our young people to grow up in healthy remoteness from the crowded masses and slums of big cities without also growing up as savages."

Then, too, the great actor will not be condemned to the inhuman task of playing his great parts for hundreds of consecutive nights, "nor to relinquish his art under the strain of excessive and useless repetitions of his parts as an actor." We shall hear no more of the "fugitive fame" of the actor's art. The Hamlet of Forbes Robertson, for instance, filmed and recorded, may delight posterity, generation after generation:

"If this come to pass, the actor's fame will spread both in time and space. This is occurring already. I have never seen Max Linder in the flesh; nor have I even been within miles of the American Vitagraph company of players. Yet I am as familiar with their persons and their acting as I was in my youth with Buckstone's Haymarket Company or later on with Augustin Daly's Company. Had the scientific people been a generation earlier with their invention, all the young people could now see for themselves the enchant-

ing young geniuses I still see when I meet Mrs. Kendal and Ada Rehan. And to think that they and Ellen Terry might have been creating a thousand new parts while they were repeating old ones in tedious long runs that only wasted their talents and staled their enthusiasm! And think, too, of the rehearsals in the open air instead of in a cold, sunless theater, with a T-piece to light the prompter. Think of the gallops, the sousings in real rivers, the boatings on real salt waves, the flights in real aeroplanes they might have had had they not been in too great a hurry to come into the world! What a life it will be when all the theaters will be picture theaters, and all the players immortal."

Bernard Shaw looks forward, too, to that delightful time when all the great orations and political speeches are filmed and recorded for the benefit of Democracy—when "I shall be able to tell my audiences what I really think of them without having the platform stormed by an infuriated mob." He concludes:

"I shall not be at all surprised if the cinematograph and phonograph turn out to be the most revolutionary inventions since writing and printing, and, indeed, far more revolutionary than either; for the number of people who can read is small, the number of those who can read to any purpose much smaller, and the number of those who are too tired after a day's work to read without falling asleep enormous. But all except the blind and deaf can see and hear; and when they begin to see farther than their own noses and their own nurseries, people will begin to have some notion of the sort of world they are living in; and then we, too, shall see—what we shall see."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

EUROPEAN APPREHENSIONS OF A GENERAL PESTILENCE

EUROPE has been, from a sanitary point of view, polluted. The statement is made in one form or another by almost every medical journal abroad. The danger of epidemic disease is described by an expert in the *London Times* as "very actual" and the precautions which can be taken to provide safeguards against the menace are necessarily restricted by the prevalence of a general war. The armies of Germany and the allies will be in a very different physical, material and mental condition in August and the autumn of this and next year from what they were last summer, observes Professor Simpson, of King's College, London, in *The Lancet*. Should epidemics arise, they will not be confined to the particular armies that are first stricken nor will the civil population in the devastated areas escape. Scarcity of food, it is further indicated, will play its part in reducing the resisting power of the populations to disease. The combination of war, flood and famine must favor the spread of epidemics. Already "a terrible taint in the air which characterizes the inundated area along the Yser tells its own tale." Under this flood, it is said, lie a hundred thousand corpses. An effort is being made by some medical authorities to effect an inoculation against typhoid of large populations. The question of the flies, which breed at an unprecedented rate within the war zone, is likewise pressing. Trenches are alive with insects.

Contrary to a general impression, the pestilence, whatever be its form, will, when it comes, afflict the civilian populations more terribly than the troops. Inoculation against typhoid has shown itself efficacious in the case of men in the field. Cholera in camp is no such scourge as it was owing to the precautions taken with drinking water and to the measures adopted with a view to at least partial immunity. The civilian populations will suffer in these respects because the able military men of Europe have been drafted to the front. Every active surgeon of eminence abroad is to-day performing some service in connection with the campaign. Such are the conditions which make the outlook for the civilian so serious as the summer brings its threat of dire peril, according to a writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London). Nevertheless, the alarm at the prospect of cholera

may be excessive, according to the *London Lancet*, and perhaps the other diseases of an infectious character may not prove as virulent as some pessimists apprehend:

"Experience has shown that cholera is one of the diseases liable to break out in camps or other gatherings where large numbers of men are crowded together in positions which have been chosen more for military than for hygienic reasons. The difficulty of adequately protecting sources of water-supply or providing proper latrine accommodation in such circumstances is obvious. The history of cholera during the recent campaigns in the Balkan peninsula is interesting in this connection. Many thousands of cases occurred in 1912-13 in the Greek, Serbian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies in the field. It is asserted that the infection was comparatively seldom water-borne, but was mainly spread by contact with persons suffering from the disease, or with infected articles, soil, or excreta. It is stated on good authority that the infection was commonly associated with dirty hands. . . . Tho at the present moment there is, so far as we know, no cholera among the troops operating in Flanders or northern France, the possibility of the introduction of this disease cannot be lightly set aside, for the malady has been occurring in the eastern seat of war, in Galicia and other parts of Austria, as well as in Hungary. Austrian reinforcements, it is reported, have before now been sent to help the Germans in Belgium and France, and there is always the possibility of a cholera carrier being included in the drafts sent from eastern Europe to the west. If trenches occupied at one time by the Germans and Austrians were taken and reoccupied by the Allied troops it is possible that specific faecal matter might be in these trenches. In that case, the same method of contracting cholera that occurred in the Balkan camps might also easily occur in Flanders and northern France. But we know that sanitation is rigorously enforced in the British army, so that we have every reason to anticipate that the danger is reduced to the smallest dimensions. What applies to the diffusion of cholera in camps and trenches would apply equally well to the spread of enteric fever and dysentery in the same circumstances."

Cholera in some portions of the theater of war is on the increase, according to the reports in the *Presse medicale* (Paris). It fears the sanitary science of Austria is inadequate to the strain laid upon it by the stress of war. Bodies have not been buried in the Carpathian region. Streams upon which

large populations depend for water may be found in a state of the grossest pollution in Hungary. These accusations may be taken together with charges in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* (Berlin) to the effect that the Russian troops have introduced into some portions of East Prussia diseases of a peculiarly loathsome character. Sanitary science is practically unknown to the Russians, it adds, the inevitable consequence being that the appearance of the Czar's troops in the theater of war produced a scourge of pestilence unexampled in its severity. Antisepsis and asepsis are alike mysteries to the hospital corps of the Grand Duke Nicholas, we are asked to believe. This ignorance is shown by the prevalence of septic infection among patients in Russian camps, even when the wounds are but slight. An extraordinary large percentage of the Czar's troops in the Mazurian district proved themselves typhoid carriers. Smallpox rages among them. Thus does modern Russia pay the penalty of her neglect of inoculation. Of the camp diseases, typhus, malaria, cholera, dysentery and typhoid fever, the Czar's armies in the eastern theater have never been wholly free since the war began, this authority says. Little or nothing is done to sterilize offal and refuse.

Conditions in Galicia and Moravia, as reported in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift* (Munich), make definite and menacing the westward progress of cholera if the Russians be not checked. While German medical officers struggle to stay the approach of pestilence, they are libeled in the press of the allies by insinuations that they disseminate disease germs among the troops of the foes. This is a very silly charge, we read, seeing that the ultimate effects of such a course would be as dangerous to the one guilty of it as to anybody else. The general health of the German population to-day, it reports in conclusion, is exceptionally good. The fatherland, thanks to the advanced state of its sanitary science, does not dread the pestilences already scourging the allies. British medical science was in a state of disgraceful unpreparedness for war, we read also. The efficiency of the German experts is shown by the fact that when they regained possession of regions temporarily held by Russian troops the spread of infections introduced by the enemy was checked.

DIFFICULTY OF MAKING EXPLOSIVES EXPLODE AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

THOSE who have followed the progress of bombardments and shellings of the past month must have wondered, notes the expert of the *London Chronicle*, at the comparatively little damage effected by a hurricane of explosive projectiles. The Dardanelles

"Originally fuses were short metal tubes screwed into shells and filled with a slow-burning mixture. These were rough contrivances which often acted irregularly, and there was much difficulty in producing good percussion fuses. The system is now entirely different, and, tho not infallible in working, is usually remarkably accurate.

"It would be impossible and is unnecessary to describe every kind of fuse, and we must confine ourselves to the general principle as embodied in modern practice, premising that, as in the German combined shell, there are in use combined time and percussion fuses. The operating mechanism is known as the needle pellet, which, being set free, strikes and explodes the detonating cap.

"In percussion fuses this is brought about when the head of the shell strikes some obstructive object, and fuses of this kind are adapted to operate on shells coming into contact with objects offering various degrees of resistance to their flight. Base percussion fuses are commonly in use, and the operation begins when the gun is discharged. The gas pressure in the gun pushes inward a pressure-plate, which plate drives forward a spindle, and the spindle acts upon a centrifugal bolt. As the shell spins round the bolt is withdrawn, and the needle pellet, being freed, strikes the cap when the shell comes into impact with a resisting surface. There are other fuses which operate by the shock of discharge and the revolution of the shell, and others again which act only on striking the object by a disc being crushed in, whereupon the needle explodes the detonator, and the latter the explosive contents of the shell."

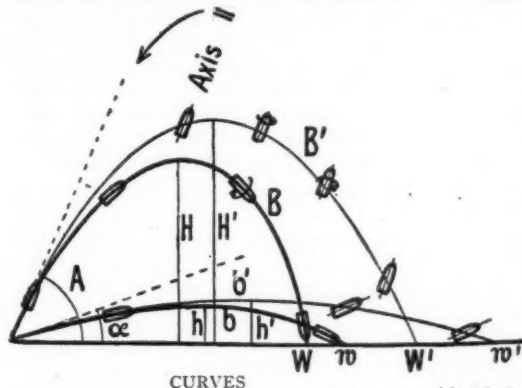
In saying that the fuses are remarkable for their accuracy, we must not overlook the human element. However accurate the fuse in time, the marksmanship has more and more to do with its effectiveness. No substitute for a human gunner has ever been devised, and that fact defeats the timeliness of the fuse. In the case of time fuses, the operation actually begins when the shell is discharged from the gun. The needle pellet instantaneously strikes the detonator and ignites a length of slow-burning composition—descendant of the old slow match—usually contained in a metal ring. When this slow-burning composition reaches a special point, touching a powder channel, the shell is exploded. The range having been determined, it is for the gunners to set the fuses to burst at the required moment. The velocity

of the shell is known. The rest is a matter of human calculation. Nothing is easier in theory. In actual practice, the gun may be on a moving platform called a battleship, rising and falling in a storm. On land, the enemy may have the range and be dropping his own shells about your eyes and ears while you make your calculations:

"In modern long-range firing it is usual to employ two rings of the detonating composition. One of these can be revolved so as to bring a special part over a hole which communicates with the explosive chamber. The other is ignited by the flash of the detonator, and having burned round to a point ignites the first-mentioned ring, and so the detonation is brought about.

"The business of fuse-setting is evidently a very important matter in giving effect to shrapnel and some other kinds of fire. Fuses are prepared with the utmost nicety, and the burning rings are marked for various ranges, any one of which can be set. As ranges are corrected by observing the falling of the shells, so are time fuses altered to adapt them to the required range. Atmospheric and other conditions may affect the rate of burning of the time fuses, and the utmost care must be exercised to preserve them from all influences affecting their stability. It must be understood that in the case of time as of percussion fuses different nations have special fuses of their own."

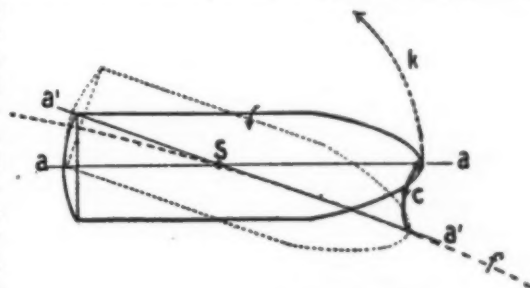
The gunners insist, when ammunition fails to explode with due timeliness, that the fault is with the makers. The manufacturers of ammunition reply that the gunners can not shoot accurately or else they plead that the ordnance is defective. Fierce controversies have raged since the war begun around this very topic, and, if despatches from some European capitals may be relied upon, some scandals have developed. It would seem from recent expert testimony embodied in an article in the engineering supplement



Certain kinds of shells are intended to burst upon impact with an obstruction and others before they reach the ground. In either case there must be a fuse, in the first case a percussion fuse and in the other a time fuse. *bB*, in air; *b'B'*, in vacuo; *aA*, elevation of gun; *h h'*, *H H'*, maximum heights attained by projectile; *w w'*, *W W'*, ranges.

forts were in some cases shelled all day with trifling results. In Flanders trenches have been shelled for hours without entailing an appreciable loss of life. This seems odd until we remember how difficult of solution is the problem of making an explosive explode at the right time. Obviously, when a shell reaches its mark or the place where it is to operate, it must explode if it is to do serious damage. Sometimes it refuses to explode. At others it goes off but hesitates so long that measures can be devised to neutralize all shock. The utmost ingenuity has been displayed in contriving mechanisms to bring about this detonation. That they are not always successful has been seen in the case of some of the shells fired by the German ships which bombarded British coast towns. Some of the air bombs on both sides have also refrained from exploding.

Certain kinds of shells are intended to burst upon impact with an obstruction, and others before they reach the ground. In either case, there must be a fuse—in the first place a percussion fuse and in the second a time fuse. In the German combined shell the portion which acts as shrapnel bursts with a time fuse, scattering its destructive contents on the area below, while the explosive head continues its flight and is burst on striking some object by the action of a percussion fuse. When the shell is employed against air craft, both portions are detonated by time fuses.



ON ITS TRAVELS

The operating mechanism is known as the needle pellet which, being set free, strikes and explodes the detonating cap. In percussion fuses this is brought about when the head of the shell strikes some obstruction. *f*, trajectory; *s*, center of gravity; *c*, arc of precession; *k*, direction of deviation; *a a'*, axis of projectile; *a' a'*, axis after precession through arc of 180 degrees.

of the London *Times* that projectiles are broadly divided into two groups, those to be used against armor and those that are directed over or against exposed bodies of men. The conditions to be fulfilled are entirely different in the two cases. The former remain intact, in theory, until after they have penetrated armor, whereas the second are broken up automatically by the action of the time fuse or the percussion fuse, at some time subsequent to the discharge. Why the practice does not always conform to the theory puzzles the experts who witness bombardments and volley firing from artillery. The failure of German shells to explode when they should may be due to lack of the essential copper and brass. This explanation does not account for the

eccentricity of French and British shrapnel in the field. The Germans account for everything by explaining that their foes do not know how to shoot. The Allies mention the complexity of the mechanism controlling the fuse:

"Shrapnel shells, which are not designed for attack against armor-plate but chiefly for service against forts and entrenched troops, contain lead bullets and some highly explosive compound, with a small charge of gun-powder for the purpose of ignition, which charge may be either at the nose or at the rear. A common shrapnel shell includes a powder chamber at the rear by which the shell is discharged from the gun, a powder chamber in front of that by which the bursting of the casing is produced, and the fuse body. The instant of the ex-

plosion may be varied from zero when the shell leaves the gun to any distance up to several thousand yards, according to the range. This variation is effected by a graduated time-ring, the details of which and of the fuse involve some beautiful and rather complicated details."

Just what these details may be remains a closely guarded secret. However, our contemporary notes:

"The armor-piercing shell solves the problem of holing and passing through armor and exploding afterwards. The rapid combustion of the bursting charge is not so swift as is the passage of the shell through the armor, and the explosion, therefore, is delayed until the shell has got inside the ship. The common shell occupies a place midway between the shrapnel and the armor-piercing shell."

THE SCIENCE WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE GREATEST NUMBER OF POPULAR DELUSIONS

METEOROLOGY, the science of weather, and climatology, the science of climate, have progressed slowly, according to Doctor Andrew H. Palmér, of the government weather bureau. For that reason, he says, various misconceptions and superstitions concerning weather and climate persist obstinately. No less than twenty-five important misconceptions regarding the weather are accepted in the United States as established verities. The influence of the moon, the planets or the stars affords an instance in point. Text-books in geography still used in many of our schools frequently combine a brief discussion of astronomy and meteorology in the introductory chapter, thus laying the foundation for some considerable confusion in the popular mind. Meteorologists are, however, unanimously of the opinion that the influence of the moon, the planets and the stars—not including the sun—is practically nothing at all when terrestrial weather is considered. Heat is the fundamental force determining the weather—the form of energy outweighing all others combined. When it is stated that the sum total of all the heat energy received from the heavenly bodies not including the sun is so slight that one of the most delicate of instruments is required for its measurement, it is apparent that their influence upon our weather is negligible. The moon, about which most misconceptions of this nature center, is without doubt the direct cause of ocean and atmospheric tides, and there are places along certain coasts where ocean tides produce periodic breezes of a tidal nature. Aside from these indirect effects astronomical influence upon the weather is practically of no consequence. The untruth of the proverb which states

that the moon tends to drive away the clouds is explained partly by the fact that a clearing of the sky at night is not ordinarily observed unless the moon is above the horizon, and partly by the fact that after sunset there is a cession of the ascending currents which result in the formation of clouds of the cumulus type, the clouds already formed soon dissipating.

There is no apparent relation, either, between earthquakes and the weather, despite a popular impression to the contrary. In general it may be said that earthquakes are caused by forces at work within the earth, or at least beneath its surface, such as the slipping of a crust along a fault plane or the movement of molten matter or steam beneath the hard crust. On the other hand, weather changes result from the effects of forces at work within the atmosphere itself, primarily as a product of energy coming through space from the sun. Nor is there any marked relation between magnetic phenomena and the weather. Magnetic storms, or disturbances in the magnetic state of the earth, frequently occur without any apparent effect upon the weather. That there is a relation between magnetic phenomena in the earth, auroras, and solar disturbances, particularly sun spots, there can no longer be any doubt. The aurora borealis seen in northern latitudes and the aurora australis seen in southern latitudes are believed to be caused by electrical discharges in the rarified strata of the earth's upper atmosphere. Aside from the visible manifestations of such discharges, observers have sometimes noticed sounds and upon rare occasions odors which were thought to have resulted therefrom. However, the aurora has not yet been satisfactorily explained. With the exception of the aurora, there is no

known relation between terrestrial magnetism and atmospheric phenomena.

Whether or not forests affect weather or climate has been much debated. Recent investigation has brought out the following facts, according to Doctor Palmer, in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"Whatever influence forests have upon meteorological conditions is purely local, and even that influence is not marked. In one case it was found that the mean annual temperature within a forest was only a few tenths of a degree cooler than at a point a half mile or a mile outside the forest border, the greatest difference amounting to 2° F. The relative humidity was at times 7 per cent. greater within the forest than in the open country. In the United States the wholesale destruction of forests, which has been going on since colonial times, has not been accompanied by any marked increase or decrease in rainfall. On the other hand, the reforestation of large tracts in central Europe and in northern Africa during the past century has not resulted in an appreciable effect upon the precipitation observed during that period. Forests are the effect rather than the cause. There is still considerable confusion in the public mind concerning rainfall and flow-off, when the supposed influence of forests is considered. Deforestation has undoubtedly increased the frequency and the intensity of floods in small constricted districts, notably in certain mountain valleys, but where the removal of the forest cover over large areas has been followed by cultivation of the soil the rate of flow-off has remained unchanged. From hydrographs of the principal rivers of the United States it is apparent that high waters are neither higher nor low waters lower than they were fifty years ago, and they are neither more frequent nor of longer duration now than they were then. . . . While forests are of importance to the agriculturist and the engineer, they are of little concern to the student of the weather."

The deep-seated notion held by many individuals that the climate is changing is often referred to in expressions like "old-fashioned winter," "the storms we used to have," and the like. These notions are of interest to the psychologist only, since it remains for the meteorologist simply to prove that such ideas have no basis in fact. "When one plots the seasonal or the annual temperatures or snowfalls, or any other elements of climate, using reliable records as far back as they are available, it is apparent that the curves show no appreciable change of climate within the life of any man now living." Present winters do not seem to be as severe as "old-fashioned winters" because of better housing and heating conditions, more efficient clothing, improved methods of transportation, with multiplied comforts and conveniences. Moreover, a snowfall of three feet looks considerably deeper to a boy four feet tall than it looks to him when he becomes a man six feet in height.

There is no known relation between the weather of one season or year with that of the following season or year. The records of the Weather Bureau do not show that a relatively dry spring is followed by an unusually hot summer, or that an abnormally cool autumn is followed by a severely cold winter. While well-marked cycles are recognized in various solar disturbances, particularly sunspots, there is no similar cycle apparent in the weather of seasons or of years.

"Neither is there any indisputable connection between the weather of one day and that of subsequent weeks or of seasons. Tradition has it that the presence or absence of sunshine on Groundhog Day, February 2, determines whether or not winter conditions shall continue during the following six weeks; that a showery Easter Sunday is followed by seven showery Sundays; and that a rainy St. Swithin's Day, July 15, portends forty consecutive days of rainfall. No basis can be found for these traditions in available records."

What is popularly known as the equinoctial storm is supposed to occur about the time of the autumnal equinox, September 21st, when the sun crosses the celestial equator to the southern hemisphere. Nevertheless, the so-called equinoctial storm is a fiction, just as Indian Summer is a popular delusion:

"That there is frequently a return of summer-like conditions during the late autumn can not be denied. But to affirm that Indian Summer is a period of several weeks in duration recurring each autumn, and easily recognized by the occurrence of heat, calms and haze, can not be proved by climatological records. It is a peculiar fact that while the recurrence of summer-like conditions in autumn has given rise to this tradition, and even the name as a season, the similarly frequent recurrence of winter-like conditions in spring

has not been popularly recognized. Summer-like periods in autumn and winter-like periods in spring can in every individual case be explained by the weather map in terms of barometric distribution, paths of storms, resulting winds and calms, the height of the sun, the length of days, and the unequal distribution of heat over the continent and the bordering oceans."

Another false notion, particularly current in rural districts, is the belief that various animals, through some dispensation of nature, have a previous knowledge of coming weather changes. As a result, many proverbs have arisen, based upon observations of the behavior of animals. This foreknowledge of animals is but slight:

"For example, it is sometimes stated that a cold winter is portended when the muskrat or the beaver builds the walls of his home thicker than usual, or when the squirrels or the non-migratory birds hide large quantities of food during the autumn. Again, the remark is often made that a storm is imminent when the chickens go to roost early or when the housecat seeks a warm place beside the fire. Even the human feeling of comfort occasionally gives rise to presentiment. Persons afflicted with recurrent rheumatism claim to feel the approach of a storm long before it appears, and people of nervous temperament often affirm that they have forebodings of coming thunderstorms or of rainy spells through a

temporary disturbance of their neural equilibrium. Physiologically considered, either from the point of view of man or of the lower animals, these fore-warnings, often verified, have some basis for their existence. The secret of the explanation probably lies in the fact that all weather changes occur in cycles—that is, a more or less constant order of events accompanying every change. With the summer thunderstorm this cycle usually consists of the following: rising temperature and humidity, pressure oscillations, decreasing winds, increasing potential of atmospheric electricity, thickening clouds and consequent growing darkness, distant lightning, rumbling thunder, the lightning growing more vivid and the thunder louder and louder as the storm approaches, a squall of wind coming from the direction of the storm itself, accompanied by a marked fall in temperature."

The practice, still followed in some European countries, of bombarding the clouds as a means of preventing hail, is without scientific basis. Equally preposterous is the idea of some association between our own fourth of July and the rainfall. Then, since delusions connected with the weather are so numerous that one can merely mention them in passing, one must notice that the source of the water which falls in the form of rain or snow in the United States is erroneously stated in several geographical text-books to be the Pacific Ocean.



Photo by Brown Bros., New York

THE REGISTER OF HEAT

Among the many important devices employed by experts in the weather service is the thermograph, an instrument used for automatically recording the fluctuations in the temperature of the air.

AN ENGLISH ASTRONOMER'S DEFENSE OF THE THEORY THAT MARS IS INHABITED

IN THE facts which have been gleaned from the planet Mars chiefly by the able American astronomer, Professor Lowell, we would seem, in the opinion of Professor J. M. Maxwell, F. R. A. S., the noted English astronomer and astro-physicist, to have that for which we must at one time have never dared to hope—actual positive evidence of the present existence in another world not of mere life only but of a high state of civilization. In flat contradiction of the conclusions of some astronomers set forth in *London Nature* and the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), Professor Maxwell says in *London Knowledge* that the case of Mars has been too lightly dismissed by the astronomers of Europe. He reviews it in the light of the fresh evidence supplied by optics, physiology and photography and his critical study of the facts supports the Lowell hypothesis strongly.

Every reader knows, he reminds us at the outset, what is meant by canals on Mars. These canals are very fine, hair-like markings which intersect the whole surface of the planet. Professor Lowell estimates that they are five or six hundred in number. With one or two exceptions, each runs in the most direct manner possible from one point on the planet's surface to another. They follow the arcs of great circles owing to the curvature of the planet's surface. They thus appear straight when near the center of the disc.

It has been said that canals which are seen straight when at the center of the disc have continued to look straight and be so drawn when near the edge of the disc. This is in many instances quite true and can be explained.

In the first place, the limb appears so bright by contrast with the surrounding sky that generally no markings can be seen very near the edge of the disc, so that canals are never seen curved to any very marked degree. In the second place, canals are often such delicate objects that slight observational and aerographical errors are bound to occur. In the third place—and this is most important—when a curved line is placed in proximity to a line of greater curvature, it tends to appear straight to most if not all observers. Hence canals close to the limb, tho in reality curved, tend to appear much straighter than they could possibly be. This is a well-known optical illusion. In many cases canals near the limb actually are represented as being curved.

In length the canals run to thousands of miles. Their breadth is immeasurably small and can be ascertained only by comparison with wires of known gauge at known distances.

There can be no doubt that there is an actual appearance of straight lines on Mars. There are some who doubt whether this appearance is given by actual linear markings on the planet's surface or by objects which are resolvable into less regular formations unlikely to be of artificial origin. It can, of course, be shown that irregular objects seen from a distance may appear regular. A line of dots, irregularly disposed between two points, will give, when viewed from a sufficient distance, the appearance of a straight line. Hence an object giving the appearance of a straight line may be composed of a chain of dots. It does not follow that whenever a continuous line is seen it is necessarily composed of a row of dots.

As a matter of fact, if the canals of Mars be composed of broken channels or chains of irregular markings, it can be calculated that the interspaces must be very small, as the canals appear unbroken under high magnification. If both the single and double canals connected in so wonderful a system were, in reality, a series of dots in close apposition, it would, indeed, be a remarkable fact and one strikingly suggestive of an artificial origin. Is it not more comprehensible and credible to regard them as continuous lines? Says Professor Maxwell:

"It has frequently been stated, and possibly believed by the uninitiated, that the canals have actually been resolved into less regular formations by means of apertures larger than those generally employed by Professor Lowell and others who record observations of canals. It is

said that drawings made with larger telescopes, tho revealing objects which Lowell has apparently failed to see, yet do not show any trace of the hard lines which Lowell habitually draws. In their place appear hazy, uncertain bands, or in some cases nothing at all.

"It is time that these matters were fully explained. . . .

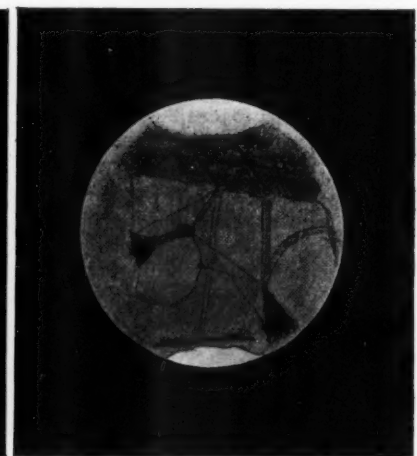
"It may occur to the reader that the whole matter might be cleared up by selecting an arbitrator, who should examine Mars under the best conditions obtainable and declare what he saw. This would seem to be a reasonable suggestion; but it is impossible, because there is a disagreement as to what are the best conditions under which to view Mars. Under certain conditions no one of any observational ability can fail to see the 'canals.' Under other conditions they cannot be seen."

Only by long practice can fine details be seen at all. A great deal also depends upon climatic conditions. The air is not homogeneous in its refractive properties, owing to differences of temperature. On some nights which are quite fine and clear "seeing" is so bad that fine details are entirely obliterated. The larger the telescope, the more susceptible is it to adverse climatic conditions. Telescopes of great aperture can be used with advantage only under practically ideal conditions, which are rarely, if ever, encountered in the localities in which these great instruments are situated.

The observatory which enjoys the finest conditions is that of Professor Lowell, Mars Hill, Flagstaff, Arizona. This observatory is situated on the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of 7,250 feet. Most of his work on Mars



Elysium. By Mr. E. C. Slipher on January 21st, 1914. Aperture 40 inches.



Elysium. Drawing by Dr. Lowell made on January 21st, 1914. Aperture 40 inches.

LATEST NEWS FROM MARS

Two drawings of Mars made with the full aperture of the 40-inch reflector at Flagstaff on the same evening by Dr. Lowell and Mr. E. C. Slipher respectively. It is evident from the discrepancies that the canals were not seen with the greatest facility. With regard to the vertical double canal in the center of the disc, Mr. Slipher, when the drawings were afterwards compared, admitted that he had drawn the double too wide. Lowell, by comparing it with "Amenthes," is nearer the truth, though he thinks he erred on the side of narrowness. Lowell probably had the best seeing on that night, as his drawing seems more accurate when compared with the mass of observations which have been made with suitable apertures.



Mars, January 11th, 1914, by Dr. Lowell. Aperture 24 inches. Magnification X 392.



Mars, January 5th, 1914, 12.45 a. m., by Mr. W. H. Steavenson. Aperture 10 inches. Power X 300.

THE GRAND CANAL

Figures made within a few days of each other, one by Professor Lowell at Flagstaff, using full aperture of 24-inch refractor, and one by Mr. Steavenson, using the full aperture of the 10-inch refractor at Mr. Worthington's observatory in Hants, England. It will be observed that everything appearing in Mr. Steavenson's drawing may be found also on Dr. Lowell's drawing. There can thus be no doubt that the canals are objective.

has been done there with a twenty-four-inch refractor, which is exceptionally free from imperfections. Even in the magnificent atmosphere at Flagstaff, Lowell finds that, save on exceptionally fine nights, best results are obtained when he is not using his full aperture. He stops his aperture down to eighteen, and sometimes even to thirteen, inches in accordance with the "seeing." Those observers who do not draw canals use telescopes of large aperture under imperfect climatic conditions and always, whatever the "seeing," use their full aperture. They do not see the canals; and it is doubtful whether Lowell, with all his experience and ability, could see them in like circumstances.

Another point regarding telescopes is that, in order to counteract the effects of the secondary spectrum, the greater the aperture of a telescope the greater in proportion to that aperture must be its focal length. With telescopes of very large aperture it has been found a mechanical impossibility to make the focal length sufficiently great to counteract this defect. Lowell gets over the difficulty to a certain extent by the use of color screens.

The idea that the reason why canals are not seen by users of certain large telescopes is because they are resolved into irregular component parts has now received its death-blow. During the recent opposition of Mars a successful attempt was made at the Flagstaff observatory to see the canals with an aperture of forty inches. It is a great testimony to the steadiness of the air at Flagstaff that the canals could be seen there with an aperture of that magnitude. The canals were not seen with the greatest facility but unmistakably appeared as thin, unbroken, straight lines.

"It has been said that Lowell, tho he

draws exceedingly fine details in the canal system, altogether omits faint objects of a comparatively coarse nature which appear in the dark regions of the planet on the drawings of others who see no canals. This in some cases may conceivably be true; but it cannot be argued from this that Lowell's drawings, corroborated as they are by numerous drawings of other observers, are therefore fallacious. Lowell, with his exceptionally acute vision, has devoted his life to the observation of fine planetary detail. The canals are to him the important features on Mars, and he draws them. The delicate shadings in the darker regions do not so greatly interest or occupy him."

There is a distinction, Professor Maxwell finds, between *acuteness of vision*, which is the power enabling a man to read fine print in the distance or decipher fine planetary detail, and *sensitiveness to impression*, which is the power of appreciating faint contrasts, enabling a man to pick out faint contrasts of a comparatively coarse nature in the darker regions of the planet Mars. Acuteness is dependent upon perfection of the eye, while sensitiveness to shade and color contrasts is dependent upon the discriminating power of the mind. Color-blindness is thus analogous to tone-deafness.

Then with regard to photography. No one will deny that in the matter of discrimination of fine detail the eye is immeasurably superior to the camera. The value of the camera is that what it records is incontrovertible and needs only correct interpretation. It would appear practically impossible to obtain photographs of objects so delicate as the canals. Yet this feat has been accomplished at Flagstaff and the more prominent canals (including doubles) have testified to the fact of their existence by recording their image on the photographic plate to the satisfaction

of persons experienced in reading photographs. Canals can, of course, be seen only on the very finest photographs. Lowell's photographs of Mars and Saturn stand absolutely unrivalled in excellence. Since Lowell led the way others have obtained results of fine quality. Professor Maxwell notes too:

"I have seen it stated that the 'canals' are never seen steadily, but are merely glimpsed in flashes, generally lasting for about one-quarter of a second. This is not true. Professor Lowell has assured me, during a conversation on this subject, that at Flagstaff the larger 'canals' are frequently held absolutely steadily. It was, said Lowell, not easy to say for how long the more difficult features in the 'canal system' were seen, but that they came out clear and sharp in moments of best seeing. As they were seen always in exactly the same place, there could be no doubt as to their objectivity. Mr. Worthington also tells me that this was also his experience when observing 'canals' at Flagstaff."

Nor should it be inferred that this experience of the variability of telescopic vision is novel or that the interpretation of what is seen through apertures has never varied before. Astronomical experience confirms the deductions of those who agree with Professor Lowell. The history of telescopic observation of the spiral nebula affords a case in point. In the smaller telescopes the planetary nebulae, as Professor P. Puiseux observed in a recent lecture quoted by the *Revue Scientifique*, appear as small round, somewhat brilliant diffused spots, but in stronger instruments like bright stars embedded in dense atmospheres. Such was the condition of affairs when Lord Rosse, in 1850, showed the existence of a distinct series of nebulae, having besides the central nucleus several successive envelopes.

But these envelopes, instead of being separate and concentric, as the advocates of Laplace's hypothesis would have expected, were spiral in form. They showed streamers, growing progressively larger, at first in the direction of the radius, then curved around all in the same sense. No theory had predicted such an appearance. The instrument used by Lord Rosse and made under his direction was a gigantic telescope, six feet in aperture, a size not since surpassed despite many courageous attempts. Nor was sufficient protection provided against the weather. Access to the upper part of the tube was possible only by the use of complicated machinery. Such a piece of apparatus required the assiduous and careful maneuvering of several assistants. Official astronomers, with strict limitations and limited means, could obtain such cooperation only with great trouble and for very little time.

CAN THE ALLIES ENDURE THE STRAIN OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALCOHOL?

THE ease with which the French prohibition of absinthe was enforced, if we may be guided by the *London Times*, shows that France is prepared for even more drastic reforms. It seems probable to that daily that if the ban on absinthe were extended for the duration of the war to spirits generally, very little protest would emanate from Frenchmen. That is not the general impression of Parisian papers, altho they note without objection that General Serrail, commanding the army of the Vosges, has, with the approval of General Joffre, forbidden the sale of alcoholic drinks in the area occupied by his troops. Such a step would not be endured in Great Britain, or at least it would fail, according to some physicians whose opinions are given in the medical press of London. There is much protest by some specialists in *The British Medical Journal* against a suggestion that the rum ration be abolished in the trenches at the front. As for the idea that the allies should in general go upon what Americans call "the water wagon," it is received inhospitably by an authority so well known as Doctor C. W. Saleeby, among others. We find him saying in the *London Westminster Gazette* that doing without alcohol is not so easy as it sounds to the accustomed abstainer:

"It is no joke to stop smoking when one has regularly used tobacco. In either case, the abstaining novice may suffer such real discomfort and depression that he asks himself whether it is worth while; and very likely he allows himself 'just one' indulgence, not realizing that he will thus annul all he had gained and will have to begin all over again. Meanwhile the self-righteous or untempted, who know nothing of the problem involved, will sneer or congratulate themselves upon their superior will-power or virtue.

"The first moment of real study corrects all that. I have seen a friend, a world-famous poet, die of too sudden deprivation of the morphine to which he had long been a victim, and the experience was unforgettable. What does this puzzle mean—that morphine may be killing a man surely, if slowly, and that deprivation of it may kill him in a day or two? The answer was given us by the great German student, Professor Binz, of Bonn, when he traced the vicious circle that explains the whole matter. The soothing, narcotic, comforting morphine is partly oxidized in the body, which always tries to oxidize oxidizable poisons, and the result is a new substance, which irritates, excites, distresses, hampers, and will soon exhaust every vital process. Only one remedy fully avails now—a new dose of morphine, which yields a new dose of the partly oxidized product, and thus the vicious circle continues and spreads. This is not really a 'bad habit,' like biting one's

nails, or always assuming the worst motive for other people's actions. It is a vicious circle in the chemistry of the body. Doctors know that hosts of plants contain active principles, one derived from the other, which have exactly opposite actions on our bodies. Morphine and its product, made within ourselves, are in this relation; each is the antidote, or antagonist, of the other. You see how the victim is caught, and what impudence and ignorance it may be for the free to sneer or preach at him."

For many years Doctor Saleeby has contended that the vicious circle discovered by Binz in the case of morphine is probably true in the case of many other narcotic drugs, of which alcohol is by far the most important. Lately aldehyde, a product of the partial oxidation or combustion of alcohol, has been found in the nervous system in cases of delirium tremens, thus furnishing the parallel to the case of morphine. The same will probably be found for nicotine. The seriousness of the intoxication in these various cases and scores of others varies within wide limits, but the science of the matter may be similar in all or many. We can understand the extreme and absolute discrepancy of experience between the abstainer and the moderate drinker. So entirely do they contradict each other that each begins to question the honesty of the other. The drinker suspects the abstainer of tipping in secret, and the abstainer, knowing that he is quite well and happy without alcohol, suspects the drinker of sheer lying or of a depraved nature when he says that he feels vastly better after a dose and is injured by going without it. Yet the drinker is telling the strict truth, and as he knows that each dose he takes is a comforter and soother, relieving irritation and depression, he suspects the abstainer of wanting to hurt him or of being inhuman. The theory of the vicious chemical circle explains the facts:

"Modern inquiry answers most positively that abstinence prolongs life by several years—about five, on the average—as compared with strict moderation; but that is not what I want to argue about now. The present point is that the moderate drinker may, very naturally, say that he does not want to live several years longer if they are all to be as uncomfortable as abstinence makes him. The answer is that, once the vicious circle is broken, the sky will clear. When no more alcohol is being ingested, the production of the 'anti-alcohol' in the body must soon cease; and when all that remains of this is excreted or destroyed, the demand for its antidote—more alcohol—will cease. I do not assert that this is the whole of this intricate and fascinating question, nor that all people are the

same in a respect where personal idiosyncrasy is even more marked than with other narcotic drugs. Space fails at present for positive suggestions, but at least one warning is necessary. In the case of the inebriate, those who try to cure him often use *real* stimulants, such as strychnine, to help depression due to a sudden deprivation of the drug. Such sudden deprivation, in the case of the heavy drinker, is often the cause of delirium tremens, with its misery and frequently fatal results. (Compare morphinomania.) Many experts who treat inebriety therefore cut off alcohol gradually. However that should be, the moderate drinker has a much simpler problem, tho the same in principle. A simple dose of alcohol produces effects recognizable for at least thirty hours; the moderate drinker is, therefore, of course, continuously under the influence of the drug and its products."

The point at issue seems to involve the difference between natural tolerance and acquired tolerance, thinks the distinguished Doctor Francis Hare, who writes in *The British Medical Journal*. Natural tolerance is a mere personal idiosyncrasy. It is a physiological condition and has no significance in this connection. Acquired tolerance, on the contrary, is altogether pathological and its significance is great. One who has acquired high tolerance can, without showing any sign of intoxication, ingest and absorb quantities of alcohol which very greatly exceed his original capacity—twenty-six to forty fluid ounces of whiskey or other spirit in a day are by no means rare. But this acquired capacity involves a more or less commensurate incapacity—namely, the incapacity to maintain an ordinary level of health and power to conduct business in the absence of alcohol. Herein acquired tolerance contrasts sharply with natural tolerance, which involves no such incapacity. Those who have acquired tolerance are obviously "normal" (their normal) only when a considerable amount of alcohol is circulating in their brains and nervous systems:

"They are entirely dependent on this artificial condition, which constantly tends to pass off and constantly demands renewal; and any circumstance interfering therewith is liable to precipitate a 'nervous breakdown.' These are not assumptions of mine—neither the acquired capacity nor the acquired incapacity—they are clinical facts, fully realized by nearly all who suffer from high tolerance and easily verifiable by any medical man who has the opportunity of seeing such cases. Of course, the physician seeking such verification will not be assisted in his quest if he starts with what seems a rather common preconception—namely, that no alcoholist ever speaks the truth. But here I can reassure him: alcoholists do."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

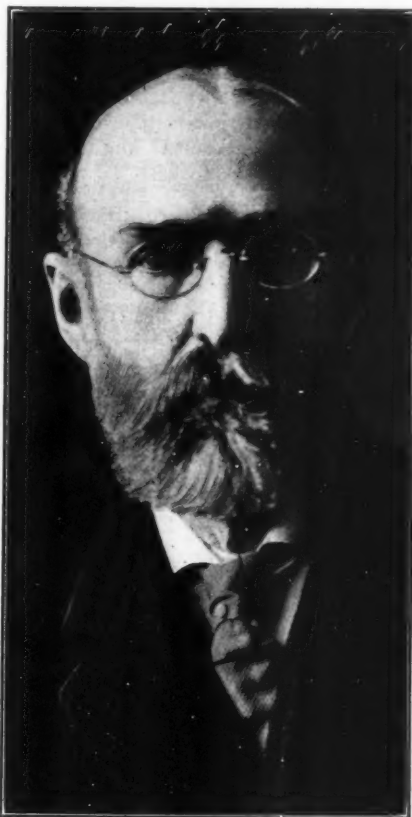
FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND POLITICAL ISSUES AT WESTERN STATE UNIVERSITIES

WISCONSIN and Utah are storm centers of agitation concerning free speech for professors and freedom of the state universities from anything that smacks of political control. In Wisconsin the appearance of "ripper" bills in the legislature under a new Republican administration, the findings of a so-called educational "survey," and the activities of various Wisconsin investigating bodies have attracted national attention as phases of an alleged reactionary attack upon progressive educational policies for which the State University of Wisconsin is noted. In Utah the President's dismissal of four members of the faculty of the State University was followed by the resignation of 14 others, and charges of repression of speech and undue exercise of Mormon Church influences have been published broadcast. The secretary of the American Association of University Professors, who arrived in Utah to investigate the situation, committed himself only so far as to say that "the University of Utah is facing the same proposition that has confronted other universities." However, the mere existence of such a newly organized professional body of some 900 members, banded together to discover and make clear the status of professors, not as to salaries but as to tenure of office and freedom of thought and teaching, may be fairly considered a national symptom of university unrest.

The issue in Wisconsin, according to the *Milwaukee Leader*, is "simply whether the university shall become an educational factory for the production of standpat politicians, or whether it shall teach the truth as discovered by untrammelled investigation."

"The talk of economy from the defenders of the gang that are looting the State of more each year than the university has cost since its foundation, is cheap demagoguery. In fact, it was not until the university interfered with the schemes of the lumber and water power corporations to grab public resources that the university critics declared war. During all the years that the real estate and pine woods gang was looting the university land grants without protest from the faculty, there was no complaint of the university being 'in politics.'"

There seems to be no logical reason, in the opinion of the *N. Y. Press*, why a state government should not employ the State-paid faculty of its university in the analysis of public problems. The difficulty is that it appears to be im-



THE "WISCONSIN IDEA" UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT WHO IS UNDER FIRE.

Reactionary forces are said to be after the scalp of Charles R. Van Hise, head of the progressive State University of Wisconsin. Retrenchment and administration on "efficiency" lines are demanded by legislative officials. The perils of university leadership in social, economic and political questions arouse nationwide discussion.

possible to separate such problems from practical politics. It was a dangerous thing to have it get abroad even as a jest that the university was "running the State," comments the *Springfield Republican*.

"That, of course, was never true, but in the faculty the State had available experts on many live subjects, and so long as a radical and creative spirit controlled politics and was matched by a similar spirit in the university, it was natural that their

services should be freely called upon and freely given. It may be that this harmonious relation led in some quarters to a false impression of the relations of the State and its university, to a too sanguine view of the rôle to be played by organized education in guiding public affairs. America is not yet ready for the Kulturstaat of Hegel's dream, and great as are the services which university experts can give there is need of the utmost caution; full advantage, perhaps, ought not to be taken of every favorable wind of politics, for fear of the reaction. In its zealous efforts to bring education to the people the university has been radical but in a way to strengthen its position. If some of its members, as is quite possible, have shown a measure of indiscretion in regard to politics, they have learned their lesson, and it may be hoped that no blow will be struck which will injure a great and useful institution."

Perhaps the university has gone too far in making an experimental laboratory of the state at large, suggests the *Indianapolis News*; but one lesson of the present controversy is that the people are seeing that a great university can be unmade in considerably less time than it can be made. The legislative proposal to reorganize the whole educational machinery of the state under centralized control of three business men appointed by the governor, the *Los Angeles Tribune* considers a peculiar one. It is "quite out of keeping with the ordinary idea of controlling the policy of an educational system. A university conducted in conformity with the ideas of 'three business men' would probably be just about as efficient as a great business concern if turned over to the control of three professional educators. On the other hand, every educational institution needs the advantage of the views and advice of business men, just as business men can profit by frequently advising with educators."

Governor Philipps declares the purpose of his administration to be one of necessary retrenchment and correction of defects in the administrative system of all branches of education in the state, the university included. The *Washington Herald* concludes that the university has grown too fast and has used up more money than the people of Wisconsin can afford to give it. The *Herald* adds a double indictment of the university and La Folletteism:

"It has indulged in dreams and ambitions of expansion that are not warranted by the public means, and it must recognize that many of the members of its faculty have gone beyond their proper sphere, which is not that of trying to discredit the general political and social system of the United States.

"The meaning of all this is, put in plain words, that once given its head the progressivism and radicalism, that has been so much of a factor in political and social matters in this country for the last five years, was bound to make a demonstration of the unsoundness of its ideas and the unfitness of its adherents to be entrusted with practical affairs. The people have found out the truth, at last. And while radicals and demagogues may still be entrenched in a good many legislatures, the day is near at hand when even the remnant of power which they now exercise will be taken from them."

But investigators find much more in the Wisconsin situation than evidence of mere political reaction. Much light has been thrown upon the complicated problem of state-supported education in Wisconsin in a series of comprehensive articles by Victor S. Yarros. These were written for the *N. Y. Evening Post* and have been quoted extensively. Mr. Yarros concludes that except for a few extremists at the capitol and in the university the difficulty would melt away by conference or mediation. The university would not oppose administrative improvements, altho the faculty is weary of investigations and averse to the application of so-called "business

efficiency" record methods to academic work. On the other hand threatened snap legislation is likely to be modified after the legislators have learned from hearings and investigations what has actually been done. In a report of the Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs, with which a citizens' advisory committee cooperated, the friends of the principle of academic freedom will find encouragement. The Board says:

"The people may well look with concern upon assaults calculated to impair the usefulness of the institution. In such crises it is the duty of the State to defend freedom of investigation, freedom of instruction, and freedom of opinion and expression in the University, to the end that academic freedom may not be an empty phrase, but shall be a living fact."

The Board finds no evidence of meddling or dictation or trying to run the state, on the part of the University. On the contrary, lawmakers have consulted university men and used some of them for service on commissions to advantage:

"The department under particular attack, that of economics, sociology, and political science, the board says, has grown in importance with the development of new problems in State and nation, but 'there has been no material increase in the appropriations for this work.' The board recommends that the department be given greater support, *material and moral*, than it has received in the past. . . .

"Regents, professors, and students, as individuals, have taken part in campaigns and in the advocacy of measures and policies of legislation; members of the faculty have addressed student clubs on political questions, and have expressed their personal convictions, but in all this they have exercised only their right to independent thought and action as individuals and citizens."

"No information has come to the board which shows that the University as an institution is or has been in party or factional politics." Any attempt of the State, says the board, to prevent or discourage individual activity of professors or students in politics would be un-American. As to abuse by certain professors of opportunities provided by social and economic research, the board finds that 'some few forget their responsibilities and use the sincere and earnest work done by the many as a cloak for indolence,' and favors more supervision."

The university's crisis shows more plainly than any other test the inestimable value of the great institution at Madison, observes the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*:

"The whole country views with alarm the prospect of a cutting off of its activities. Incomparably, the most important thing about Wisconsin is the University of Wisconsin, as the general interest in its fate proves. The common sense of the Wisconsin people will prevent any serious injury to one of the most notable of American seats of learning, and the university will emerge from its tribulations a little more cautious but not a bit less helpful to its State."

DIPLOMATIC NEUTRALITY THAT DOES NOT SATISFY AMERICAN MORAL SENSE

IF neutrality in the present war means indifference to the moral issues involved or failure to exercise our moral reason, then it is immorality, in the opinion of George Trumbull Ladd, Yale professor of mental and moral philosophy. To ask men to suspend or lay aside altogether their moral judgment or moral feeling is to ask them to suspend the highest privilege of their manhood. Neutrality cannot be commended, much less enjoined or commanded, except on moral grounds. Note, says Professor Ladd in the *N. Y. Times*, this most suggestive, if not in times like the present positively startling phenomenon: "Every exhortation to neutrality of whatever sort, and every urgent or subtle influence to break neutrality and openly or secretly espouse one of the two contesting sides, implies some supreme standard of the right and wrong, some measure, agreed upon, as to what is rational, what irrational, in human conduct."

"Now, moral judgment and moral feeling is a matter, in some good sort, of live and let live. And there is no right more

intrinsically inalienable and no obligation more inviolably sacred than the right and the obligation to make up one's mind, conscientiously and in view of all the evidence, so far as trustworthy evidence is available at all. The one last resort of the man pestered or favored with importunity to form an opinion about the right and the wrong of a transaction like that of the present European war is the determination not to allow his judgment to be forced or bribed into the neutrality of indifference, or into any kind of neutrality, or breach of neutrality, that is not strictly determined by the ethics of the case.

"We repeat, then, that the fundamental thing about an ethical neutrality is that it is the very opposite of indifference. Morality finds the attitude of moral indifference intolerable. The summons to neutrality in the name of ethics is the demand for the regulation of judgment, feeling and conduct, on grounds of moral principle."

The "haughty, superior way" in which the Germans have proposed to take in hand the moral consciousness of thoughtful and fair-minded people in this country, Professor Ladd sets down as grossly immoral. Such an attitude toward others is of the very essence

of immorality. One can only keep his moral self-respect by free exercise of his own supremest right and divinest gift of moral judgment.

For the consideration of the complicated war problems a distinction is necessary between two kinds of neutrality:

"These two kinds are never quite the same; and they may get further apart until their attitude toward each other becomes antagonistic rather than otherwise. Let us call these the diplomatic or governmental, and the popular, in the meaning of the word which would make it applicable to the unofficial body of the people.

"It is a significant fact that both the word 'neutrality' in its diplomatic meaning, and the state which it represents, are of modern origin. In the growth of the great Oriental monarchies and of the Holy Roman or Germanic Empires no people or individuals were expected, and if the ruling powers could help it no people were allowed, to remain neutral. In modern diplomacy, however, that nation is 'neutral' which refrains from interference of any kind in the contest between the belligerents; and which, altho not morally indifferent, behaves so as, if possible, to remain in friendly relations with both sides. For the belligerents, the one

prime and inviolable law is this, as it is laid down in Kent's Commentaries: 'It is not lawful to make neutral territory the scene of hostility.'

"The most essential quality of diplomatic neutrality is, then, non-interference. But in order to make it accord with the ethics of neutrality, it must have something more. And if I might venture to select three of the most necessary and conspicuous of the virtues due to the maintenance of neutrality on the part of the Government in a thoroly moral way, I should pick these three: Fairness, Reticence, and Courtesy."

Professor Ladd expresses the opinion that all three of these leading virtues of neutrality have been occasionally transgressed in our diplomatic neutrality toward Mexico. On the other hand, he thinks that the government has ably maintained not only a formal but an ethical neutrality toward European belligerents. It should be remembered that there is a very great difference between enforcing neutrality on our own territory and interfering beyond our coast limits with the enforcement, however much to our temporary disadvantage, of the measures and self-appointed regulations of belligerents.

Furthermore, fundamental moral principles which prescribe maxims for ethical neutrality of the governmental sort

are by no means clearly defined. Laws actually observed between nations are in fact not the same as those agreed upon between honorable individuals. So, in the interest of essential justice, it is well that a certain amount of strain obliges the Government to give way and express in other than diplomatic ways the more spontaneous and passionate moral consciousness of the nations.

"The grandest thing about this otherwise so hideous war is just this—the nations which are engaged in it have entered mind and soul into the contest as a struggle between right and wrong, righteousness and unrighteousness, with an intensity of conviction and on a scale of operations never before paralleled in the world's history. Nowhere is it mere hirelings that are fighting.

"But having taken this position for themselves, the belligerent nations cannot complain of the so-called neutral nations if they exercise freely and openly, so long as the morals of diplomatic neutrality are observed by their Governments, their own inalienable right and obligation to have and to express their moral judgments and moral sentiments."

The time has come, Professor Ladd asserts, when the American people are bound morally to lay aside all appearance of the neutrality of indifference

to moral issues. With greatly increased freedom they may express sufficiently enlightened judgment on certain actions of the belligerents from the standpoint of the "ethics of neutrality." The fundamental ethical principle is simply this: all nations as well as all individuals are bound to give supreme regard to the moral considerations, in declaring and waging war, as well as in the conduct of peace. That Germany caused this war, that Germany invaded neutral Belgium; and that Germany has exhibited barbarous hatred and contempt toward all who have ventured to oppose her, this professor considers facts well enough proven to warrant expression of moral judgment.

"We will try to keep our Government supported in a course of diplomatic neutrality according to the customs and laws regulating the intercourse of neutrals with belligerent nations so long and so far as we can in accordance with the underlying moral principles.

"But the time may come, and that soon, when the people will justly call upon this Government not to limit its protests so carefully to matters affecting its own comparatively unimportant commercial interests, but to make another kind of protest in the name of moral decency and of humanity at large."

REVIVAL OF RELIGION CONSIDERED AS A GOOD OMEN FOR BUSINESS

A DECLINE in religious belief is a serious matter for the business of this or any other country, and a revival of religion is tremendously important to the business world, according to the *Wall Street Journal*. The first part of this proposition, made some eight years ago by the editor of the *Journal*, was quoted everywhere by religious and secular papers. He now repeats it, pointing out "that any man engaged in commerce would prefer to do business with one who sincerely believed in God, and responsibility in a future life for errors committed during his little time on earth, than with one who believed in nothing. To put it in the baldest form, the insurance risk would be less. Such a man would try to keep his contract, not because he feared the courts or the police, but because he believed himself responsible to the Highest Court of all." The ground is laid for further argument by declaring that "there is a difference, not of degree but of kind, between the man who sincerely believes in something and the man who doubts everything. It would be wrong to say that the form of his belief does not matter. But if he is sincere, it is better to believe something than nothing. Perhaps nine-tenths of the evils from which we suffer are beyond the reach of statutory

law. But they are all susceptible to amendment by conscience through the mercy of God."

Signs are multiplying that one of the effects of the European war is the development of a widespread religious revival. This is of infinite concern to business men, asserts this influential financial journal:

"Even such movements as are inaugurated by spectacular evangelists, who preach down to their hearers rather than up to their God, are significant. If that sort of froth or scum is apparent on the surface, there is a movement of greater depth and potency below. In this direction lies reform, because the only real reform starts in the individual heart, working outward to popular manifestation through corporations, societies and legislatures.

"Here, then, is the better remedy, and a better promise for future business managed under the best standards of honor and humanity, than anything Congress can enact, or the Department of Justice can enforce. Here is a movement which renders investigation committees unnecessary, which brings employer and employed together on the common platform of the love and fear of God. This is the promise of the future, and it is something which Providence in its infinite mercy grants us, to assuage the wickedness and misery of war.

"If this great thing emerges from the

terrible conflict now in progress, if thereby there shall be created peoples sober, reverent, industrious, forbearing and not deficient in that wholesome sense of humor which is bred of pity and humility, we may say that, in spite of ourselves, through the goodness of God war is not all loss."

These are strong words, comments *Zion's Herald*, but they indicate the very thing that Christianity has been insisting upon right along—that "Godliness is profitable unto all things." The *New York Christian Advocate* quotes from the proposition, heads it "a spiritual stabilizer for business," and moves to give the editor of the financial paper license to preach.

In the religious papers of this country one discovers a constant stream of news of revival spirit. Secular papers have played up the Billy Sunday city campaigns and the temperance pledge signing movement in which Mr. Bryan is an evangel. But the denominational organs week by week report from cities, towns and villages what in the aggregate can be characterized as nothing less than a remarkable evangelistic wave. Correspondents frequently note that one result is that people are paying up old debts.

The *Sunday School Times* contains an article describing the work of "Gos-

pel Teams" of laymen in Kansas. There are said to be about 300 such teams and 2,000 converts in 87 towns are reported:

"All manner of men are on these work-for-Jesus teams. There are lawyers, physicians, ex-prizefighters, one chief of police, a bank president, a few barbers, manufacturers, ex-saloonkeepers, coal heavers, traveling men, city editors, school-teachers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, reporters, merchants, cattle buyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, men from the factories,—all standing on the platforms speaking of the saving power of Christ. Meetings are being held in as many kinds of places as there are representative men on the teams; fashionable churches, in Salvation Army halls, on the street cor-

ners, in missions, Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon and Saturday evening meetings, parks, pool-rooms, schools, theaters, colleges, country churches and schools—all have been scenes of these campaign meetings."

An Ohio Convention for Methodist Men at Columbus, the state capital, recently enrolled an attendance of 3,456 delegates, and the keynote of the convention was missionary evangelization in view of the opportunity opened by the unprecedented war-crisis in the world of to-day. National campaigns of evangelism for 1915-16 are being organized by various denominations. The *Universalist Leader* reports itself "as

startled and delighted at the results" of a short campaign of evangelism unique in the history of that denomination. The *Leader* puts the situation thus: "The religious world is being awakened as it has not been in many generations, and the awakening is but at its beginning. The next ten years will witness such a religious revival as has never been known before. The very foundations of the religious nature will be upheaved, religious hunger will be ravenous, and if human souls can not get the best they will take what they can get, tho it be the worst. They are bound to have something. If, as we say, we have the best, are we ready to deliver the goods?"

CHRISTIAN STUDENT AWAKENING AND BIBLE STUDY AT COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

WHEN revivalistic meetings are held at Yale by approval of the authorities and the "base-ball evangelist" addresses students of Princeton despite opposition on the part of some of the authorities, public attention is directed to the existence of a student religious movement. At Yale the culmination of an organized University Christian Association movement was a series of addresses by George Sherwood Eddy, who recently returned from conducting a remarkable campaign of student meetings in China. The "revival" or "awakening" at Yale, as it is variously termed by religious papers, included preliminary and supplementary meetings at dormitories and fraternity houses. Student organizations freed their schedules from conflicting dates for four days, and about 1,000 names were recorded of those who indicated that their special interest had been aroused. The secretary of the university said in *The Yale Alumni Weekly* that these special religious services were the most successful held within his recollection:

"Mr. Eddy's four main addresses were straightforward and helpful presentations of the essential truths of Christian faith and life. His experience in presenting the essentials of Christianity to students of China and India, who know little about our religion, has given him the power of concentrating on fundamentals. No one could have attended the four evening addresses in Woolsey Hall, each of which was attended by over a thousand students—about equally divided between the college and the scientific school—without having his own faith strengthened and his determination to lead a life of moral purity and high purpose increased. There was nothing emotional, or sensational, or 'revivalistic,' in the old sense of the word, about the meetings, but it was evident that a large amount of careful preparation had been made for them, and that many Christian men in different parts of

the university were working earnestly for their success."

Similar meetings at other institutions have been projected and commentators note the importance of Bible study classes in the background of the movement at Yale and elsewhere. Writing in *The Congregationalist*, Clayton Sedgwick Cooper reports that during the last college year over 30,000 men continued two months or more in attendance upon voluntary Bible classes in 490 educational institutions in the United States and Canada.

"This interest was by no means confined to the older institutions in the East or to strictly denominational or church colleges, but included institutions all over the South and West, many of them technical in character. Nor is this Bible interest confined to the men who are preparing to be ministers or who, as members of Christian churches, would perhaps be expected to take interest in Bible investigations. On the contrary, the greatest gains for the Bible seem to be coming at present from institutions which make no claim to be sectarian, or whose charter forbids regular teaching in the curriculum.

"There were over 7,000 non-Christian students attending voluntary Bible classes in colleges last season. Many Chinese students were enrolled; several classes of Jewish young men were among the Bible groups; and a class which succeeded in a marked measure at an Eastern university was composed of eight different nationalities and religions. . . . Over 800 college professors who, with scores of pastors, were engaged closely with students in the Bible campaigns in educational centers—training teachers, leading classes, helping in Bible conferences, rallies, social occasions connected with the Bible departments, and often greatly assisting as advisers concerning the whole Bible development. As a result of this united effort on the part of all classes in the college environment we now have a condition of Bible interest intensely valuable in itself and decidedly important to the church."

Statistics regarding religious preferences of students at the University of Illinois, which claims to stand second in the number of undergraduate enrollments in the United States, have recently become available. Out of 3,253 students who volunteered to state their religious affiliations, 3,001 belonged to so-called orthodox denominations and 41 shades of religious beliefs were confessed. Methodists, Presbyterians and Unitarians have student churches, the Church of the Disciples has a combined University and City Church, one of the largest denominations is said to have more students at this state university than at all of its denominational colleges in the state combined. *Unity*, Chicago, comments:

"The lesson of all this is obvious. The investing of large sums of money in denominational colleges that number their students by hundreds, to the neglect of the students in the great State universities that are numbered by the thousands, is not only bad denominational policy but it is a sad diversion of religious enthusiasm and spiritual potency. These State institutions, as the above figures show, are splendidly non-sectarian, or, to use a better word, pan-denominational, but they deal with a constituency that is by no means indifferent to religion or not amenable to religious influences.

"It is well to surround these State Universities with a cordon of denominational churches each bidding for its share of students, but it would be much better if the denominations who have sufficient identity of beliefs and methods could unite in a few great union churches, manned by commanding ministers and directed by efficient social and other instrumentalities. Certainly three or four such great college churches could appeal with great power without violence to their convictions to the great bulk of the student body. [*Unity* suggests four: Union Protestant Orthodox, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, and Liberal.]"

On account of the opposition to the

use of the Bible in schools, state colleges and universities, a contributor to *The American Journal of Sociology* describes the accomplishment of the "seemingly impossible thing" in Colorado by the "Greeley Plan" of Bible study for credit. "More than half of all the students enrolled in the State Teachers College at Greeley are doing systematic Bible-study, and their work is being accepted for credit toward graduation in this state-supported school."

The college was asked to accept work done in the churches in groups under competent teachers just as it would accept work done in agriculture taught to groups outside the college. Two and four years' course requirements are laid down. No one text-book is required but

the Director of Bible Study has power of approval. The academic qualifications of teachers nominated by the groups must be approved by the Director, and it is stated that in the churches now supporting these classes "all the teachers have had their training in colleges or theological seminaries, all but one are graduates, and four out of the nine are Masters of Arts or Philosophy." Enrolled college students are invited to join classes in churches of their choice either for credit or without. Over 60 per cent. of the college students are enrolled, more than half taking the work for credit. This year there are vigorous classes in nine churches in Greeley—the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, United Presbyterian,

Unitarian, Episcopal, and Disciples of Christ. The plan, says the writer, Mr. Ethan Allen Cross, meets the approval of all the city churches. No test case has been carried to the courts, but favorable legal opinion is based "on the fact that the college presumes to pass only upon the academic quality of the work, the same as it does upon work in domestic science, history, or language when sent in as work done in non-residence, on the fact that the study of the Bible is not carried on within the college buildings, and that no state money is expended for this work." Furthermore the essentials of the "Greeley Plan" have been put into operation this year in a number of public high schools under official sanction in Denver and other Colorado high schools.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE QUESTION OF CONTROLLING BIRTHS OF CHILDREN

PROTESTS against laws which make it a crime to teach people how intelligently to control births appear in both *The New Republic* and *Harper's Weekly*.

Altho one publication was recently suppressed for going into this matter, *Harper's Weekly* presents a series of studies bearing upon the subject so freely treated in Europe. *The New Republic* takes the editorial position that "fewer children and better ones is the only policy a modern state can afford." It says:

"The population question is a social question of the first magnitude, and there can be no enlightened approach to economic problems which shirks a study of the human family. If the family is the foundation of the State, then ignorance, accident, and misery cannot be permitted to eat into the foundations of the family. If the quality of human births and the nurture of children is the supreme concern of the race, then a refusal to discuss the question of a controlled family is equivalent to asserting that intelligence should not govern the central issues of life."

What are the objections to the use of a knowledge of harmless methods of preventing conception, possessed by the educated but prohibited to the poor? There is an honest conviction that ignorance of preventives is the safeguard of chastity, answers *The New Republic*. It is a safeguard, but not the only one:

"The question is whether earlier marriages, the reduction of illegitimacy and abortion, the prevention of too frequent pregnancy with its disastrous effect on the health of the wife and the morale of the husband, the lightening of economic burdens, the decrease in the birth of the unfit, are not reasons which far outweigh the importance attached to the personal chastity of a minority among women. Is everything to wait for them? Are we to

balk at measures which will do more than any step we can take to solidify the family, to make it sane, tolerable, and civilized, because we are afraid that some women cannot be trusted with the conduct of their own lives? Is society to set all its machinery in operation to make a terrifying darkness, for fear that the light of knowledge may tempt a few?"

The cost of such a policy is monstrous and the method ridiculous, according to this publication. Ignorance can be enforced only upon those wives of the poor and illiterate who suffer from it most. It is the business of society to enlighten them, to allow physicians and district nurses and mothers' clubs to spread the needed information. "What society cannot afford to do," proceeds the argument, "is to enforce the ignorance because of a timidity about the potentially unchaste. A mature community would trust its unmarried women, knowing that the evil of unchastity is greatly exaggerated. Our society does not seem to have attained such self-confidence; it still seems to regard virginity and not child life as the great preoccupation of the state."

Of the claim that knowledge of how to limit births is the most immediate practical step that can be taken to increase human happiness, *The New Republic* says in part:

"The relief which it would bring to the poor is literally incalculable. The assistance it would lend all effort to end destitution and fight poverty is enormous. And to the mind of man it would mean a release from terror, and the adoption openly and frankly of the civilized creed that man must make himself the master of his fate; instead of natural selection and accident, human selection and reason; instead of a morality which is fear of punishment, a morality which is the making of a finer race."

In *Harper's Weekly* Mary Alden Hopkins contrasts American with European laws and quotes statistics and conclusions of investigators in this country and abroad. Figures regarding infant mortality for America, Denmark, and Germany, for example, show that the more children born into a family the less chance each has of living. A table for Chicago covering 1,600 families in the Hull House region showed that "child mortality increases as the number of children per family increases, until we have a death rate in families of eight and more, which is two and a half times as great as that in families of four children and under." The largest family of all was that of an Italian woman who had borne 22 and raised 2. The small families of every nationality had a lower mortality rate than the large families of the same nationality.

The advocates of birth control in America recommend two measures: first, the repeal or amendment of both the federal and the state laws prohibiting the giving of information concerning family limitation; and, secondly, after their repeal, the dissemination of scientific knowledge. Our laws, says the *Harper's Weekly* writer, confuse the issue by classing—in a shockingly ignorant fashion—contraception, abortion, and pornography, in the same category. The group is treated in the New York State Penal Code under the astonishing title of "Indecent Articles." The European laws on this subject are in striking contrast to ours. They treat contraception and abortion as two separate matters. The laws against abortion are strict. The laws concerning contraception are directed against distasteful advertizing but not against private advice or public propaganda. The birth control movement is antagonistic to the general practice of abortion.

Deplorable effects of our present laws are thus described:

"They silence the scientist but do not shut the mouth of the ignorant midwife. The reputable physician does not like to risk imprisonment; the conscienceless quack will take a chance. Safe, harmless and rational contraceptives exist, and fraudulent devices are covertly advertized and circulated by commercial concerns. The limitation of families is very commonly practiced on a basis of old wives' misinformation."

The control of births is held by its partisans to be the next step in civilization.

"Civilization advances just as fast as mankind obtains the mastery over environment. . . . Every time we take a force out of the wild domain of nature and place it in the regulated domain of science we have made the world better to live in. It now seems to many people

that the time has come to take childbirth out of the realm of chance, that the birth of human beings is too important to be left to irresponsible nature.

"The limitationists hold that this change will benefit the individual family and revolutionize industrial conditions. In the family it will lower the rate of infant mortality and increase the health of the mother. A small family of children can have proper food and warm clothing where double the number would suffer from malnutrition and go always ragged. They can have medical attention when sick if clinics and hospitals are not swamped as at present. With small families children may not be forced so soon into the factories, but can remain in school till they get their education. In brief, small families among the very poor will raise the standard of living."

Roman Catholic protest against this kind of propaganda, we note, is promptly voiced by *America*, New York, which says:

"Ye of little faith, less dignity and still less patriotism, ye are filling human ears these days with hollow words that mock the dignity of man and make sport of God's law. Ye have joined hands with anarchists; ye have seduced two powerful journals to your wicked cause, and ye of little faith will now wage war in favor of a horrid sin: 'The Control of Births.' God's positive law will be violated, and God will not be mocked for ever, ye of little faith. The natural law will be broken, and the crime will carry with it its own punishment. For that law objectively viewed is part of your very self; it is interwoven with the very fiber of your soul. A sin against it is a crime against self, a degradation of self, a lowering of self from manhood's plane to the animal's estate. Control births, ye of little faith, and ye shall no longer walk upright with man; your spirit will grow coarse; your instincts brutal, your nature crass beyond telling. The sign of the beast will be upon your brow; the stigma of infamy on your nation, ye of little faith."

THE SWEEPING SPIRITUAL TRANSFORMATION OF RURAL GERMANY

THE unification and commercial progress of the German Empire within the last forty years have been achieved, according to some leaders of the German State Church, through the devastation and disintegration of many of the most valuable moral and spiritual elements of the national life. Perhaps nowhere on earth has such a radical transformation of morals and ideals taken place in the same length of time as in rural Germany. We are told that in many villages the change is as sweeping and complete as if all the old inhabitants had moved out, taking with them every tradition and landmark even to their dwelling houses, and churches, to give place to an entirely new population with different modes of thought and manners of life. This transformation has come on at such a pace that a comparatively small per cent. of the old peasantry, with its simple devotion to the village church, remains.

But for this transformation, it is declared that Germany could never show the solid front it does in the war, and tho the religious press lament many of the present features of the nation, such as its utter materialism, sordidness, cheapness, vulgarity, lack of seriousness, dishonesty, love of pleasure, restlessness and the general disposition "to get something out of life," it also sees arising in the transition a "reconstructed church and a new spiritual life for Germany."

Such well-known rural church-men as Von Lüpke, editor of *Die Dorfkirche*, Berlin, and the Hessian

preacher B. Mahr have worked out a comprehensive plan for reconstructing the German rural church so as to harmonize it with what is called the New Age. The spirit that inspires this movement is the spirit that animates the German term "Kultur." Interpreted in England and America as representing German stateism and militarism, for the German mind, we are told, it contains a new spiritual conception of life reinforced by modern culture.

Herr Mahr sees in the industrialization of Germany a great opportunity to intensify and revitalize Christianity; but at times he stands aghast before the crumbling of all that was simple, devout, picturesque and innocent in peasant Germany. He observes that among the many disastrous effects of modern culture on German life in general are the marked increase in sensuality and epicurism and the deplorable servitude of humanity to intellectualism and criticism, for which moral and religious ideas and energies mean scarcely more than is meant by objects of scientific observation. All ideal forces of humanity seem stifled and oftentimes it appears as if nothing else has survived for a basis of agreement between men than negation, derogation and the breaking to pieces of old tablets. The strongest contrasts occur side by side—materialism and spirituality, realism and symbolism, sensuality and purity, emotionalism and intellectualism.

This new conception of life, we are told, has radiated from the city into the country. It has attacked the home life of the people so long securely sup-

ported by unconscious custom and the Christian faith. It has struck a mortal blow at the old idea of the village's common ownership of property and the use-right of the common land. It has destroyed village unity. It has caused the people to abandon their native styles of building and costume. It has made them despise their age-honored customs, so peculiarly the expression of their inner life and which have been the strongest support of their moral and religious energies. But above all it has cruelly threatened the extinction of the village church in the marked decline of church attendance that has resulted in so many communities.

The great spiritual danger in German life to-day, according to Herr Mahr, is intellectual homelessness. The industrial restlessness of the people is fast dissolving their ancestral estates in the country. The division and sale of the land leave no security to those left in the country. Consequently millions of persons have lost, with their home-life, their soul-home. They have been severed by the economic demands of the new life not only from the soil but from their old moral and spiritual conceptions of life, and in the midst of their new material prosperity many of them remain spiritually bankrupt. This intellectual homelessness, with all of its appalling results, is especially prevalent in the newly citified villages and in the suburbs of great cities, where the old peasantry have been converted into small traders and day-laborers. Here socialism has laid a gripping hand upon the imagination of the people and they have passed from devotion to indiffer-

ence and even hostility to the church. This homelessness of the soul is the hardest problem the church has to deal with.

In the articles on the German village church published in *Die Dorfkirche* and about to be republished in *Rural Manhood*, New York, the organ of the Y. M. C. A. county work, Herr Mahr gives the following description of the spiritual condition of the average German village as he sees it to-day:

"We are not even aware any longer that the country way of our earlier time has in it something durable. Youth does not go well with age. Piety is lacking to the young world and to the young peasantry. To modern thought there belongs as an essential constituent the commercial conception of life. The peasant becomes merchant; he reckons, he calculates; everything expresses itself to him in money value. His relation to home and yard and land and cattle is changing. The land no longer represents so much his ancestral inheritance as it does a marketable commodity. The peasant is no longer so closely grown to his yard and the soil. He no longer sees the old home as a part of his very life and personality. He has lost his peasant's pride in his calling; he insists on calling himself now landlord and proprietor and dealer and merchant, even tho he sells only fruit, vegetables and milk.

"With such a commercial conception of life, the relations to servants, to neighbors and to the community have undergone a great change. We no longer eat at the same table with our servants. On occasion of burials, not neighbors but hired helpers are bearers. Poor and rich, high and low, are more distinctly separated than formerly.

"Under such spirit the old-time village unity is breaking up. The working man with his separate quarters is thrust like a wedge into the village life. The mercenary conception of the entire management of business has swept everything before it, and that precious possession which the German village had and which made it so rich in individuality—its characteristic quietude of life deep and real, the forcefulness and genuineness of nature—is now lacking. Existence is now becoming a labor chase; but our machines do not secure us a release from labor. They compel us only to use land and property more intensely in the service of mammon.

"It is true that after the pattern of the city our houses are made more comfortable, better furnished. We are cleaner and more sanitary. We cook more rationally and scientifically, tho our food is not of as good quality and as substantial because everything is now turned into money. We are learning to regard the style of living and behaving. But in all this there is seen the alliance of practical materialism with rustic realism.

"To eat well and drink well has always been the fundamental desire of the peasant; but now he is deteriorating to the ground principle, 'something to be had from life.' City sensuality and pleasure-seeking, luxury and superficiality all charm him. City club life is coming into

favor. At the same time he is giving up his quiet old pleasures. He neglects old folk songs to engage in evening entertainments and the public dance. He exchanges his humility and simplicity for pomp and style. He attempts the elegance of display and extravagance of the city and he goes in debt without scruple.

"All these new lines of thought and new bents of purpose are beginning to leave their marks on the village church and, as a general result, on the character of the nation. The custom of attachment to church is everywhere on the decline and the Christian positiveness of life is retrograding. In many neighborhoods the impression prevails that the culminating point in the crisis has been reached; but here it is uncertainty that prevails and one will hear the statement, 'we are waiting to see what will happen in the new time.' But even tho the old life of attachment to the church no longer satisfies the heart of the peasant, there is no new one, and he does not come to the decision to withdraw from the church. Baptism, church marriage, church holidays and communion are still observed even among the working classes."

But Herr Mahr admits that the result of the strange tension between attachment to the ancient faith and the life filled with the new thought remains concealed from the people, for the effect of their modern culture on the religious life is first expressed in the deep places of the unconscious being. There are undercurrents in the psychical life of the village which are as dangerous and fateful as the hidden rocks in the track of an ocean liner. The villager is assuming an altered value towards nature. He is becoming master, and whatever falls to his lot seems to him more than ever to be the fruit of his thought and of his labor. That which was felt formerly to be a direct gift of God is taken now to be indirectly a *present* from God. He sees men controlling nature, as he thinks, and manipulating the world's markets upon which the results of his labor so much depend. He relies more and more upon his own strength, upon the skill of the doctor and upon the abilities of other people to help him, and he trusts less in prayer and in the justice and mercy of God in his joys and sorrows.

On the reverse side of prosperity and the material enrichment of the German people, Herr Mahr sees a picture of desolation and pauperism and social depression which recruits the new social ranks of discontent in the village, taints the peasantry and robs it of its inner hold and inspires the press with distrust of pastor and church. With this displacement of the church as a leader, increasing numbers are demonstrating to their own satisfaction that they need no church.

The writer of the articles is convinced that the great economic revolution of Germany clearly indicates a

spiritual revolution and for that reason he warns the church not to oppose itself to the march of the new age. The old, in its psychological and spiritual crisis, is no match for the new with its intellectual pretensions and its mechanical mastery of nature. Against a life essentially ingenuous and in accord with custom and usage, there is pitted a life of conscious and exact organization, exalting itself above nature as an independent mind, which therefore seeks and finds its final goal in the personal life. The civilization of the one, which is country civilization, will have to perish in so far as it denotes the youthful and immature stage of spiritual life.

The country church therefore seems to be doomed. But it only seems so, for, in the breaking to pieces, enough of rural matter and form remains, so that it can and will maintain its right within the new culture. There will remain the sod and the soil as the fundamental condition of all work, and nature in its tranquility and majesty, the independence of the individual, the feeling of community, blood ties and the value-creating capability of the farmer. Against these forces, the devastating power of the new must break. The dark sides of city life will fall back against this wall as the surf against the wall of the sea.

The decisive struggle between Christendom and the spirit of the new time will be fought to a finish in the city and not in the country. What the country must now do is to hold intact the virile forces of its individuality so as to receive and mold whatever of good comes to it from that struggle. In the hour of victory for a higher spiritual life, we must not find that the greatness of rural Germany has perished.

To that end the first thing to be accomplished is to make rural life economically stable and secure. But the central task of the rural pastor always remains this: to bring the gospel to the village in such a manner that it allies itself with the heart of the village and becomes the *own* of the village. The peasantry has long been guided by an unconscious Christianity fostered by habit and custom. Now that custom is being swept away by the levelling process of the modern spirit, a conscious Christianity must be cultivated. This conscious religious life requires a definite, exact religious training on the part of the peasantry. Adequate reasons must be given for the nature of things in the training. Men must be taught to discover the real connection between the gross effects in the material world and their true causes in the invisible world. A living faith in the soul of the nation must be created. That is the faith, we are told, that animates the Kaiser and the German church and gives strength to German "Kultur."



LITERATURE · AND · ART



The Meleager of the Antilles.

OUR indifference to the literature of Latin America is emphasized again by the recent death of Léon Laviaux, who was drowned off the island of Martinique in April. Léon was the son of Paul Gauguin, the post-impressionist painter, and of Laure Laviaux, a beautiful quadroon. The exotism of his own blood—he was the son of a Breton father and a Peruvian mother—aroused in Gauguin a desire to escape from “the disease of civilization.” He visited Martinique in 1887. Léon Laviaux was born the following year. A correspondent to the *Boston Transcript* calls Laviaux “the Meleager of the Antilles.” There is a striking similarity in the lives and genius of the two men, he says. The sensuous fire of the Asiatic Greek was also to be found in Laviaux’s poems. “He paints with words, as his father did with brush, lavish of color, the green of palm and wave, the gold of foam-washed sands, the purple of isles afar. . . . Laviaux lacks something of the divine pathos of the Gadarene, of the elegiac poignance that trembles on the verge of tears. And he carves his figurines of love with less delicate precision. But he compensates for this with a plenitude of exotic fervor.” John Myers O’Hara recently translated “The Ebon Muse,” a poem by Laviaux which strives to enrich the very soul of the tropics. “*Poèmes en noir*” was published in 1914. The poet was buried on the island he loved—the Cos of the Antilles. The *Transcript* correspondent suggests as an inscription for him the epitaph Meleager composed for his own tomb:

“My nurse was Tyre; Syrian Gadara my attic fatherland; I, Meleager, son of Eucrates, have lived with the Muses; and my first song was made in company of the Menippean Graces. Tho I am Syrian, what matters it? O stranger, we all inhabit one land, the earth! One single end awaits us all!”

A New Novelist of the Philippines.

TEN years after the acquisition of the Philippine Islands by the United States, Walter Elwood went to them as a supervisor of education. His new novel “Guimó” (Reilly and Britton) proves that he has become thoroly familiar with the ideas of the natives. As one critic points out, the book pulsates with a keen knowledge of the little brown men. No other novel of Filipino life has been written with such

an intimate sympathy for the primitive folk, notes the reviewer of the *Chicago Evening Post*. Guimó (pronounced Ghee-mó), the hero of the book, is the son of a Spanish friar and a native girl. At the beginning of the American régime in the Islands, Guimó becomes the servant of a young American civil service resident in Manila. The American falls into the evil ways of American residents of the tropics and Guimó attempts to straighten out his life. The young Filipino looks toward the United States as a land where he would find the much-talked-of ideals of liberty, fraternity and equality. In the end, of



A VERSATILE REALIST

St. John Ervine is equally skilful in depicting the comic as well as the grimmest phases of life. He was one of the dramatists for the Irish Players of the Abbey Theater in Dublin. Then he went to London and found there a rich field for his peculiar talent in the life and language of the lower classes.

course, he is disappointed. Mr. Elwood has struck a field which he has proved himself competent to explore still further, the *Chicago Evening Post* points out, even tho “Guimó” bears many unfortunate marks of being a first novel.

“Sad human fortunes in a land of rich color, strange sights and sounds, native fruitfulness; apathy and childishness on the one hand, ignorant brutality and then self-imputed superiority on the other hand; such is this picture of Filipino life. But the world thus opened up to us is a most interesting one, and Mr. Elwood has shown that he has become a loving citizen of it. It is to be hoped that he will tell us further tales of these sun-lit islands.”

The Versatile Genius of St. John Ervine.

ANOTHER new Irish novelist of importance has appeared on the literary horizon. This is St. John Ervine, first known in America through the Irish Players, who performed his comedy “The Magnanimous Lover.” But as a writer of fiction Mr. Ervine is even more successful. The Macmillan Company has recently published three volumes from his pen—“Mrs. Martin’s Man,” “Eight o’Clock and Other Studies” and “Alice and a Family.” In “Mrs. Martin’s Man,” Ervine proves his worth as a serious novelist. This book is a stern piece of realistic fiction. It is the story of an Irish family. Its subject is the fidelity of a hardworking wife for a wastrel husband, a dissolute sailor, who deceives his wife and decoys her sister, and who finally deserts both and goes to America. The book would be depressing except for the cleansing quality of humor St. John Ervine has infused into it. “Alice and a Family,” his latest novel, is practically all humor and comedy. It is a story of South-East London. ‘Erbie and Alice, according to *T. P.’s Weekly*, are as memorable as the characters of Dickens. Alice is of the ever popular type of little mother, like the Marchioness. But, as the London *Spectator* assures us, St. John Ervine has given us a set of new and delightful variations on this old theme. The comedy of actuality is well suited to the genius of this author. His is a mirror that sparkles as well as reveals, in the words of *T. P.’s Weekly*. Typical is the conversation between the fourteen-year-old ‘Erbie and Mr. Keating, the van-man:

“‘I’m a Socialist,’ he said. ‘That’s wot I am. Brother’ood of man, my boy—that’s my motter!’ He took a deep drink of tea. ‘That’s a fine thing, you know! Brother’ood of man! The ‘ole world, see! Not a little bit like Engalan!’ The ‘ole world! All of us! See? No fightin’ or nothink! Just peace an’ ‘appiness!’ He bit off a large portion of bread as he spoke. ‘Takes your breath away when you think on it. It do straight!’

“‘Erbie, busy with his meal, nodded his head sapiently.

“‘Ever ‘eard o’ the clawss waw?’ Mr. Keating suddenly demanded.

“‘The wot?’ replied ‘Erbie.

“‘Erbie shook his head. ‘No,’ he said, ‘Wot is it?’

“‘Oh, you ought to ‘ear about that, you ought. Never ‘eard of Kahl Mahx, I suppose?’

“‘No. ‘Oo’s ‘e?’

“Mr. Keating leant across the table,

and spoke almost with awe. 'E was a Socialist same's me,' he said. 'Clever chap, 'e was, great 'ead on 'im, 'e 'ad! Absolute genius! It was 'im wot discovered the clawss waw. Germing, you know!'

"Comprehension came to 'Ernie. 'Oh!' he exclaimed intelligently. 'I know! A b . . . y foreigner!'"

War and the Literature of the Future.

THERE is no doubt in St. John Ervine's mind that the present war will produce an inevitable change in literature and art. He is not certain that this will be a change for the better. Already the war has affected writers not only financially but to an incalculable extent in the matter of raw material. "Practically the world in which we were born," Mr. Ervine writes in *T. P.'s Weekly*, "came to an end at the beginning of last August, and a new world was created. . . . We shall have to shed many beliefs and acquire many new ones before we are able to move about in the comfort we had before the war began. That process of adjustment will be difficult and tortuous for all of us, but it will be a thousand times more tortuous and difficult for the novelist and the imaginative writer, who has not merely to fit himself into the new world, but has to discover the readjustment made in the lives of other people." It is in respect to this future work that the imaginative writer is most likely to feel the effect of the war. He concludes:

"Men can go on producing machines and buttons and clothes and knick-knacks after the war is over very much in the way in which men produced these things before the war began; but the novelists will not be able to write novels in the old way. The man who produces patent medicine will be able to continue producing it as if there never had been a European disaster, but the man who writes novels dealing with his own times must take the war into account; and because of this, the novelist of to-day is at a disadvantage compared with the novelists of other times. Jane Austen was able to write six novels without mentioning the Napoleonic wars, during which she lived, altho they must have touched her intimately, for two of her brothers were in the Navy. A modern novelist, dealing as realistically with our time as Jane Austen dealt with hers, simply must let the war into his story.

"War did not affect men's lives in other days to the extent to which it affects them to-day. It was possible for novelists to write about the England of the Boer war without referring to the war beyond, perhaps, a casual reference; but it will not be possible for any novelist to write of these times without reference to Armageddon, for the life of every man, woman and child in Europe to-day has been profoundly affected by it, and it would be as senseless to ignore the influence of the war as it would be if a

story of Noah were to omit all mention of the Flood."

An English Tribute to the Genius of Ambrose Bierce.

THE mystery of the present whereabouts of Ambrose Bierce does not seem to have been cleared up. The statement was made and denied that the American author had been discovered drilling recruits in England. It has remained for a British periodical—the *London Spectator*—to point out that Bierce was a pioneer in presenting the realities of war. "He did not fail to render justice to its heroic side, but he stripped it of its pageantry." So the English paper notes in a review of Bierce's book, "In the Midst of Life," a cheap edition of which was recently published in England. "He made no attempt to deal with it as a vast panorama in the manner of Tolstoy, or with the cumulative and circumstantial detail to be found in Zola's 'Débâcle'.



ENGLAND ACCLAIMED HIM FIRST

Tho his wonderful poetry of New England life is said to be even more American than the work of Walt Whitman, Robert Frost's great work "North of Boston" first received recognition in London, where it was published by David Nutt. Altho Mr. Frost spent much of his life in New Hampshire, he was born, we are informed, in San Francisco, some forty years ago.

or the 'Désastre' of the brothers Margueritte. He confined himself to episodes—none of these stories run to more than twenty pages—and their essential interest is psychological. In this regard he naturally suggests comparison with another and later American writer of war stories, Stephen Crane; but his style was simpler and less spasmodic, and while Crane wrote his best stories before he had seen any fighting, Bierce had himself served in the fighting line throughout the campaign of 1861-1865. Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge of Courage' was a triumph

of reconstructive imagination; but Bierce brought to bear on his first-hand knowledge an imagination even more horrifying than that of the younger writer." Altho, as the reviewer points out, there is only one of Bierce's books in the catalog of the London Library, the American is one of the greatest masters in depicting the horrors of war. He is the veritable Goya of literature:

"No one has ever reproduced the grotesque horrors of war more vividly than Ambrose Bierce. In this vein he reaches a climax in the story of the deaf-mute child who wandered away from his home and, coming across a number of wounded soldiers crawling painfully from the battlefield of Chickamauga, thought they were playing a game, in which he tried to take part, finally returning to his home to find it burned down and his mother lying dead and shattered by a shell. But the kind of narrative peculiar to Bierce is the analysis of a man's thoughts during the brief moments in which he is being sent from life to eternity. Thus, in the description of the death of the Southern spy, we escape with him by the breaking of the rope, drop into the stream, reach the river bank, and are on the point of reaching his home, when the narrative breaks off, and we realize that all these incidents have taken place in the doomed man's imagination, and his death follows instantly. Perhaps the best comment on Ambrose Bierce's somber genius and the best explanation of his limited appeal is to be found in the remark made to the present writer by a friend. On being asked whether he had ever read Bierce's war stories, he answered: 'O yes. I read them years ago, and shall never forget them. But I could never read them again. They are too terrible.' It may, however, be fairly urged that, while there is nothing in them to blunt the resolution of those who are fighting for a righteous cause, they form the most powerful indictment conceivable of war for war's sake. Sherman's often-quoted saying, 'War is hell!' never found more convincing literary illustration than in the stories of Ambrose Bierce."

Discovered in England—A Real American Poet.

AMERICAN reviewers of "North of Boston" and "A Boy's Will" (Henry Holt & Co.) by Robert Frost, the New England poet, are not willing to overemphasize the fact that both these books were published in London and acclaimed by the English critics long before American publishers were aware of Mr. Frost's existence. No less than a year ago the pugnacious Mr. Pound made the accusation in *Poetry* that Robert Frost had been refused a hearing by American publishers before his work was published by David Nutt of London. If this is true, it is certainly one of literature's little ironies. For Robert Frost is of America American, as indigenous and as American, so Louis Untermeyer

points out in the *Chicago Evening Post*, as Whitman. "Outside of the fact that he is much more local and much less rhapsodic than Whitman, there is, it is true, a decided bond between them." The critic of the *New York Globe* also insists on the essential Americanism of this poet whose work was presented to the world by an Englishman.

"Nothing more interesting has happened in American literature in a long time than the poetry of Robert Frost. It is ours and it is good. It is not 'after' the French, nor imitative of the English. It is racy of our own soil, it breathes our

democratic spirit, it pictures our own homely scenes and plain people, it speaks our language. It is truly American, at least truly New England, from blueberries and stonewall and pasture to the wood-pile and the hired man. And yet England seems to have recognized this American poet first. It is curious. It is as if Masfield should first have been read in this country."

All the authoritative English critics acclaimed the work of Mr. Frost as "much finer, much more near the ground, and much more national, in the true sense, than anything that

Whitman gave the world." The irony of the situation is intensified, for the *Boston Transcript*, by the fact that Robert Frost was no better known to English publishers than to American.

"It must be remembered that Mr. Frost had no influence to attract this critical attention except what the work itself commanded. He has accomplished what no other American poet of this generation has accomplished, and that is, unheralded, un-introduced, untrumpeted, he has won the acceptance of an English publisher on his own terms, and the unqualified approbation of a voluntary English criticism."

IS AMERICAN LITERATURE CONTROLLED BY A LOT OF OLD WOMEN?

ACCUSTOMED as we have become to stringent criticism of American literature by British critics and gentlemen of letters, we are occasionally shocked and surprised by some such critic who seems a trifle more than eager to point out our enormous deficiencies. One would suppose that Mr. James Stephens, for instance, might have a warm spot in his heart for us, for most of us have admired Mr. Stephens and his crocks of gold and leprechauns and Mary Makebelieves—especially Mary. But now we discover him saying in *The Century* all sorts of disagreeable things about us—about our writers and our readers. He is almost angry with us. One would not suppose the whimsical Mr. Stephens had so much venom in him. He recalls "the fine promise of Whitman, Lowell, Emerson and several others." But he confesses the disappointment the foreign writer meets here:

"Other literatures may disgust him or leave him cold, but the writings of America will make him angry: he will get there the cinematograph without its comfortable silence, and he will hear baby language shouted through a megaphone. He will discover that the fine promise has not been performed, and he will wonder what horrid circumstances have conspired to change that of fifty years ago into this of to-day. Perhaps, after revolving the matter, he will counsel American writers to get rid of the old woman as speedily as they can, and to put the boy back to discipline for a few years more. If his remarks are harsh, it may be that he divines a proud future for America despite the fact that the old woman and the boy have allied themselves against the genius of their country.

"The sole means by which a stranger can satisfy his curiosity about foreign lands is through literature. Writers are the unofficial historians of their own country, and from their pages a national psychology emerges, sharp and clear if the writers are competent, obscure and blotchy if they have not learned their

craft. Are Americans quite as hypocritical, sentimental, greedy, and foolish as their writers proclaim? It is a subject on which the American people themselves must pronounce judgment; but in the psychology which has been projected for foreign study these ugly vices overshadow whatever of virtue is limned beside."

He blames the American writers for this. There is a strong idealism in America, Mr. Stephens admits, but this idealism finds no place in our literature. Our writers have not learned how to write, "their thoughts are superficial, they have no critical intelligence, and they have the sad courage of all these disabilities." The American novelist seeks a short cut to art, as the American capitalist seeks a short cut to wealth. American writers follow English mediocrity; they know the mechanism of the novel fairly well, but believe that is the whole secret of story-telling. But the worst vice of the American novelist, according to James Stephens, is his unconscious appeal to the middle-aged woman.

"Its literature has become brutally feminine. Instead of being sensuous it is sensual, and often indelicately so. After hunger, there is no subject in which an artist or a philosopher might more fruitfully interest himself than the sexual relations of humanity; but the philosophers have avoided it as completely as they could, and the writers, intent on construction, have expressed sex as a liaison, and compressed it to a formula which is very easy to handle. This formula is called 'the literary triangle,' and is composed of two women and one man or two men and one woman; but it does not say the last word on sex, it does not even say the first. The sex mystery, all the reactions of which are mental, is not to be settled by this pill, nor is it to be arranged by treating sex as sexuality. That grease is thick on American literature, and it would not be so unpleasant if it were expressed less sentimentally; and sentimentality is a weed growing only in the gardens of the ignorant or the hypocritical.

"If one were asked what is the domi-

nant tone in American literature and life, the answer would be 'youthfulness'; but this youth has attained to all the vices of age, and has conserved few of the charms proper to its period. It is a very disingenuous youth indeed. This insistence on 'boyishness' is unhealthy; more, it is depraved. These boyish boys and girlish girls of the writer and the artist are the indications of a real cancer in American public life. Perhaps in portraying them the writers and illustrators are describing their environment, and are exposing something which is as true as it is detestable. The cult of youthfulness in America is a national calamity far graver than anything for which Europe has to mourn. Youth has nothing to give life but its energy; it has even less to give literature, for literature is an expression of the spiritual truth which runs parallel with every material experience. It is not the retailing of petty gossip about petty people; and when this youthful energy is divorced from the control of maturity, nobody can benefit from it excepting that middle-aged woman for whom American literature is now being written."

Whose fault is it? Perhaps, says James Stephens, not so much the fault of the writers as of the general American public. "America, perhaps, is not in a position to make or to receive literature." It has not yet had the leisure to evolve a social order, to conserve traditions. "Without a social order there can be no literature; for that the house must be in order."

"Literature is something more than art; it is the expression of philosophy in art, and it is at once the portrayal of an individual and a racial psychology. A writer is not one who portrays life; he is one who digests life, and every book of his is a lecture on the state of his mental health; he should be careful, then, how he babbles.

"American writers must discover or create a vocabulary which is not a jumble of worn-out phrases; they must ruthlessly cut out the boyish boy and the girlish girl, and they must deport that middle-aged woman who seems to be their paymaster, or is it paymistress?"

SAD AND SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON THE FIRST SALON OF AMERICAN HUMORISTS

THE aim of the "Salon of American Humorists," recently held in the Folsom Galleries in New York, was nothing if not a highly serious one. The aim, as explained by the organizer of the show, Louis Baury, was to rise quite above the trivialities of the comic supplements and the "funny" pages, to "the highest artistic empire—the empire bequeathed it by Rabelais and Swift and Fielding and all that lusty company." So Mr. Baury is reported in the *Telegraph*. "The humor that breathes in a line—and needs not a 'boisterous' joke to support it"—Mr. Baury explains in the catalog of the salon—"the humor that abides in the interpretation of a fantastic gesture, in the realization of an apt attitude, in the swift pictorial comment upon a seamed face; the humor that cries 'It is to laugh!' not because it is careless of the great actualities of life but precisely because it comprehends them—that is the humor this exhibition is striving to bring out—the humor that makes life finer in the way that all genuine play makes life finer." Mr. Baury continues in the same idealistic strain concerning American humor in art:

"For humor is more with us than a mere mood. It is the very pith and essence of that swift, electric atmosphere which is so particularly our own, that capitalization of the instant which serves us in lieu of the tradition that is Europe's. And tho the artists here assembled have no mission other than the right expression of the mood at hand, one cannot but feel, looking at these expressions, that if, indeed, we are to have an art nationally our own, it will burst, laughing-lipped, from out this attitude—and that it will expand only insofar as we bring the highest, sincerest artistry to minister to the fantastic, the extravagant, the bizarre, the witty, the ironic, the mocking, the incongruous—in short, humor in all its multi-hued phases.

"And the fact that this initial American Salon of Humorists strikes the first concerted chord in such tone—and does it without recourse to the adventitious aid of any *outré* 'new' technique—should serve to endow it with an interest and significance more far-reaching even than the hilarity of the moment."

The Salon of American Humorists is the outcome of a plea made for such an exhibition by Mr. Baury in a recent number of the *Bookman*. In this article he points out the American neglect of the great American sense of humor:

"In literature a man has every chance, if he can, to be as hilariously unbridled as Mark Twain and still take his place unchallenged on the shelf with the great-

est; on the stage he may be as essentially a humorist as Joseph Jefferson, and yet go down in history with a halo around his memory; even in the uncorporeal sphere of music he may be as light and bizarre and impish as fancy will permit, without in any way jeopardizing his artistic dignity; but let him attempt any such gala-hearted display in terms of paint and the most staid academician and the most perfervid Futurist bang their door with equal vigor in his face. Which in this day, when there is more talk than ever before of the development of a really national art, seems just a trifle rash.

"That a brilliant spirit that without mission or message or school craves only the privilege of making holiday with facts and pelting impartially with their own gay, inimitable, irreverent confetti every head that bobs up in the carnival of civilization seems too thoroly American to

be consigned always to the lighter, more ephemeral pictorial avenues."

All this may sound excessively serious, Mr. Baury concludes, but that is the trouble with humor: "One simply cannot consider it without becoming serious—particularly here in America." But one of the least serious aspects of this presentation of typically American humor in art is the fact that a large number of the exhibitors are American only in the sense that America is the "melting pot" of other races. Swedish, Spanish, German, French, Anglo-Americans, are among the various races represented by the exhibitors. Even the American artists indicate decidedly foreign artistic influences. Among the contributors to this first "Salon of American Humorists" are:



HOBHEMIA

As depicted by Stuart Davis, one of the youngest and most original among American humorists of the brush, there is nothing particularly fascinating in this strange field of feminism, futurism, and free verse.

"Robert Henri, John Sloan, W. Glackens, Guy Pène du Bois, Boardman Robinson, George Bellows, O. E. Cesare, Arthur Young, Glenn O. Coleman, Stuart Davis, H. J. Glintenkamp, Oliver Herford, Herbert Crowley, Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton, Marjorie Organ (Mrs. Robert Henri), Edith Dimock (Mrs. Glackens), Herb Roth, Alfred Frueh, Frank Walts, Maurice Becker, L. R. Chamberlain, Helen Dryden, Cornelia Barns.

If one misses the names of Mr. "Bud" Fisher and Mr. Reuben Goldberg from this galaxy of American humorists, it may be because those two popular gentlemen are not actuated by the same high and austere devotion to humor that characterized Rabelais, Swift and Sterne. Even the delightful wit who looks at pictures for the *New York Sun* is stricken with sad seriousness in viewing these humorous artists, and begins to quote Bergson and Meredith. He is of the impression that this "salon" had for its purpose the uplift of the American sense of humor. After looking over the pictures, this critic comes to the pessimistic conclusion that we Americans are pitifully poverty-stricken in the local tender that passes as wit.

"The impression is unavoidable that these artists are without any experience of life and have throttled the powers of imagination with which they must have started out. It goes without saying that they have not cut off this power from themselves consciously. It is the state of society, the condition of things in general that has thus mutilated them as comic artists and which makes their situation and ours so critical."

The *Sun* critic recommends Bergson's



VACATION GIRLS

Edith Dimock's maids are not as sweet as those of Kate Greenaway, nor as sickeningly sentimental as most of the children we find in the women's magazine, but infinitely more real and amusing. She calls them "Vacation Girls," and one divines they have come into Central Park off the great East Side.

work on laughter to these humorists. It is not necessary to be cruel in order to laugh. Laughter, according to his interpretation, is unmoral. "Laughter has no greater enemy than emotion," wrote the sage of the Sorbonne. The slightest bit of sympathy or pity kills the tendency of it instantly. Indifference is the milieu of laughter. Bergson, Meredith and the critic of the *New York Sun* all agree that "the comic muse deigns to appear only in enlightened communities; so the paucity of

humor noticed in such a display as that we are now discussing can only be blamed upon the public in general." He quotes Meredith apropos the infrequent apparition of the great comic genius: "A society of cultivated men and women is required wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience."

"Upon the whole, Bergson rather than Meredith may be recommended to the American salon of humorists for purposes of study. Meredith, one of the wittiest appreciators of modern life himself, is naturally somewhat too subtle and difficult for beginners, whereas Bergson, coldly, scientifically, unhumorously analyzing humor, is just the thing for adult inquirers, principally because he catalogs with French thoroughness all the known mirth-producing agencies, starting with the excruciating individual who tumbles inadvertently upon the sidewalk. His reasons why and wherefore need not be taken too seriously, but if the examples be well pondered by our salon members the exhibition of next year cannot fail to raise the guffaws of success.

"In a year or two it may even arrive at wreathing the faces of the erudite with smiles; the smile being the higher test.

"All of which goes to prove that the feebleness of the Salon of Humorists in the year 1915 is its best excuse for being. The art needs incubation, that's clear. By putting itself and us on record in this way by very shame, we'll strive to educate ourselves up to something better. The promised exceptions I must make to the general dullness are those of Boardman Robinson, H. E. Crowley and Alfred Frueh. It is also necessary to exonerate George Bellows from charges of vulgarity in his two drawings of the Rev. Billy Sunday."



A LESSON IN POLITENESS

Mr. W. Glackens can make New York types look as picturesque and as funny as Cruikshank made the Londoners of Dickens' time.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED DURING A YEAR

AS A result of a detailed analysis of the short stories published by a group of representative American magazines during 1914, Edward J. O'Brien makes the interesting claim in the *Boston Transcript* that "the American short story has been developed as an art form to a point where it may fairly claim a sustained superiority, as different in kind as in quality from the tale or *conte* of other literatures." For the purposes of his analytical study, Mr. O'Brien chose the output of six monthly magazines and of two weeklies: *The Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, the *Forum*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Metropolitan*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's Weekly*. The standards to which he submitted the 601 short stories published by these periodicals during the course of the year 1914 he indicates as follows:

"As the most adequate means to this end, I have taken each short story by itself, and examined it impartially. I have done my best to surrender myself to the writer's point of view, and, granting his choice of material and interpretation of it in terms of life, have sought to test it by the double standard of substance and form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attain substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. I assume that such a living truth is the artist's essential object. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be called the test of substance.

"But a second test is necessary in the qualitative analysis if a story is to take high rank above other stories. The test of substance is the most vital test, to be sure, and, if a story survives it, it has imaginative life. The true artist, however, will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skilful selection and arrangement of his material, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization."

Of the six hundred and one short stories published in these periodicals, Mr. O'Brien is of the opinion that two hundred and twenty-nine were marked by distinction, and that of these eighty-six possessed very high distinction. The best two short stories of the year are by comparative newcomers in the field of fiction. And it is instructive to note, remarks the critic, that both are marked by brevity and severe sim-

licity of structure. "Brothers of No Kin," by Conrad Richter, published in *The Forum* for April, 1914, is adjudged the best short story of the year; and to "Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie," by Francis Buzzell, published in *The Century*, November, 1914 (reprinted in *CURRENT OPINION* last month), Mr. O'Brien awards second place. The next three best, in the order named, are Galworthy's "A Simple Tale" (*Scribner's*, December); Mary Synon's "The Bravest Son" (*Scribner's*, March); and Edith Wharton's "The Triumph of Night" (*Scribner's*, August). Together with these, Mr. O'Brien submits a list of the best sixteen stories of the year 1914, making a total of twenty-one stories that represent, he claims, the finest interweaving of art and substance that contemporary fiction offers. His list follows:

- "The Triple Mirror." By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. *Century*.
 "The Toad and the Jewel." By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. *Harper's*.
 "The Tortoise." By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. *Scribner's*.
 "The Dominant Strain." By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. *Scribner's*.
 "The Planter of Malata." By Joseph Conrad. *Metropolitan*.
 "Laughing Anne." By Joseph Conrad. *Metropolitan*.
 "A Twilight Adventure." By Melville Davisson Post. *Metropolitan*.
 "The Doomdorf Mystery." By Melville Davisson Post. *Saturday Evening Post*.
 "The Leopard of the Sea." By H. G. Dwight. *Atlantic*.
 "The Night School." By James Hopper. *Century*.
 "The Ishmaelite." By Elsie Singmaster. *Century*.
 "The Sandwich-Man." By John Luther Long. *Century*.
 "Daniel and Little Dan'l." By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. *Harper's*.
 "When the Devil Was Better." By Gouverneur Morris. *Metropolitan*.
 "Traitors Both." By Calvin Johnston. *Saturday Evening Post*.
 "Maje." By Armistead C. Gordon. *Scribner's*.

Mr. O'Brien not only indicates what are, in his opinion, the best short stories published by the eight magazines; he indicates also the percentage of stories of distinctive merit published in each. The results are illuminating. While the *Saturday Evening Post* is considered to have published the greatest number of short stories of all kinds, its percentage for merit is the lowest; and while *The Forum* published fewest, in percentage of merit it ranks second only to *Scribner's*. The magazines rank as follows:

1. *Scribner's Magazine*.....58%
2. *The Forum*.....56%
3. *The Century Magazine*.....52%
4. *The Metropolitan Magazine*.....52%
5. *Harper's Magazine*.....50%
6. *The Atlantic Monthly*.....26%
7. *Collier's Weekly*.....25%
8. *Saturday Evening Post*.....20%

Of the two hundred and twenty-nine stories selected as of merit and distinction, published during 1914, the distribution in the various periodicals was as follows:

- | | Stories |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. <i>Harper's Magazine</i> | 44 |
| 2. <i>Century Magazine</i> | 43 |
| 3. <i>Scribner's Magazine</i> | 32 |
| 4. <i>Metropolitan Magazine</i> | 30 |
| 5. <i>Saturday Evening Post</i> | 30 |



THE "NEW ART" CRITIC

The curved lines may subtly indicate that this gentleman whom George Luks has portrayed is "running rings around himself"—figuratively speaking—in coming into contact with some more than usually violent manifestation of "the modern movement."

6. *Collier's Weekly*.....29
 7. *The Forum*.....13
 8. *The Atlantic Monthly*..... 8

Mr. O'Brien is impressed by the high quality of fiction in five out of the eight magazines examined; but he has been struck by "the evidence of editorial prepossession consulted by most of the contributors" in all but two of these magazines. The exceptions are *Scrib-*

ner's and *The Forum*. These two, he thinks, permit their contributors the freest of intelligence:

"Few editors are so frank as the former editor of one of the magazines which I have considered, who is reported as having stated with pride in a public utterance: 'The magazine makes the contributors and the contributors make the magazine'; but the editor of another magazine which I have considered, and whose fiction standard it has been usual to accept

as very high, is wont to advise contributors of promise to study the kind of story which the magazine likes and submit stories of similar subject matter. That the disease is general among American editors few will deny. That it is fatal to the highest creative development is also sufficiently obvious. That the courage and faith of the editors of the two magazines whose policy is limited only by the art of fiction itself is abundantly justified, their high record during the past year will sufficiently attest."

THE REDISCOVERY OF AN UNSUSPECTED COMIC MASTERPIECE

WHO has ever heard of "The Spiritual Quixote," by Richard Graves? Probably only the most erudite students of English literature. Yet it was considered a great English novel in its day. Published first in 1773, during the next forty years it went through any number of editions. People supposed that it had taken its place among the British classics. In 1812 Mrs. Barbauld—an estimable lady now nearly forgotten except by bookworms—included it in her series of British novels.

And, indeed, "The Spiritual Quixote" is, in its way, one of the very best of English novels. So at least Havelock Ellis informs us in *The Nineteenth Century*, in an essay that ought to lead to the republication of this interesting book, that has been submerged for practically a century. Why was "The Spiritual Quixote" thrown aside and forgotten? asks Havelock Ellis. Largely, no doubt, he concludes, because it was shocking to the prim and rather serious tastes of the early Victorian period. Graves was a clergyman, it is true, "but the savor and vivacity of his humor, the occasional picaresque touch, the little audacities of expression, were not of the Victorian epoch, while his satire of religious extravagances . . . was positively dangerous ground in days when Methodism was firmly established and Evangelicalism was permeating the Church."

Mr. Ellis found a copy of the submerged "masterpiece" in an old farmhouse, and was immediately struck with its curiously modern note. But the credit of practically rediscovering Graves' work he assigns to the distinguished French critic, Marcel Schwob. Graves, it is interesting to learn, was practically submerged by the great romantic movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century. Readers of Sir Walter Scott could find little of interest in a writer who stood beside Fielding, Smollett and Sterne. These three survived the tidal wave of romantic fiction only by virtue of reputations that had already been labori-

ously and solidly established. Graves was modest and retiring. As a consequence he did not survive the inundation.

Richard Graves wrote by native instinct, to please himself, "to record his judgments of men and things, to revive sweet memories, to find consolation amid the cares of old age." At the age of fifty-eight, almost the same age at which Cervantes published his immortal romance, the British author published his comic romance (in three volumes) anonymously. Its full title is "The Spiritual Quixote; or, the Summer's Ramble of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose: A Comic Romance." Havelock Ellis thus describes the book:

"'The Spiritual Quixote' follows, tho with no slavish imitation, the classic model furnished by Cervantes. That is to say, we have the central figure, stirred by a too highly strung idealistic impulse, to sally forth on a great mission—in Wildgoose's case the restoration of primitive Christianity. We have his faithful, uncouth, earthly-minded servant; we have the variegated adventures, serious and comic, of this pair; we have the long interspersed narrative episodes, often of considerable interest and skilfully introduced.

"Wildgoose, the spiritual Quixote, a young country gentleman living with his mother, on his return from the university, is moved to religious enthusiasm, partly by reading old Puritan literature, partly by the arrival at his village of some strolling preachers. He becomes a preacher himself, and in order to gain further spiritual illumination he sets forth to find Whitefield, taking with him, in the capacity of servant, the village cobbler, Jerry Tugwell. At an early stage of his adventures Wildgoose falls in with a young lady who has been compelled to run away from home. This distressed damsel, Julia Townsend, arouses Wildgoose's chivalrous feelings, and his quest eventually becomes the quest of love. It is Julia Townsend whom at the end he finds, and he settles down in his native village reconciled to the Church and to a life of normal and benevolent activity.

"Graves concludes with a moral which forecasts that of Wilhelm Meister, who, like Saul the son of Kish, went forth to

seek his father's asses and found a kingdom: 'Providence frequently makes use of our passions, our errors, and even our youthful follies, to promote our welfare and conduct us to happiness.'"

Among the great novels of the eighteenth century, Havelock Ellis writes, "The Spiritual Quixote" stands in a class by itself. Fielding and Smollett were professional men of letters. They wrote to earn their living, belonging to a transitional stage "when the man of letters who lived to write was giving place to the man of letters who wrote to live, a disastrous change which has produced results we know."

"Graves wrote to amuse himself. That is doubtless the secret of his wayward ease. That is why every page of his book is readable. He has all the levity which we miss in his stolid predecessors. If we compare 'The Spiritual Quixote' with 'Joseph Andrews' or 'Humphrey Clinker'—which are probably the novels of Fielding and Smollett most easily lending themselves to this comparison—we note not only that Graves's book is much more various but that it is more modern. It presents us, indeed, with no single figure that stands out so memorably as Parson Adams, and it cannot rival Smollett's masterpiece for sustained brilliance and caustic wit; but, unlike them, it is never heavy and it is never brutal. Graves's mental alertness, his unfailing humor, here serve him well, while his genial love of men, altogether distinct from Fielding's humanitarian philanthropy, becomes naturally translated into urbanity. This observant yet indulgent humor, one notes, is that of the cleric, and Graves may perhaps in this respect remind us of another cleric, his contemporary, the Rev. Laurence Sterne, and still more, I think, of Goldsmith, a cleric's son, who has immortalized himself by delineating clerical life. A more delicate masterpiece than Graves's comic romance, tho on a very much smaller scale, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' published only seven years earlier, is probably the only novel of that age at all allied to 'The Spiritual Quixote.' Graves's romance has something of the same tender levity . . . while it also reveals a mature breadth and variety which were outside the scope of Goldsmith's immortal little story."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

THE Napoleonic wars were followed by the early Victorian period in art, with what seems to us now like a very inane sentimentality and a strong swing toward extreme romanticism. History never repeats itself. We shall never, it is probable, revert to the inanities of that period; but, unless we are mistaken, a reaction has already set in, as a result of the war, away from the freakishness of ultra-modern art and literature, and toward a higher seriousness and a deeper sincerity. It is manifest in American as well as in British poetry. The note of decadence has for the time being almost disappeared and even the note of social revolution is now directed almost entirely against war and the war-lords. The sense of the instability of life and the groping toward some power not ourselves that makes for righteousness grow more and more evident as the world we have known so long reels in the shock of battle. Emerson's essay on Compensation may still be read with appreciation, in spite of the horrors that dwell in the headlines.

At least one of our poets sees a beneficent side to war and is bold enough to sing in praise of it. We take the following fine double sonnet from the new magazine, the *Midland*, "a Magazine of the Middle West":

KATHARSIS.

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

WHO pray for calm, abhorring
flood and fire
Would shun the purging and
espouse the blight.
Lo, in the marshland where the tempest's
might
Has raged not, how life's meaner forms
aspire!
How breeds and skitters in the fetid mire
Spawn reminiscent of the primal light!
What saturnalias of the parasite
Where corpse-lights ape the elemental
fire!

Disaster, riding on a thunder-smoke,
Serpents of flame upon his forehead set,
Hurls the black legions of cyclonic strife!
We trace his progress by the shattered
oak,
Bewail the wasted centuries—and yet,
The land shall quicken to a cleaner life.

They do but take the ancient bath again,
And shall emerge unto a saner peace.
Lo, how they made a fetch of caprice,
And worshipped with aberrant brush and
pen!

What false dawns summoned by the
crowing hen!
How toiled the lean to batten the obese!
What straying from the sanity of Greece
While yet her seers and bards were fight-
ing-men!

A canting generation, smug in greed,

With neurasthenic shudders, suavely
wroth,
Bemoans the ruin of Icarian wings!
Lo, latent in its luxury, the Mede;
Potential in bland cruelties, the Goth—
Stern teachers of the fundamental things.

One of the finest poems on the other
side of war—on its cruelty and pathos
—appears in the *N. Y. World*:

"WILLOW, WILLOW."

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

It is said that England lacks cradles, the best
willow for the purpose growing in Belgium.

WILLOW, willow, river-willow—
you for cradles counted
best,

Hear you not that England's
babies lack their wanted cozy nest—
Lack the springy woven basket, with the
white hood overhead,
Shielding happily a little sleeper in a
snowy bed?"

"All in vain you call the willow. For
we willows now are found
Bending with our load of sorrows—stoop-
ing till we sweep the ground!
None there are to trim our branches or
to braid the pliant strand—
All the willows now are weeping in the
stricken Flemish land!

"Spring comes fearing—and retireth!
Blight on every budding branch!
Men and trees and soil are bleeding from
a wound Spring cannot stanch.
If our buds we could push forward, they
would crimson be—not green,
For there's crimson on the rivers to
whose shuddering lips we lean!

"England, England, if our springy osiers
you would have again,
Haste, and lend your strength unto us,
for we strive to rise in vain.
Cradles have we none for babies—none
with pleasant sleep and dreams—
All the willows now are weeping by the
haunted Flemish streams!"

"Willows, willows, river-willows, England
heeds your long lament;
All her hearts of oaken fibre to your
lifting shall be lent;
England strikes for you untiring, till up-
right again you stand—
Till no more the willows shall be weep-
ing in the Flemish land!"

The sense of our own national peril
is apparent in the stanzas which we
find in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

INVOCATION.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

THOU whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or stream of
suns,

And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,

Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and
warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mail,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

Mr. Johnson strikes the same note of
high patriotic purpose in his recent
poem in the *North American Review*.
It is too long and it is not as well or-
ganized as it might be; but it has a
noble dignity in its lines and is finely
conceived. We publish only about one-
fourth of it:

THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS

(Revisited in Vacation)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

TREAD soft, intruding step!—This
empty haunt
Of swirling crowds has sanctity
of grief;
Precincts of sadness are these marble
halls—
The silent crypts of far and turbulent
years.
These stairways have been treadmills of
despair,
Runways of greed these narrow pas-
sages—
The skirmish-lines of battles fought with-
in,
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, strug-
gled on
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls
And give us back the record that they
bear,—
These phonographs of sorrow, where are
writ,
In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds
Not louder than the falling of a tear
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies;
The embrasured window's furtive inter-
view;
The guarded plot; the treacherous prom-
ise given;
The tragedy that here was masked as
hope.
Here the dark powers conspired, using as
bribes
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friend-
ship, love.
Here many who came with dawn upon
the brow,

A voice of confidence, a knightly port,
Noble expectancy in every step,
Their own ambition with their country's,
one,
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the
stars,
Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of
routine,
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,
Into that pleasant land of Compromise
That neighbors Hell. . . .

What Iliads of siege these walls could
tell!
What shattered lines a hundred times
retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the
swords,
Now by the shields, of some sworn group
of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathed victory!
What single combats while the hosts
looked on!
What hopes forlorn that failed so glori-
ously
That History dropped her stylus to
admire!

Any song-bird can sing triumphantly
when the sun is shining and all nature
rejoicing; but it takes a true-blue song-
bird to sing triumphantly in dark and
lowering weather. Mrs. Wilcox has
never put into her poetry more of
steadfast courage and lofty faith than
in these days of national cataclysms.
We find this in the N. Y. *Evening*
Journal:

THE GLORY OF BEING ALIVE

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ON a bleak bold hill, with a bold
world under,
The dreary world of the com-
mon-place,
I have stood when the whole world
seemed a blunder
Of dotard time in an aimless race.
With worry about me and want before
me,
Yet deep in my soul was a rapture
spring,
That made me cry to the gray sky o'er
me,
Oh, I know this life is a goodly thing.

I have given sweet years to a thankless
duty,
When cold and starving, tho clothed
and fed,
For a young heart's hunger for joy and
beauty
Is harder to bear than the need of
bread.
I have watched the wane of a sodden
season
Which let hope wither and made care
thrive,
And through it all without earthly reason
I have thrilled with the glory of being
alive.

And now I stand by the great sea's
splendor,
Where love and beauty feed heart and
eye,
The brilliant light of the sun grows
tender

As it slants to the shore of the By and
By.
I count each hour as a golden treasure,
A bead time drops from a slender
string,
And all my ways are the ways of pleasure,
And I know this life is a goodly thing.

And I know, too, that not in the seeing
Or having or doing the things we
would
Lies that deep rapture that comes from
being
At one with the purpose that makes all
good.
And not from pleasure the harp may
borrow
That vast contentment for which we
strive,
Unless through trouble and want and
sorrow
It has thrilled with the glory of being
alive.

The same strain of buoyancy and
elation is heard in a poem in the
Youth's Companion. It has the singing
note and is filled with the joy of life:

A TOAST.

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

HERE'S to the old Earth, and here's
to all that's in her,
To the soil of her, and the toil
of her, and the valiant souls
that win her;
To the hope she holds, and the gift she
grants, her hazards and her prizes,
To the face of her, and the grace of her,
and all her swift surprises.

Here's to her mighty dawns, with rose and
golden splendor;
To the heights of her, and the nights of
her, her springs and their surrender;
Her storms and her frozen seas, and the
mystic stars above her,
The fear of her, and the cheer of her, and
all the brave that love her.

Here's to her valleys warm, with their
little homes to cherish;
The gleam of her, and the dream of her,
and the loves that flower and perish;
To her cities rich and gray, with their
stern life-chorus ringing,
The noise of her, and the joys of her,
and the sighs beneath the singing.

Here's to her endless youth, her deaths
and her reviving;
The soul of her, and the goal of her, that
keeps her ever striving;
Her little smiling flowers, and her com-
forting grass and clover,
And the rest of her on the breast of her
when striving days are over.

Here's to the old Earth, with all her
countless chances;
The heart of her, and the art of her, her
frowns and tender glances;
With all her dear familiar ways that held
us from the starting;
Long might to her! And good night to
her, when the hour is struck for
parting.

The following poem borders close
upon poetic heresy. Nothing is more
orthodox than the notion that the vaga-
bond is the true darling of the Muses.
All the poets have said so at one time
or another and sung envious lines in
his praise. Joyce Kilmer (in the *Sun-
day Magazine*) says no:

ROOFS.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THE road is wide and the stars are
out and the breath of the night
is sweet,
And this is the time when wander-
lust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road
and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors
for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really
liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world
and not to have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last
night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another
place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with
canvas overhead;
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is
time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease
so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to
keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond, I think
you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he
takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as
every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes,
the homes to which it goes!

They say that life is a highway and its
milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate
where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it
stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a golden Town
where golden Houses are.

A melodious and charming little
song of domestic love is this from the
Independent:

EVENSONG.

BY WINIFRED WELLES.

LAY aside your tools of labor, for
the day is at its ending,
Mind and soul and body all are
clamoring to be free.
Put away to-day's misfortune and to-
morrow's fresh intending,
Turn your footsteps through the city
home to me.

Far beyond the noisome pavements where
the lights gleam gold and gay,
Like swollen bubbles bobbing down the
canyons of the street,

I await your weary spirit as it wings its
eager way
On the pinions of your longing strong
and fleet.

There my arms that ache with tenderness
shall hold you to my breast—
Old loves have been, new loves may be,
but never love like this—
There the heart of me shall keep you for
its deepest and its best,
And your griefs shall be forgotten in
my kiss.

Shall it matter if the trysts we hold are
ever in our dreaming?
Shall we yearn in vain for things we
know can never, never be?
Sweeter far than worlds that are, the
secret world of only seeming.
When at dusk I feel you coming home
to me.

The poem which we reprint below
has been published by the author for
private circulation. It was inspired by
the loss of a little daughter ten years
of age and it will make a poignant—

but not too poignant—appeal to all who
have undergone a similar experience.
We have taken certain liberties with
the poem for which we apologize in
advance. We have not, of course,
changed any of the lines, but we have
omitted four stanzas and transposed
two others.

REMEMBERING.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

IN THE twilight gloom of your own
white room,
I listen to hear you stir,
And I look for you when a door
swings to,
In a place where you never were.

I look for you in the first faint hue
Which the earliest springtime wears,
And I search the maze of the golden haze
Which the opulent autumn bears.

I look in the spray of the Milky Way,
I search in the violet's nook,

I gaze in the mild, sweet eyes of a child,
And oh! were it but your look!

I have sought, I have sought, but have
found you not;
I am bruised by the blind, blank wall;
And yet, dearest one, tho found in none,
I have found you in them all!

For wherever is hint, be it tone or tint,
Of the beautiful, good, or true,
Afair or at hand, on sea or on land,
There is something which speaks of
you.

You have made your home in the field
and foam;
You are flecked in the sunlight's ray;
You are part of the dark where my heart
is a-hark,
As the aging Night grows gray.

You are part of my innermost life, dear
heart,
And are part of the uttermost star.
You are one with the sod and the soul
of God,
And because you have been, you are.

HUMAN "SUBMARINES" IN THE ZONE OF EUROPEAN WAR—A STORY FROM BELGIUM

[On a train in Belgium, Ernest Poole made a discovery. There are "submarines" in the German army as well as in the navy. They are men who are quietly working to infuse discontent with the war—with all war. He tells of them in *The Masses*. Thrown out of a second-class car by an influx of soldiers, he pleaded in vain for a seat in the first-class car. Nothing availed until he produced the printed seating-list of a dinner the night before given by the chief of staff. The list had his name on it. He was promptly ushered into a first-class compartment.]

I WAS almost alone. The one other
man I took at first for a young Ger-
man officer—with a mean cold in his
head. For over his gray field suit he wore
a green muffler that swathed his neck and
almost covered his shoulders. The train
started and we lit cigarets.

"You are an American?" he began in
excellent English.

"Yes."

"A correspondent?"

"Yes."

"How did you get in this car?"

I told him of the menu-card and it
seemed to tickle him vastly.

"And I also am here by a little trick."
He pulled off his muffler and revealed the
fact that there were no stripes on his
shoulders. "You see I am only a private,"
he said. "But with this I pass as an of-
ficer, and so I get a seat in here. How
do you say in America? Graft?"

"You graft a first-class compartment,"
I said. I began to like him. I liked the
twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Well, and what do you think of the
war?" he asked.

"It's interesting," I replied. He blew
some smoke.

"Be frank with me—quite. I'm no
Chauvinist."

"It's damnable," I confided.

"I am very pleased to meet you. I have
been very lonely," he said.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"A soldier."

"Who were you?"

"A playwright."

"Where from?"

"Hamburg. I wrote plays which were
not acted." I drew nearer.

"So did I write plays," I told him.

"Did you? Were they acted?"

"Some of them were." His face fell.

"Oh."

"But they failed. They made no
money."

"Ah! I find that splendid! Let us talk
about plays," he said.

STRINDBERG was his favorite. He
liked Oscar Wilde and Synge, and he
talked of certain German writers I
had never heard of. Sudermann and
Hauptmann were both hopelessly bour-
geois.

"Do you know," he said, "in three
months I have never talked of art. I have
not even thought. My mind has been
dead. It has been drowned in this silly
war. I shall recall this hour with you as
a light, a spot-light in the dark."

"Thanks. I'll do the same," I said.

"We're a couple of lonely travelers."

"We are," he agreed. "What has war
produced? Dead bodies, blood and hatred
—and not even hatred well expressed. I
have searched the papers and magazines
for one good poem, one passable story,
one real piece of writing—but no. I find
only cheap rubbish and sentiment. The
most awful patriotic bosh."

"Tut, tut," I gravely admonished. "Can
it be that you are no patriot?"

"I am a patriot," he declared. "I can
think of no more dismal prospect than to
abolish nationalities and all talk Espe-
ranto. What a flat, hideous future for art.
No. I want to stay German. And as a
German I want to compete with French-
men, Russians, English, with Swedes and
Norwegians, with Turcos and Americans
—forgive me, I am speaking of plays.
But all this silly nonsense about white
papers and red blood, what is it? What
does it decide? Shall I tell you? It de-
cides for us that every little lieutenant is
God—not only here but in England and
France. He is God of us all to whom we
bow down—forgive me again. I should
say salute. He is to be our God for
years. Around him will be written plays
that make a man sick to think about, and
by him and his standards the crowd will
be a hundredfold more ignorant and bru-
talized than they were before the war.
They will be worse than bourgeois—they
will cultivate prize-fighters' souls. And I
feel bitter against all this—and bitter
against bloodshed—bitter against machine
guns, howitzers, French Seventy-fives! I
am against all this bloody farce! And my
bitterness does me no good at all. It is an
ocean and I am drowned. I am a sub-
marine far down. And my engine is
stalled—I cannot rise."

"Are there many like you in Germany?"
I asked.

HE made a despairing gesture. "Did I not tell you," he demanded, "this is my first real talk in three months?"

I leaned over to him.

"Have another cigaret," I said. "I've been hunting for you, brother; that's the main reason why I came. I've been in England and Germany hunting around for submarines."

"Well? And have you found some?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes. Not many, but a few—and those few damned lonesome."

"And their engines stalled."

"Oh, no, they're not all dead ones yet—things may be happening pretty soon."

"What things?" he asked me hungrily.

But the train was slowing down. Outside in the dreary rain a long bleak line of buildings slid slowly past the window—shattered buildings, ghastly hulks of what had once been houses. And a voice called out, "Louvain."

"This is where I get off," he said. "From here I must take another train to the village where I am stationed. Good-by. Good luck to the submarines. Keep on traveling."

"I will."

A MOMENT later, with a rush, some six or eight peasant soldiers scrambled up into the compartment. They were wet and muddy and worn. And in less than five minutes, on the seat where the writer had sat and talked of Strindberg and Oscar Wilde, five mud-bedraggled men in a row sat, with mouths open, fast asleep. I felt as tho that ocean had swept over me again.

I stayed submerged for some hours crowded into a corner. Finally I fell into a doze. When I awoke they were still asleep—all but one.

He did not look like a peasant—he looked more like a factory hand. At once I watched him closer, for I thought I had seen his type before. There was something so lean and hungry, so intensely eager in his eyes. He did not notice me watching him, for he himself with an almost strained intensity was studying the faces of these peasant comrades with whom he had been thrown. He seemed to study them one by one. He pulled a newspaper from his pocket and read for half an hour, then he studied the faces again.

Presently we stopped at a station and in the commotion they all awoke. Some looked out of the window. In a few moments the train went on, and now the group began to talk.

At the start the talk was general. First it was about the next meal. At which station would they be fed? Then there was talk of trenches, of deep mud and water, and someone told of a bayonet charge in which he had killed ten Frenchmen. Then followed some jokes about a spade. Someone in the German trenches, it

seemed, held up a spade every morning, and presently from the French trenches an answering spade appeared, whereupon both French and Germans climbed out of their holes and there was a truce of ten minutes—one of the toilet arrangements of war. Later came talk about trench food. Finally somebody wondered how long the war was going to last.

And then the lean-faced man, the watcher, began to talk to these comrades whose faces he had studied so carefully one by one. His talk at first was careful, too.

"We're a hard crowd of fellows to beat," he declared, and to this the others promptly agreed. "But so are the French and English," he added.

"No," said a peasant, "not the English. They are pigs and bastards!"

"But they can fight," the man went on, "and I think the war will last for years. And when it is over what will we get out of it?"

HE talked about war taxes. He asked each peasant what tax he had paid on his farm before the war. Then he said the taxes would be doubled for years to come, and the longer the war lasted the longer and the heavier would be the taxes to be paid.

"But that is not our Kaiser's fault," said a stout, good-natured peasant. "It is the fault of England and the French and Russians. Don't you know they started the war, the devils?"

"Their governments did," said the lean-faced man. "But I've talked with some of those fellows when we took them prisoners. The French are good fellows like ourselves."

"Yes, they are good fellows," the good-natured peasant agreed.

"And they did not start the war. In Russia the Czar, he started it off, because the workmen up in Petersburg were making him trouble. They even had barricades in the streets. So he started the war to stop their strikes. And in France it was the fat Catholic priests and all the rich people who want a king. In England I read in the papers that they have had a hard time over there to get their workmen to enlist."

"They are cowards," said a peasant.

"Yes, but they did not start the war. I tell you this war was started by a lot of fat rich people. And we are the fellows who have to get killed. And if we don't get killed, by God, we will have to pay war taxes! And think of the widows we'll have to help. All the fellows who are killed are leaving in every village widows and old mothers and little brats who will have to be fed. And the village will have to feed them. And that will mean more taxes. And the longer all this fighting goes on, the more taxes we will have to pay."

All the faces were gloomy now. The good-natured peasant tried to joke but got no response.

"Well, we're in for it," somebody growled.

"All the same," said the lean-faced man. "I'll be glad when there's peace. I'll be glad when we all jump up out of the trenches and all the French fellows do the same—and we all run across and shake hands with each other."

"That will be fine," said the good-natured peasant. "We'll do it as soon as the war is over."

"Some fellows *have done it*," the speaker replied.

"What?"

"Some fellow told me that where he was our men held up spades and the French did the same—and then they ran out and all shook hands. And they did like this at the trenches." He made a face, at which they all laughed. But the laugh soon stopped and there was a tense silence.

"You can't do that to your officers," growled one man uneasily.

"It is a lie and it never happened," said another peasant. "You are just making it up."

"Perhaps it is a lie," said the speaker. "But that is what the fellow said."

HE threw a vigilant glance along the row of faces.

"And when you come to think of it," he continued quietly, "it is not so bad, what those fellows did. You must obey your officers—because this is war—and if we fellows didn't obey, everything would be all mixed up—and the French would charge and kill us all. But if whole regiments everywhere jumped out of the trenches, as he said, and all the Frenchmen did the same and we met in the middle of the field—then there would be war no more—and no need of officers."

There was a long, uneasy silence.

"I don't like this talk," muttered the good-natured peasant. "It is not good to talk of this."

"You are right, brother," another growled. "You will get us all into trouble," he said, turning angrily to the speaker. "Look out."

"Oh, there's no trouble," the speaker replied. "I just told you what that fellow said. Perhaps he was wrong and perhaps he was right. Let's talk about something else instead."

The talk ran to other things. The old jokes and stories of blood and steel, the old boastings of butchery, all went on. But through it all from time to time I noticed two or three of the group would grow silent and frown and stare intensely out of the window, apparently thinking of something hard.

The lean-faced man had resumed his paper with a relieved expression, as tho he had put through his job for the day.

It is pleasant in such traveling, where you feel submerged in this ocean of war, to meet these submarines now and then.

His engine is not stalled.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

FITTING MEN TO BECOME LEADERS IN BUSINESS

FOR a man to win an executive position with us," says F. S. Cunningham, an executive of Butler Brothers, "he must possess the natural qualifications of ambition, initiative and executive ability. And the latter quality must be of the double-X brand. We keep a close watch on the various members of our force and place under special observation those whose work shows the essential vital spark. In some cases we prepare a man to fill an executive position in the future, altho he does not know that we are doing so. Then when the time comes we promote him on the spot. We believe to a large extent in promotion on a sink-or-swim basis. Unless a man can quickly rise to the requirements of his new position, he is not cut out to be an executive. He lacks in some degree the basic qualifications of an executive, namely, the ability to quickly adjust himself to constantly changing conditions. And the sooner we learn this, the better for us both. If we find that we have erred in our judgment of a man, we lose no time in transferring him to another position, and we try again.

"In some businesses it may be advisable to start a man in at the bottom and promote him along civil service lines. This plan, however, does not find favor with us. We have tried it and have found that it tends to destroy rather than develop initiative. It also possesses the disadvantage of lack of flexibility. A need may suddenly arise for a man for a certain position, and a promotion system along regular routine lines may not have developed a man competent to fill the vacancy. And consequently the business suffers severely for the want of the right man.

"We know of no better way to develop leadership in a man than to suddenly throw responsibility on him and to leave him more or less to work out his own salvation. If he has the right stuff in him it will come out, and instead of his being smothered by his job he will soon be on top of it. Most men work at low mental efficiency, simply because the need has never arisen for them to call upon their reserve forces. We aim to develop men by making it necessary for them to use all their powers to the utmost. We have met with remarkable success along these lines.

"A man is not necessarily promoted in the same department in which he is now working. Because he is working in a certain department it does not follow that he is best fitted for that line of work. In making promotions we are not bound by any routine lines. We often suddenly transfer a man to more important work in a department radically different from the one in which he is now working. We believe in the maxim that 'Many a good salesman is tied down to a bookkeeper's desk' in its most liberal sense. As we know of no sure way to tell just what line of work a man is best fitted for, the only way is to judge men according to our own experience, take a chance, and trust to luck. If we fall down, we try again until we get the right man in the right job.

"While we promote our present employees whenever possible, we are not bound by any hard and fast rules in this connection. If we feel that an outsider is better fitted to fill a certain position, then we get an outsider. This policy, we have found, results in greater all-around efficiency in our business. It is seldom necessary, however, for us to get outsiders to fill executive positions. With such a large number of men as we have to choose from we can usually discover the right man in our regular staff."

The problem of finding and developing executives is an important one. It has always existed since business grew out of the one-man stage. Small businesses are confronted with the problem the same as large institutions. And many a business is held back from achieving greater success simply because the owner or head cannot find the right man or men to whom he can delegate responsibility.

The larger the business, the greater the need for men with executive ability. A business can grow only as the members of its staff grow. To find men with the ability to think months or years ahead, to boss details instead of letting details boss them, and to inspire their assistants to more efficient effort, is a real problem. Business as a whole is situated very much like certain armies in Europe. Of the rank and file, there are plenty. But of officers, or executives, there is a dearth. To train men to perform routine work is a comparatively simple matter. It can be

done with anyone possessed of normal faculties, who is willing to study and work. But to produce executives is by no means simple. Training will not make an executive—it will only develop him. Unless he has the necessary mental groundwork, all the training in the world will avail nothing. The one great problem is to find men that are executives in embryo and then to put them through a course of sprouts to bring out all that is in them.

"Of equal if not greater importance than picking a man capable of executive development," says C. A. Johnson, President, Gisholt Machine Company, "is the method used in developing him. Many a promising executive is killed off simply because he is not handled in the right way. We have found that a liberal attitude toward men that are being developed into executives produces the greatest number of successes with a minimum of fall-downs.

"Having selected what we think is the right man for the job, we give him to clearly understand what is expected of him. We carefully avoid any suggestion of luring a man on with 'future talk,' but put it up to him in a plain, businesslike way that his making good will automatically bring its own reward. These preliminaries over, we start the man in his new position and begin to unload responsibility on him gradually. We have found that the heroic method of suddenly throwing entire responsibility on a newly promoted man fails as often as it succeeds. To some men it acts as an added incentive; others it snows under. They become overawed with their responsibility and consequently fail to make good. Hence we believe in gradual development obtained by increasing the burden as fast as a man shows his ability to handle the mental load.

"While we leave a man to work out his own success in his own way, we do not cut him adrift entirely. We give him to understand that he is not expected to perform miracles and that it is nothing against him to go to his chief for counsel on difficult problems. This policy, we have found, often helps a man out of a tight place and saves him from making costly mistakes.

"In our business the problem of developing executives splits itself into two parts: first, executives for the office; second, executives for our ma-

chine shops. The foregoing covers fully our policy of developing office executives. The question of developing executives for the mechanical end of our business calls for entirely different treatment, however. We are constantly in need of skilled foremen for positions in our own shops as well as those of our customers. We tried the usual methods of hiring foremen in the open market, but results were far from satisfactory. While the men were on the whole thoroly competent, most of them ran in a mental rut and lacked the ability to adapt themselves to new conditions and to grow with the business.

"To overcome this difficulty we tried the plan of operating a training course for foremen. For a number of years we experimented along this line. Results were so satisfactory that we have now standardized our methods, and operate the plan as a regular part of our business. In brief, we will take any promising man between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, who has had at least three years' experience in handling machine tools, and train him in our plant to fill a position as foreman. We place very little importance on a man's education or previous experience. As long as he can speak English fairly accurately, is acquainted with machine tools, and is in good health, he is eligible. Only one thing do we insist upon, and that is that a man possess the vital spark, which, translated, means ambition to a marked degree, coupled with an open mind, and willingness to study and work hard.

"This course of training differs from the usual corporation school idea in that it is designed to develop leaders of men instead of routine workers. Men who take the course are thrown on their own responsibility to a large degree. We aim to develop initiative and to suggest ideas rather than to instruct them in cut-and-ried methods. There is no suggestion of a school in the plan. Men are hired as regular employees, placed at practical, every-day work in our shops, and paid standard rates for their work. The time required to complete the course depends on a man's previous experience and natural aptitude. The minimum time is six months, and the maximum one year.

"At the completion of the course each man who has successfully filled all requirements is either given a position with us or with one of our customers. In the latter case his railroad fare is paid to the city to which he is sent, and the fare he paid to reach our plant in Madison, Wis., is refunded to him. He is guaranteed at least the same hourly rate as he received while taking the course. The position in which he is placed depends entirely on his capabilities and ranges from expert machine operator up to foreman. We keep in close touch with all graduates of the

course and post them on the latest practices in their line of work.

"This plan has completely solved one of our most difficult problems—that of developing experienced, potential shop-department executives for positions in our own plants as well as in those of our customers, fast enough to meet a steadily growing demand. These men are known the country over as 'Gisholt Grads.'"

It is often said that a big business not only has no human personality but that its individual members also lose their personality. This is undoubtedly true in some cases. The larger the business the greater the problem of keeping in touch with its individual members and of dealing with them as human beings instead of as machines. The importance of this problem is fully realized by leaders in "big business," and they are exerting themselves constantly to get into their organizations the human touch that exists in small firms.

One firm that has gone a long way toward achieving this ideal condition is Montgomery Ward & Co. Robert Thorne, President of the company, expressed himself as follows:

"It is our fixed policy to keep forty future executives in training all the time. This work of training is done through our efficiency department, which keeps a close watch on the work of the various members of our organization. These people, however, do not know that they are being trained for more important positions. As fast as our records indicate that a certain man or woman shows unusual aptitude, he or she is placed under special observation. Difficulties are placed in their way, and special work is given to them in the regular course of their duties simply to see how they handle themselves. Then when a need arises for an executive, our efficiency records are carefully gone over to see who is the right person for the position.

"On our efficiency records is noted not only how a man ranks in his work but also his personal characteristics. All men can not be handled alike. Some have to be let alone; others led; others encouraged; and others driven. It is only in rare cases, however, that we resort to driving tactics, as we have found that the average man or woman wants to make good as much as we want them to. The great majority of people quickly respond to kindness, sympathy and practical encouragement.

"When a man is promoted to another position his new chief is advised how best to handle him. This is usually done by his late chief and our efficiency man going to his new chief and talking it over. By following this plan, rarely does a newly promoted man fall down. We place great emphasis on the importance of handling men and women

according to their natural characteristics.

"By far the best developer of initiative and executive ability that we have found is that of throwing responsibility on a man. If handled rightly and thoroly trained in the groundwork of their duties, most men will quickly rise to their new responsibilities. That is if they have the right 'stuff' in them. And the purpose of our efficiency department is to discover people that possess this essential 'stuff.' This unloading of responsibility works in another way, too—it quickly shows a man's weak points as well as his strong points. Most weaknesses, we have found, can be overcome by the right treatment. A few words of kindly encouragement and suggestion will do wonders toward building up a man."

At this point in the interview, Mr. Thorne stopped to talk to a young man who had just entered his office. Not more than a dozen words passed between them. As the young man left the office, Mr. Thorne said: "There is an example of what I have been telling you. That young man is now under observation for future promotion. He is a remarkably capable worker, but one thing holds him back—he has not yet learned the value of time. He walked from the extreme end of this floor simply to tell me something that he could have telephoned from his desk just as well. But he'll learn—he can't be expected to excel in everything. The value of time will come to him later."

Then Mr. Thorne, without prompting, took up the thread of our talk exactly where it had been broken when the young man claimed his attention. One thing that I've noticed in particular in talking with "big men" is their ability to break off a conversation, attend to other matters, and then resume it in just the right place without any "Let's see—what were we talking about?" questions.

"No matter what weaknesses a man may show, he is never discharged from our employ. We believe that every man wants to succeed and do right. If he fails in certain directions, we consider it as his misfortune rather than his fault. He is taken in hand in a kindly way and shown how to overcome his weaknesses. We have developed many good men who at the start fell short of our standards. If a man repeatedly fails to make good in his work he is transferred to another department. We have found, too, that a man often fails to make good simply because he is trying to handle work for which he is not fitted by natural temperament. In extreme cases where we are obliged to let a man go, we find him a position with another firm, instead of discharging him. It has also been our experience that men who failed to make good with us have since won out in other lines, and vice versa.

"The problem of developing leadership in men is one of the most important in business. It is also one of the most interesting. There's a great amount of

satisfaction in seeing a man gradually broaden out under one's direction. From a purely business standpoint, the proper developing of men pays big dividends.

The growth of a business is limited only by the brain power of its executives, and time and effort spent in developing men shows its results on the profit side."

A FLANK MOVEMENT ON THE PROFIT-SHARING COUPON SYSTEM

A SCORE or more large retail concerns, headed by Marshall Field & Company of Chicago and Macy & Company of New York, have declared war on the profit-sharing or premium-slip system. In an announcement issued by Marshall Field & Company it was stated that in the future they will not sell any merchandise, either in their retail or wholesale departments, which includes profit-sharing coupons. Immediately, a number of other large retailers in other cities followed suit.

The National Retail Dry-Goods Association, composed of merchants who do not believe that coupons are consistent with good business methods, has renewed its attack on this form of advertising. This organization is about four years old and has a membership of nearly 350 department stores in all parts of the country. Its officers claim that the business of its members aggregates more than \$500,000,000 annually.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at their meeting in New York last month, passed resolutions opposing the "alleged profit-distributing coupon plans and similar schemes," asserting that they had attained a growth which made them "a menace to legitimate business." These resolutions conclude with the remark that "the best interests, not only of the newspapers of the country but of all business enterprises, are not served by such methods of exploitation."

THE coupon system itself is so old that no one knows when it originated. Its ramifications began with the discounts for cash, which have been a trade custom from time immemorial. Our ancestry was familiar with the "baker's dozen," sometimes known as lagniappe; and our grandparents were educated to expect presents of chromos with each pound of tea, and other premiums with various purchases of merchandise. From those the system has grown until it is asserted that the profits to the concerns that manufacture and sell trading-stamps and the other forms of premium slips amount to more than \$100,000,000 a year.

Twenty years ago the present forms of trading-stamps made their appearance and were sold to merchants in quantities. The aim was to encourage cash business, and stamps amounting to a certain percentage of each sale were given by the merchant to his cus-

tomers. Merchants who thought it was an opportunity to "put something over" on their competitors were quick to adopt this plan. The customer was supplied with a book into which to paste the stamps, and when the book was filled it could be redeemed for a piece of bric-a-brac or a piece of furniture upon presentation to the trading-stamp company. In a great many homes, especially in the smaller cities and towns, housewives will show you something "which didn't cost a cent; we got it with trading-stamps."

The use of trading-stamps was not confined to any one line of business nor was it limited to the smaller merchants. Houghton & Dutton, one of the large department stores in Boston, made a feature of trading-stamps. In their advertising they emphasized their stamp offers. As the stamps came into general use there was the same competition which has always existed in business; double and triple offerings were made. Then there was a reaction among the merchants. Everybody in the trade was offering stamps of some form or other, and, instead of stimulating new business, the system became an added expense or tax. Neighboring merchants banded together to abolish the stamp. Associations were formed for the purpose of securing legislation which would make trading-stamps illegal. In some states laws were passed, only to be declared unconstitutional.

NEW companies were formed and new forms of stamps were issued. In some instances the companies agreed to redeem the stamps with cash instead of premiums. A book containing stamps representing purchases amounting to one hundred dollars would be redeemed at two dollars and fifty cents in cash, and really amounted to a cash discount of two and a half per cent. Enormous profits were secured by the concerns that manufactured and sold the stamps to the merchants, because only a fraction of the stamps sold and distributed were ever returned to the companies issuing them—this being true with both premium trading-stamps and cash trading-stamps.

Some large retail concerns, especially those operating chain stores, have issued premium slips of their own, thus eliminating the trading-stamp premium houses and effecting a large saving. The United Cigar Stores Company is

no doubt largely responsible for the widespread use of premium slips, and so general has the plan become that the tobacco business may fairly be said to be committed to this plan of merchandizing.

A year ago, thirty-eight independent manufacturers of cigars and tobacco, located in fourteen different states, made an attack on the system and introduced four bills to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. A large volume of testimony was presented, and all angles of the situation were discussed. The objection to the system was based on the fact that in giving a premium the manufacturer or dealer was forcing the sale of his own or certain brands in preference to other goods, thus helping to establish a form of monopoly. John W. Yerkes, appearing in behalf of one of the bills, said: "They do not give away these things to a grateful public except when they use that gift as a menace to strike down competition."

THE witness was asked by a member of the committee as to the possibility of the use, in tobacco retailing, of rebates which would in effect be a reduction in price, and he replied: "The reason they do not reduce the price, the reason they do not issue a rebate in cash, the reason they use a coupon, has been made abundantly clear in the argument of counsel for a great company that supplies trading-stamps to retail merchants. He said: 'It is because if you give them one or two cents when the sale is made, that ends the transaction, and the next time he wants to buy anything he may go into a different store; but with these coupons, the consumer has to have so many of them to get what he wants in the way of premiums. This is the reason they use the coupon instead of a cash discount: it brings the customer back for more goods so as to get more coupons.'"

S. M. Stroock appeared as the representative of the United Cigar Stores Company and said in part: "Our company is not the only retailer which issues coupons. There are a number of important retailers around the country who have a coupon system of their own. Then there are a number of retailers who issue trading-stamps which are redeemable by other concerns. It is fair to say but a very small propor-

tion of the number of dealers in the United States issue and redeem their own coupons." Mr. Stroock stated that the premium system of his company cost about \$2,000,000 a year, and it was his impression that the manufacturers of cigars, tobacco and snuff spent about \$5,000,000 on premium schemes where the coupons were packed with the goods.

Mr. Stroock continued:

"Our premium system is an advertizing, and, as a matter of fact, not only is it an advertizing medium but it is the only form of advertizing in which the consumer directly benefits." Asked what his company would do if the coupon business were discontinued, he replied: "We would find some new way of advertizing our business, I suppose. So far as the manufacturers are concerned who sell us goods, I think experience has shown that they would simply sell that much less goods; in other words, the goods they market through our premium department go to a class of people who would not otherwise buy these goods. Experience has shown that. I say experience has shown it, because there have been some classes of trade that have adopted a coupon system and then dropped it, and then, after they dropped it, that line of goods which they had been handling had fallen off almost completely."

THE United Cigar Stores Company, according to the testimony, spend upwards of \$2,000,000 annually on their premium system, but only about \$80,000 a year for newspaper advertizing. The writer asked the publisher of a large city newspaper if this discrepancy in the advertizing expenditures of the cigar concern had any bearing on the attitude of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association towards the profit-sharing coupon system. "Of course not," was his reply. "We are against the premium coupon and similar schemes because we are convinced that they are fundamentally wrong. But, if these schemes were not permitted, advertizers would have more money to spend in the newspapers."

The United Cigar Stores Company say: "We do not think that our system of coupons stimulates sales any more than any other form of advertizing. We think every form of advertizing is an inducement. We believe the consumption of any article is diminished by the withdrawal of the advertizing or inducement for its purchase." Thomas P. Littlepage, representing an independent tobacco concern, said: "The question of the coupon is purely an advertizing proposition. The courts have said it was a clear, legitimate advertizing proposition. Is the coupon a fair way of advertizing? Is it open to all? We maintain that it is. All manufacturers have the same opportunity. Whether or not they are capable of maintaining independent

depots and stores is not material; they have the same opportunity of using the coupon system."

John H. Jones, representing R. Whalen & Company of Rochester, New York, said:

"In modern retailing, to spell success, a merchant has to accomplish two things only: *first*, attract customers; *second*, retain their trade. Both these things are accomplished by the coupon system. . . . As used by the retailer, the premium system is a means of giving a discount on small payments, as low as five cents, and is almost wholly confined to cash transactions. It therefore encourages cash payments, which is a great advantage to the retailer.

"To the manufacturer, the coupon offers a plan of profit-sharing. He packs a coupon in each package of his goods and redeems these coupons in premiums which are paid for out of the profits he makes on the increased sales of his goods. To say that the goods are sold at a higher price or a lower quality because of the coupons is absurd, for competition regulates both price and quality. One of the chief advantages of the premium system is that it retains old customers as well as attracts new ones.

"It has been found by experience that a discount of two or three per cent. is the average amount that a business can stand as a discount, and that a premium costing from two dollars up is the kind that will attract and retain custom, as it is of permanent character and value. An important point in this connection is that the discount is not given until the trade has been made. The merchant gives nothing until he has received the patronage of the customer. No other system of advertizing can do this for a merchant. What a merchant pays for general advertizing is so much bread thrown upon the waters. Whether it returns cake or dough is beyond his power and control. No method has yet been devised to tell how much trade will result from a thousand dollars spent in newspaper, circular, billboard, or theater program advertizing; but there is no question about the return from a thousand dollars spent for goods given as a bonus for patronage actually conferred."

IN DIRECT conflict with the above testimony was that of Nicholas Ehrlich, of Brooklyn, New York:

"We are opposed to coupons, inserts, free gifts, free presents—the 'something-for-nothing' idea. They are only shields to cover unfair competition. They are used as a mask on the face of unscrupulous business men to cover the defects of their business transactions. They are not able to sell an article on its face value. Speaking generally, the coupon business is a fraud and deception on the consumers by the unfair business man. The average coupon is supposed to be worth four per cent.—four cents on the dollar. When the consumer redeems it he receives only two cents on the dollar. About fifty per cent. of the coupons go astray and are never redeemed, which makes for the average consumer only one cent on the

dollar. One firm of trading-stamp manufacturers has accumulated several million dollars in a few years from trading-stamps, the benefit of which is supposed to be the consumers'.

"The average consumer is not competent to purchase articles for his needs. He has to consult the salesman. The salesman, trying to make up the expense of the coupon, gives an inferior quality to the innocent, inexperienced buyer, while he cannot do that with a competent buyer. The business man considers the coupon an expense, just as light, heat, etc. He divides his customers into two classes: one class of able, experienced buyers, who give only a small profit to the seller, and another class who know nothing of quality, value or price, and have to depend on the fairness of the man behind the counter, and this coupon expense is charged up to the latter class."

THE plan of manufacturers to pack a premium coupon with their goods, or to offer premiums for the return of so many wrappers or trade-marks cut from wrappers, was in use long before the trading-stamp was invented. Soap manufacturers were among the first to adopt this method of pushing the sale of their product. At first the premiums were chromos and novelties of little intrinsic value. Competition, however, brought about a change in the character of the articles offered, and to-day many valuable premiums are offered, things of established merit.

Last year the California Fruit Growers Association redeemed over forty millions of the tissue paper wrappers from "Sunkist" oranges and lemons. The Quaker Oats Company, through extensive advertizing, have disposed of car loads of aluminum steam cookers, in exchange for a given number of trade-marks cut from packages of their goods and one dollar extra. The advertizing pages of most magazines and newspapers contain many such offers. The criticism is sometimes made that the amount of money required in addition to the coupons or trade-marks is frequently equal to the cost of the article at wholesale. Where this is true, the money required is usually considerably less than the retail price of the article. The manufacturer offering the premiums buys in such large quantities that he secures them at a very low price.

THE present flank movement against profit-sharing coupons which is being conducted by the National Retail Dry-Goods Association, ably supported by the newspapers, seems to be aimed at the manufacturers' coupons rather than against the trading-stamp. F. Colburn Pinkham, secretary-treasurer of the association, said:

"We are not fighting the trading-stamp. We don't want to if we can help it. The

reason why we do not oppose the trading-stamp as we do the coupon is that the trading-stamp is a matter between the merchant and his customer. He buys the stamp himself, and hands them out to his patrons. He knows what he is doing; they know what they are getting. It is all right out in the open. Personally, I don't believe in it. The great majority of our members don't believe in it. Estimating offhand, I should say between eighty-five and ninety per cent. of the retail merchants of the country don't believe in it and don't use it. We are content to let the trading-stamp alone. It isn't actually dishonest, and in the course of time I believe people will be educated away from it. The best department stores don't use it any more. It's only the cheaper ones, whose patrons are not yet educated up to the realization that you can't get something for nothing, who cling to this artificial trade stimulus.

"But the so-called profit-sharing coupon is a different proposition. It is slipped into packages of merchandise by the manufacturer, sometimes even without the knowledge of the retailer through whose hands pass the wares. It is something that is done secretly. The manufacturer naturally has to pay the coupon company for its services, and that price has to be added to the list value of his wares."

UP TO this time, none of the attempts which have been made to regulate the coupon and trading-stamp business by law have been successful. None of the laws which have been enacted in several states have withstood the test of constitutionality. The law passed in the State of Washington, levying an annual license tax of \$6,000 on merchants who use coupons or trading-stamps, was declared unconstitutional by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals on the Pacific Coast and upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. The State of Washington has therefore appealed from the ruling of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals to the Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., which will hear the arguments in the case this month.

The National Retail Dry-Goods Association through its officers is appealing to its members for funds with which to conduct the battle. The proposition is to start off with a budget of at least \$12,500 a year. That this campaign is not to be a flash-in-the-pan scheme, but a deliberate intention to camp on the job and fight it out by creating public sentiment, is indicated by the plan to pursue the following five-sided contest against coupons and coupon companies:

First—An effort will be made to unite all retail associations in opposition to the scheme, including local and national organizations of grocers, hardware men, druggists, clothing dealers, confectioners, tobacco and dry-goods retailers.

Summer Strength and Satisfaction



come from the gradual release of the body from the heavy Winter foods that fog the brain and clog the liver. This happy release comes through fresh fruits, green vegetables and well-cooked cereals. Nothing in the whole wide range of Nature's bounty is so deliciously wholesome and strengthening as

Shredded Wheat Biscuit with Strawberries

In this dish you have all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked, combined with the most luscious product of the American garden—a combination that gives a mental buoyancy and muscular vim that make you fit for the day's work. A toothsome treat beyond compare.

It is the shredding process that put the "eat" in whole wheat.

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal in combination with berries or fresh fruits of all kinds. Prepare the berries as for ordinary serving and pour them over the Biscuit, adding milk or cream and sugar.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Copyright U.S.A. 1915
by The B.V.D. Company.

"You Rascal, It's B.V.D. That Keeps You Cool!"

"You've been strutting around the house, bragging: 'How Cool I Am'—now I know the reason—caught with the goods. You can't get ahead of your Dad, though—ha! ha! *I'm* wearing B.V.D., too.

"Mother got mine for me the other day at Brown's. You bet she knows how to buy. Always gets what she asks for, and Boy, I haven't felt so *cool* and *comfortable* in all my life. Doesn't bind or chafe—launders as white and soft as a handkerchief."

On every B.V.D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label



(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and
Foreign Countries)

Firmly insist upon seeing the B.V.D. Red Woven Label, and firmly refuse to take any Athletic Underwear without it. Then you'll get properly cut, correctly made, long-service underwear.

B.V.D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit. B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the Garment.

The B.V.D. Company,
New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



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Second—An effort will be made to secure the passage of stringent bills in every State in the Union legislating against coupon or premium giving by manufacturers. These bills will be fashioned after the one introduced in Pennsylvania.

Third—An effort will be made to arouse sentiment against the system among all associations of manufacturers and chambers of commerce.

Fourth—Use all possible publicity to eliminate the use of coupons by creating public opposition and by arousing hostility among retailers. In this connection it is proposed to have the field secretary address meetings of chambers of commerce and retail associations, and secure adoption of agreements recommending that every proper effort be made to discourage the use of articles containing, or advertised to contain, coupons.

Fifth—The association intends to establish an information bureau to educate all retailers as to the expenses, profits and methods of coupon companies.

The bill which is to be urged in every State declares that dealing in coupons is "illegal and contrary to public policy," and provides that, at the suit of the Attorney General, such dealing shall be enjoined. The bill does not, however, prescribe any penalty. The legal counsel for the association says: "There is no fine or imprisonment prescribed. It is simply a prohibited business, prohibited under the police power of the State as being detrimental to the morals of the people. By virtue of its not being a penal statute, it will be possible more easily to obtain favorable action of the courts, for the proof will be easier to obtain, since the concern can be obliged to show its books for the purpose of discovery, which could not be required of them were it a penal statute."

THE writer interviewed a large Chicago manufacturer who has for a number of years inclosed a premium coupon in each package of his goods. He says:

"While I am and always have been of the opinion that premium schemes are not in accord with the best economic principles, I use them in my business because I have found them one of the best forms of advertizing. Most of the propaganda against them has been simply ludicrous. The arguments against premium or profit-sharing coupons have been simply the same arguments which have, under one guise or another, been directed against advertizing of standard, trade-marked merchandize. The merchant doesn't want the consumer to be influenced by the manufacturer. He wants to control the situation—but he can't. There is nothing secret or underhanded about the coupon system. Manufacturers who use them spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertizing so that the public will know about the coupons and make use of them. That's what

MAKE MONEY PICKING UP MAGAZINE ORDERS IN YOUR SPARE TIME : :

In every community there are many magazine readers. You could just as well get their orders and have the profit on them. We pay generously for new or renewal subscriptions to all magazines and particularly on *CURRENT OPINION* orders.

Write for our new bonus offer; the most
generous ever made by a standard magazine

CURRENT OPINION, 134 West 29th Street, New York City

we want them to do. The department stores are taking a leading part in this fight against the coupon system, just as they took a leading part against price maintenance, and just as they have fought every attempt on the part of manufacturers to establish and maintain the demand for branded merchandize."

The New York Times says: "Hitherto legislation of this kind has failed to get the support of the courts before which it has been brought, and it is regarded by many lawyers as exceedingly doubtful whether any legislation can be devised with this end in view that will not be held to be unconstitutional." The Sperry & Hutchinson Company and The Hamilton Corporation, both of New York City, are using large space in the newspapers to present the advantages of the coupon system to the public, if not to influence the attitude of the newspapers themselves. "It will have no effect on our business," said W. T. Posey, president of the United Profit-Sharing Corporation. "Out of thirty-six thousand dealers who handle merchandize bearing premium slips we have received protests from not more than ten or twelve."

A letter to get business ought to look the prospect squarely in the eye and land your proposition right where he lives. It should express his innermost desires, getting under his conventional veneer and touching the tenderest spot of his self-interest. In short, it ought to attract his attention and arouse his interest precisely as the dinner-bell does when he is hungry but does not know it until the bell suggests it.

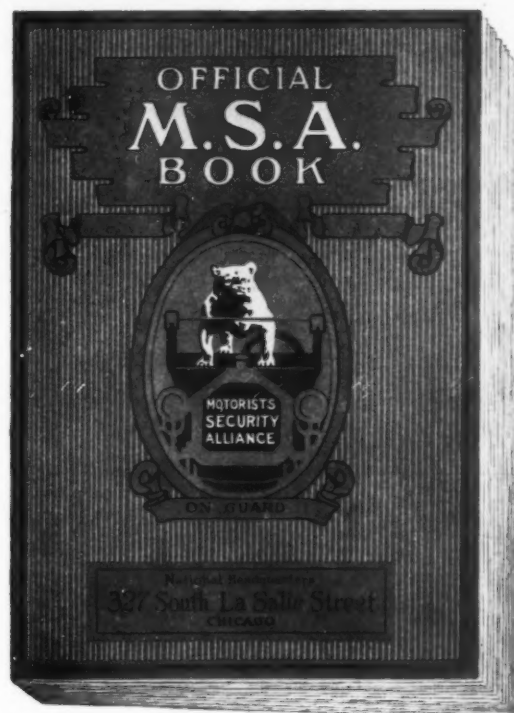
"FRIEND COMPETITOR"

COMPETITION is the life of trade—perhaps. But it increases the cost of everything we buy. Within certain limits, competition holds down the price of the things we eat, the things we wear, and the shelter over our heads; but, from an economic standpoint, competition through duplication of service increases the cost of everything.

In Chicago there are about six thousand grocers, and three thousand could adequately supply every demand. In other words, the consumers in Chicago are paying rent and other fixed overhead expenses which aggregate one hundred per cent. waste.

What is true of the grocery business is true of almost every other line in Chicago; and this same condition prevails in practically every city, town and hamlet in the United States. What are we going to do about it?

This is a free country, and any man who wants to go into business and has the money to make a start has the privilege. On the other hand, the government has laid down certain limits in trust legislation beyond which business cannot go in any cooperative plans it may undertake. It is up to the busi-



FREE to Automobile Owners

"The little red bulldog" on the radiators of cars owned by members of the M. S. A. is highly respected by auto thieves. Inside of one hour after the theft of such car is reported to us, thousands of notification cards offering \$50 reward for the arrest of the thief are actually in the mails. No thief has ever succeeded in breaking through the far-flung line of M. S. A. surveillance. This is just one of the many helpful activities of the

MOTORISTS Security Alliance

This Big National Organization looks after the motor owner's interests in a multitude of ways—keeps you out of legal difficulties—frees you from the extortion of supplymen, garages and hotels—aids you in all emergencies.

Some of the Benefits

Emergency Certificate of Identification for Credit.
Best Legal Service Obtainable.
Best Medical Attendance.
25% Saving on Insurance Covering Automobile Risks.

Big Saving in Supplies.
Protection Plates for Your Car.
Official Routes and Touring Suggestions.
Prevention of Extortion.

Coupon Brings Book

Send for the official M. S. A. Book free to auto owners. Learn what big things the M. S. A. is doing for its members.

Local Agents Wanted

We have a very attractive proposition for men who are qualified to represent the organization. Every local agent must be an automobile owner.

MOTORISTS: Tear Off and Mail for Free Book
J. Lester Williams, Secy Motorists Security Alliance,
Dept. 39, 327 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the official "M. S. A. Book." I own a.....
Name.....car..... Year model 19.....
Address.....



This country recognizes three grades of truth

- the truth
- the whole truth
- nothing but the truth

"The Truth" by itself may be false because of what it leaves unsaid, or because while technically correct it is designed to mislead.

"The whole truth" may be ineffective because it leaves one asking—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing but the truth" involves a grasp and expression of right fundamentals, rounded knowledge, fair play—an irresistible appeal.

In Chicago from June 20th to 24th there will be a convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The standard under which this convention assembles is

"Nothing but the Truth in Advertising"

This is not a sentimental standard. It is a commercial standard maintained by the contact of idealists, enthusiasts, and hard heads.

It is the only standard under which the annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 for advertising can be made to pay. It is the standard under which 2,000 people met last June in Toronto and, before that, in Baltimore, Dallas, Boston.

It is the standard under which every reader of newspapers, magazines, outdoor signs, booklets, novelties—the printed or painted advertising message—has come to believe what he reads.

You are Invited to Attend

No adult in this country but uses or is affected by advertising. The convention in Chicago will give you ideas for application to your own business and your own life. You will come in contact with the discoverers and pioneers in the development of the economic force of advertising—a force which will grow with your support as you will grow by contact with it and its workers.

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE, Advertising Association of Chicago, Advertising Building, 123 Madison Street, CHICAGO

Associated Advertising Clubs
of the World
Eleventh Annual Convention

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund

FOR COLLEGE AND HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

In this Land of Opportunity no boy or girl need forego the advantages of a college education because of lack of funds.

During the past six years the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has enabled over 1,000 ambitious, energetic, high-school and college students to meet their college expenses.

What others have accomplished YOU can accomplish.

Write TODAY for "The Open Door to a College Education."

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

134-140 W. 29th Street,

Dept. F. I

NEW YORK CITY

ness man, therefore, to find a practical method of preventing unnecessary losses and wastes which will be fair to society, his customers and himself. Cooperation between competitors is one answer, and Wheeler Sammons, in an article in *System* for April, explains how merchants in various places have developed and worked out plans for cooperation—in advertizing—in buying—in delivering—in credits—in reducing returns. Mr. Sammons has not attempted to evolve a theory, but he explains actual plans which have been tried and found successful.

Perhaps Washington Irving wasn't far wrong when he called our government a logocracy, a government of words. Most Americans can talk more and button up less than any people under the sun. A great many of us can talk about things, we can start things, but we never button anything up. This is likewise the trouble with commercial organizations and communities. They discuss and discuss, and any number of commendable agitations are started, but nothing is buttoned up.

THE GREAT SALESMAN OF 1492

IN the year 1439 Christopher Columbus began his career as a salesman, selling the output of his father's wool-weaving shop in Genoa. Later he entered into partnership with his brother and opened a little shop in Lisbon as a chart and map maker. It was while selling charts and maps that he conceived a big idea, the sale of which was to put his name into history. Like most men with an idea that is really worth while, he did not try to develop it in a small way, but made a presentation to his best prospect—the king of Portugal.

Modern masters of salesmanship tell us that there are three steps in a sale—the approach, the presentation, and the appeal. It is evident that Christopher made use of scientific salesmanship four hundred years before the principles were "discovered." He made use of his wife's relatives to secure the *approach*—his introduction at court. History tells us that his *presentation* was good and that he offered fact after fact which the king could not dispute. Then he made the *appeal* that the natives of these distant lands might be converted to the Christian faith. Just as the prospective customer was about to put his name on the dotted line, he decided that he was not in the market and the sale was off.

Christopher was disappointed at the turn-down, but with a salesman's persistency he went after other prospective customers—the king and queen of Spain. Again he made the *approach* and *presentation*, and we are told that his *appeal* made such an impression that he got on the royal pension list to prevent his offering his goods elsewhere. Business was bad at the time and it was six years before the cus-

tomers were in a position to make the investment. In the mean time Christopher got impatient and started off with the idea of offering his proposition to others, but he was recalled and the sale was made. That is the reason we are all here to-day.

Most of us have had the ideas and ambitions, but our trouble has been that we lacked the quality of sticking to it. After getting a turn-down once or twice, we contracted cold feet and came to the conclusion that we lacked sales ability or that our goods were unsalable, or for some other reason or no reason we quit.

Work is not a blessing—it's a necessity placed upon us by nature. Everyone who shirks it adds just that much to the other fellow. The trouble with our present system is that too many are shirking the burden.

GETTING STARTED

IT WAS Burke who said, "If you want to go anywhere you have to start from where you are."

How many of us seem to overlook this little truism. We suddenly become possessed with an idea that we ought to get to a certain place, that we ought to accomplish this or that, but we forget the preparation or process of getting there. Position seems to mean a lot from a certain point of view, but if we would fill any place acceptably we need to take the preparatory steps, to start from where we are.

Too many of us get the idea that success or achievement may be gained by a single spurt. We overlook the intermediary space between where we are and where we want to get. We make the attempt, and when we fail our discouragement overwhelms us. On the other hand, we should not neglect to move forward because we are too timid to try new ground. Starting from where we are, we can save much disappointment and many stumbles by making a careful study of all the conditions and making up our mind that we will pay the price of persistence, faith and patience.

The man who places confidence in no one may avoid some disappointments, but he will live a lonely and suspicious existence. The basis of all business is confidence.

"NO MAN IS GREAT"

NO man is great. There are no great men and there are few fools. Opportunity is the thing that counts," says George J. Whelan, who put the United Cigar Stores on the map as well as several other very successful business enterprises. Mr. Whelan may be indebted to opportunity, altho it was the use he made of it rather than the opportunity itself which has enabled him to retire from active business at the age of fifty with a

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

are appropriate wherever and whenever a dessert confection is desired.

These exquisite wafer sweets comport with any table appointments. They are a delightful adjunct to ice creams and beverages. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA Sugar Wafers—For every dessert purpose. A confection with a sweet-cream filling.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



larger bank balance than he will probably need for the rest of his life.

Twelve years ago his capital consisted of but two things—an idea and an opportunity, and with these he borrowed a limited amount of money. With this money he demonstrated the feasibility of the idea, and laid the proposition before James B. Duke, then president of the American Tobacco Company. It is said that it took Mr. Whelan some time to convince Mr. Duke that the plan was right. It did not take him very long, however, after receiving Mr. Duke's approval, to show the latter that he knew how to make the plan work; but that is not part of this story.

If we reduce Mr. Whelan's enterprise to its smallest denominators, it

appears something like this: *An idea, plus the ability to sell it, equals an opportunity; and opportunity plus the ability to make the best use of it equals millions.* This analysis seems such a simple matter of multiplication, it is a wonder that more of us have not made use of it. Perhaps there is another factor which we have overlooked; if there is, no one has discovered what it is, or if they have discovered it, they haven't been able to express it as a tangible formula.

Mr. Whelan says: "When a man first comes to New York to seek success, he is usually underrated. When he has attained success, he is usually overrated and people do their best to spoil him. The fact of the matter is he is better than people thought he was



"Standard" Built-in Baths ("Conred" pattern shown above) are superior to baths on feet, yet their cost is so reasonable when you consider their advantages, that you can afford a "Standard" Built-in Bath.

Each is made complete in one piece, enameled inside and out, combining the beauty of china with the strength of iron.

They are made for building into either corner, in a recess or wall at back only, and are five inches lower than the ordinary type of bath on feet.

Look for the "Standard" Green and Gold Guarantee Label.

Ask your Architect or Plumber about "Standard" Built-in Baths or see all patterns in the "Standard" Showrooms. Our books "Standard" "Built-in Baths" and "Modern Bathrooms" sent free upon request to persons interested.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Dept. 24 Pittsburgh

"Standard" Showrooms
New York.....35-37 W. 31st St.
Boston.....186-200 Devonshire St.
Philadelphia.....1215 Walnut St.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Pittsburgh.....106 Federal St.
Chicago.....900 S. Michigan Ave.
St. Louis.....100-102 North Fourth St.
Cleveland.....4409 Euclid Ave.
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut St.
Toledo.....311-321 Erie St.
Erie.....128-130 West Twelfth St.
Louisville.....319-323 West Main St.
Nashville.....315-317 Tenth Ave. So.
New Orleans.....846-866 Baronne St.
Houston, Tex.....Preston & Smith Sts.
San Antonio, Tex.....212-216 Losoya St.
Fort Worth, Tex. Front and Jones Sts.
San Francisco (Office)....Rialto Bldg.
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AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

in the first place, and not so good as they think he is in the end. It is so difficult to tell just what success is that it is hard to lay down any fixed principles by which it may be attained. The way to achieve it, I suppose, is to do all that goes to make it hard.

"Large success is built up by the men in an organization, altho the credit is usually showered upon one man. The success of the United Cigar Stores Company has been due to the loyalty of my associates, and I compute this item as the greatest asset we possess. My associates have been my friends through thick and thin, and no fundamental of business is more vital, in my opinion, than the relationship between the coworkers in a business. If this is not commonly true in business, it is true in my affairs. It is one of the brutalities of business that, as it grows, those who strain for its success must drift apart. That is why a corporation is better than a partnership, because of the new blood that is always being infused into it. A partnership depends on its own family for success; a corporation relies on the whole world."

"There is a mighty comfortable feeling that takes hold of us when we know that we are keeping our work up to the top notch; when, because of our careful planning and the fact that things are being done on time, everything goes 'dead right,'" says M. D. Cooper in *Coal Age*. "Leave it to time," said the ancients. Our sorrows and our ills and our injuries were left for time to heal. But to-day we are beginning to realize that we must not put off things for the future, waiting for accidents to happen and then applying the cure. To-day we must use our brains and our energy to prevent accidents and reduce to a minimum those things that must unavoidably be left to time."

HELPING THE SMALL CREDITOR

THE failure of a large wholesale or retail concern often spells disaster to a number of small manufacturers, even though the assets of the bankrupt show that all creditors will eventually realize a large proportion of their claims. Following the ordinary course of events, when a large concern fails, a reasonably accurate inventory is compiled within a short time. But there are always long delays attendant upon court proceedings, arranging plans for reorganization, et cetera; and in the meantime, many of the smaller creditors are placed in a very awkward financial position through no fault of their own. Within a few months a first dividend will be declared, and others will be paid from time to time covering an indefinite period until the final settlement. The small creditor may be so sorely pressed for ready funds that he may, and frequently does, accept an offer from some "shark" who makes it a business to buy up good claims at a very small percentage on the dollar, later cashing them at as large a profit as possible.

DUTCH BULBS

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden, from earliest spring until the middle of May. Bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, in enormous quantities, and sold at very low prices. Usually they cost double before reaching you.

By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very low prices, we must have your order not later than July 1st, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not satisfactory. (References required from new customers.) For prices on smaller quantities see our import price list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, may be had for the asking.

A FEW PRICES	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths	\$2.90	\$14.00
Fine Mixed Tulips	70	3.25
Narcissus Poeticus Ornatus	75	3.50
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Narcissus Empress (Monster)	3.00	13.50
Narcissus Golden Spur	2.30	10.00
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	35	2.00

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A Postal Today Will Save You \$1.75

one White Frost Refrigerator Co. Jacksonville, Fla.

Writes for catalog of refrigerator adopted for use at tropical Panama by U.S. Govt. Let 30 days' free trial in your own home prove the worth of the great

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Round metal body, enameled snowy-white inside and out; handy reversible shelves; cork-cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and airtight; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil, new features. Nickel trimmings. More-easy eaters.

Tenth year of leadership. 50-year guarantee. Lasts a lifetime. Freight paid anywhere in U.S. Try before you buy. Easy monthly payments if desired.

Postal brings handsome free catalog and lowest factory prices.

White Frost Refrigerator Company
625 N. Meekins St., Jackson, Michigan

A miniature "White Frost" for the children free. Ask for it when you write.

A large New York importer has devised a plan which, while it is more altruistic than commercial, will bring quick relief to the small creditors. His plan is to form a large association of commercial and financial interests, which will make careful investigation into each failure, ascertain the true condition of affairs, and then loan the small creditors the amount they will be entitled to at a low rate of interest. In other words, the association will anticipate the payments by the receivers, wherever practical, right up to the final settlement.

The plan would work out something like this: Suppose a small manufacturer was caught in an embarrassment like that of the Siegel or Greenhut stores for \$400, with the chances of a final settlement of seventy-five cents on the dollar. Under this plan the manufacturer might receive \$100 at once from the association. Let it be said that he received \$220 altogether before the final settlement was made, the whole amount due him being seventy-five per cent. of \$400 or \$300. Then as a final settlement he would receive \$300 minus the advance of \$220 and minus the interest for the time it was used at six per cent. per annum.

When I want to discover something, I begin by reading up everything that has been done along that line in the past. I see what has been accomplished at great labor and expense in the past. I gather the data of many thousands of experiments as a starting point, and then I make thousands more.—Thomas A. Edison.

A PHILOSOPHER AT FORTY-TWO

SEVERAL months ago, in this department, was printed an article entitled "Enjoying the Game; or, the Man Who Does Not Retire." The writer undertook to explain why business men, after they had achieved reasonable success, still continued to take an active part in the game. A number of very interesting letters were received from some of our readers taking exceptions to the views expressed. Within a few days, two very successful New York business men have retired in the prime of their mental and physical vigor.

"Twenty years ago a young fellow emigrated from Delaware and secured a job as errand boy in New York," says the N. Y. Sun. "He worked like a Trojan, studied as well, broadened his capacity, rose steadily, became the head of a great corporation at thirty-four, of a greater one at thirty-nine, retired rich, healthy and a philosopher, at forty-two. He has made all the money he wants, and is going to enjoy himself henceforth.

"It must pain the mouths about 'greed' and 'monopoly' to notice, as they must do in this case, that only a score



"Dust is more dangerous than wild beasts. Don't stir it up."



ARCO WAND sanitary cleaning protects the creeping baby.

Don't stir up dust dangers!

A health authority made tests "in a number of good middle class homes, which tests yielded an average of 12 microscopic monsters during 5 minutes exposure of sensitized plate, but after sweeping the room the number on the plate increased to 222." * * *

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

"Dust contains decaying matter and organisms—more dangerous than wild beasts—therefore *do not stir it up*, to be breathed or come in contact with the skin, eyes, throat, etc."

The ARCO WAND removes by suction not only *all* the surface dust but draws it from the depths of carpets, rugs, portieres, mattresses, pillows, clothing, furs, upholstery, from cracks, crevices, drawers, mouldings, picture backs, ceilings, walls, etc.—it does instant, complete cleaning.

With the ARCO WAND all the dirt, feather, dust, decayed-matter, threads, lint, paper-bits, insects and eggs, etc., are instantly drawn through the magical wand and hose into a single iron suction pipe running from each floor down through a partition about central in your home, and depositing the dirt into big, sealed dust bucket of machine, which sits in basement, side-room or closet.

An unfailing, built-in Cleaner, at \$150

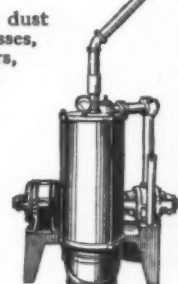
Noiseless—nothing to get out of order; extremely simple. Costs less than a penny a day to run it. Old or new buildings outfitted in a jiffy. ARCO WANDS are proving great successes in homes, apartments, churches, schools, stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, libraries, clubs, theaters, barns, garages, etc., for the past three years under most severe tests. Every machine is backed by our reputation and full guarantee. Write for free catalog. Public showrooms in all large cities.

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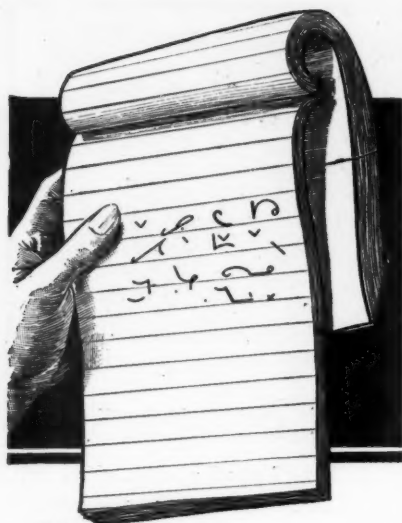
Machine is set in basement or side-room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

of years separated this errand boy from the millionaire. Brains, energy, hard work, have brought this man a quick reward; and he is wise enough to take it now. Not the success, but the good sense of this man is to be praised and wondered at. Work is a necessity and means, not a virtue or an end. When it ceases to be a necessity—as, alas! it doesn't to most of us, slaves of the lamp and tuggers at the oar—the philosopher will 'invite his soul.' To be a philosopher at forty-two is an achievement compared with which the preliminary collection of a fortune is small potatoes." And the man—it really doesn't matter, but his name is A. H. Cosden, until recently president of the Riker-Hegeman Drug Company.

The second is George J. Whelan, who has retired from the presidency of the United Cigar Stores Company. He ex-

plained his retirement by saying, "I believe that for the benefit of their business, men should retire early. If they are of any value to the business, they can still be called on; but after they have acquired a competency they should retire and give others a show. I shall always be interested in business matters, but I shall work simply when I please."

Hugh Chalmers, who needs no introduction to business men, expresses in a clear and concrete manner the kernel of American business enterprise. "Quantity production is the secret. It enables the large and progressive manufacturer to cut the cost, lower the price to the consumer and pay better wages. The 'little fry' couldn't stand it, and that caused legislation, investigation, and ill feeling. American business enterprise is now on the up-grade and reaching for greater heights. It started with the completion of business legislation by Congress. The legislation is over and done; it didn't touch the business of reasonable limits, and the swollen businesses of the country needed curbing anyway."



"I waste every dollar's worth of time I put into pencil-marks in a note-book."

Your stenographer could truthfully write that in her note-book every day you continue to stick to the old, expensive, inefficient way of writing your letters twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter.

Let your stenographer earn her salary!

Let her do what you pay her for doing—produce finished typewriting—let her do it all day!

Let her write your letters once—on the typewriter!

You talk about "overhead"! Well, here's one big item of operating expense you can cut out—and get some of that real efficiency you have always wanted.

Reach for your telephone and call up the Dictaphone. Arrange for a demonstration in your own office on your own work. If you don't find that name in the book, write to

THE DICTAPHONE

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New York

Stores in the principal cities
—dealers everywhere

"How One Man Saved Money"—a book we should like to send you

This advertisement was dictated to the Dictaphone

AN OFFICE NECESSITY—

You need modern Expanding Document Filing Envelopes. Get the **BANDLESS ENVELOPE**. No Rubbers, Strings, Tapes, Cards, Hooks or Knots. Pin this to your letterhead and mail now. Samples and booklet without cost.

SMEAD MFG. CO., Dept. E, Hastings, Minn.

FREE

Use AUTOMATIC Filing Devices For Better Filing Service

Note the expansion—it spreads front and back automatically—counts for 20 per cent. additional filing space—saves time in filing and finding. Guaranteed the best of any file made, and shipped anywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial. If interested in modern filing equipment of any kind, including Desks, write for catalog and Factory to User Proposition.

THE AUTOMATIC FILE & INDEX CO.
43-57 N. Pearl St. Green Bay, Wis.

Shear Nonsense

A Real Pessimist.

Among pessimists of the first rank *Harper's* can claim to have made a find:

Timothy McNulty was boss of a section of a Southern railway which included several tunnels. Timothy had as his guest Barney Mahoney, a new arrival from old Ireland, and together they were making an inspection of the road one morning. As they neared one of the tunnels they were greeted with the piercing whistle of the limited, and stepped aside until it had passed. Barney stood in open-mouthed wonder as the fast train neared, passed, and entered the tunnel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Ain't that foine!" said Timothy, as the last car finally disappeared. "Talk about yer wonderful inventions! Where'll yer find anythin' ter bate that?"

Barney was awestruck, and it was some moments before he could adequately express his thoughts.

"Yis, Timothy, 'tis foine," said he, finally, "but I was jist thinkin' what a turrible thing 'twould be if it should miss th' hole!"

The Test of War.

Unexpected instances of the recrudescence of war as the only way to decide things for good crop out occasionally. Here is one from *Harper's*:

Mrs. Carnes had a new maid, and while she went on a day's motor trip she ventured to leave the children in charge of the girl.

"Well, Annie," asked the mistress, on her return, "how did the children behave during my absence? Nicely, I hope."

"Nicely, indade, mum," replied the girl; "but at the end they fought terribly, mum."

"Fought," exclaimed Mrs. Carnes. "Why, Annie, why did they fight?"

"To decide, mum," said Annie, "which was behavin' th' best."

Encountering the Boston Child.

Little Wendell Holmes Emerson of Boston, recounts the *National Monthly*, was resting sedately with his book in the park shortly after a picnic dinner. He had eaten too much. He knew perfectly well that he had eaten too much and he was surprised and shocked at himself. He hoped fervently that no one would notice his condition.

Just then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him. "Ah," thought Wendell, "I have sadly injured her aesthetic sensibilities."

By this time the kind old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," said she, "are you over eight?"

It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson recovered his dignity. That a woman with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticize him, was unbelievable. "No, madam," said he, proudly. "I have over-eaten!"

Archaeological Evidence.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Smith, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it until yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

An Insinuation.

A society-note in the *Baltimore American* reads:

"They tell me, Mrs. Comeup, your daughter went through that reception in her honor without any faux pas."

"No such thing! She had as much of it as anybody that was there."

As Good as His Word.

"One dollar, please," said the dentist, located by the *Boston Transcript*.

"A dollar! But your sign reads: 'Painless extraction of teeth free.'"

"Just so! But as you hollered a bit, this

Fifty Years Experience in Chicago Investments

Together with

- 1—Personal Investigation by our own experienced men.
- 2—Large margin of security.
- 3—Serial payments resulting in increasing margin of safety.
- 4—Location in established district.
- 5—Substantial earnings for protection of principal and interest.
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Send for circular T describing 5½% and 6% bonds on Chicago property in \$100 and \$500 denominations.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

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NOW IS THE TIME 6% FARM MORTGAGES

The rich Northwest agricultural land securing our mortgages is worth more now than ever before. Most other investments have been lowered in value by the war. Our 6 per cent. Farm Mortgages are safe and sure at all times. Our customers have never had a loss on our securities during our 31 years in business. Write today for Booklet "K." Also list of offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO.

Grand Forks, N. D.

Established 1883

Capital and Surplus, \$100,000



\$250.00 MONTH REPAIRING TIRES

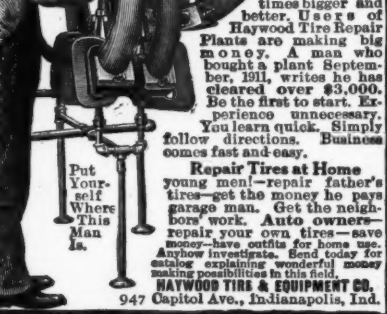
Automobile business growing fast. Enormous field for tire repairing. Each Auto Sold Means More Tires to Mend

Punctures and blowouts are common. Tires need retreading and vulcanizing. Something going wrong all the time. Thousands forced to buy new tires because they can't get old ones fixed.

Think of the old bicycle days, repair shops on every corner—all making money. Autos make same proposition—only ten times bigger and better. Users of Haywood Tire Repair Plants are making big money. A man who bought a plant September, 1911, writes he has cleared over \$3,000. Be the first to start. Experience unnecessary. You learn quick. Simply follow directions. Business comes fast and easy.

Repair Tires at Home young men—repair father's tires—get the money he pays garage man. Get the neighbors work. Auto owners—repair your own tires—save money—have outfit for home use. Anyhow investigate. Send today for catalog explaining wonderful money making possibilities in this field.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO.
947 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.



does not apply in your case. I do my painless extracting free exactly as I claim. When it hurts, I charge for it. One dollar, please."

Blessings at the Front.

A very poignant story reaches Mr. Punch of London indirectly from the trenches. A gallant Tommy, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon a prey to the most excruciating agony in the big toe, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his foot-gear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing-paper, now reduced to pulp; and on it appeared in bold feminine hand the almost illegible benediction:—"God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

Work For Father.

The Yale freshman year was proving very expensive to father, recites the *Evening Post Saturday Magazine*, New York, so father decided to have a "heart-to-heart" talk with Johnny, home for the week end.

"Now, son," said he gravely, but affectionately, "your mother and I are spending just as little as we possibly can. I get up in the morning at half-past six and I work until after five. But, son, the money just won't go round at the rate that your expenses are running. Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what do you think we had better do?"

For a moment Johnny's head was buried in thought—and then he replied: "Well, father, I don't see any way out but for you to work nights."

A Fallen Hero.

"When I first put this uniform on I said as I looked in the glass,

"It's one to a million

That any civilian

My figure and form will surpass."

Perhaps the worthy middle-aged citizen who had just received a commission on the Governor's staff and was about to attend the Governor's inaugural ball did not know his Gilbert and Sullivan, intimates the *New York Evening Post Saturday Magazine*. But never mind. In the privacy of his chamber he donned his brand-new uniform, swathed his portly form with a sash, and buckled on his sword. Then, having duly admired the martial figure reflected by his mirror, he strode forth and began to stalk majestically downstairs. Midway of the flight, however, his sword got between his legs, he lost his balance, and finished his descent in headlong, ignominious haste—to the accompaniment of much noise. His good wife came running to the scene and in a tremulous voice inquired:

"Oh, Sammy, did you hurt yourself?" The discomfited hero, struggling to regain his feet and his dignity, roared: "Go away, woman! What do you know of war?"

Trying to Make Good.

An old negro was asked by a colored brother what had killed the pet chameleon that he was in the act of burying.

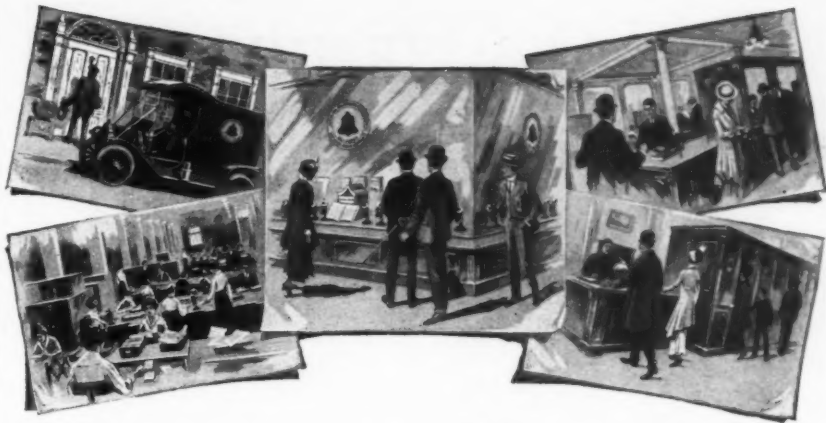
"Well, suh," responded the negro (*Harper's* tells the story), "dat meelyon jest natcherly killed itself. I put it on a piece of pink goods, and it done turned pink. I den tried it on a piece of blue stuff, and he turned blue. Den I fatches a piece of green goods, and, befor' de Lord, it done turn green. Den I laughed and says, 'Ise got yer now, Mr. Meelyon,' and I puts him on a piece of plaid goods—and if dat fool meelyon didn't jest bust hisself trying to make good!"

Horrid Uncle Dick.

A certain charming young thing of this town (identified as New York by *The Times* which repeats the story) has an uncle of whom she has always been, and still is, very fond; but just at present she is convinced that he is as catty as any woman she's ever known.

She tells the story herself: "Listen. You know I have always had an excessive affection for Uncle Dick, and have without exception told him everything—absolutely everything.

"Now, the fact that I have had so much trouble with—well, you know with whom—



Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the

government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

A HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT

writes to the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund:

"I heartily endorse your Scholarship Plan. I earned \$425 this last summer, altho I had no previous experience whatever. One of the features of your Plan is that it enables a student to work whenever he has spare time after school, and on Saturdays, as well as during vacations.

"I know of no better proposition for self-supporting students, and I recommend it to all who may want to earn their way through college."

(Signed) FRANK KUEHN.

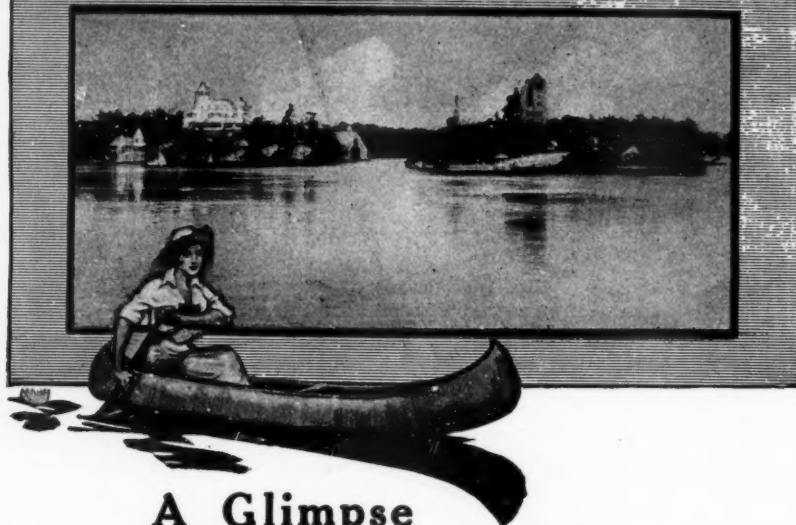
The Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has enabled hundreds of High-School students to go through college on their own resources. The Fund is ready to help YOU.

Send AT ONCE for our free booklet, "The Open Door to a College Education."

CURRENT OPINION
SCHOLARSHIP FUND, Dept. F,

134-140 West 29th Street
New York City

NIAGARA TO THE SEA



A Glimpse of Fairyland

There is nothing quite like the scenery of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence—nowhere in the world you will see just that translucent "blue" of the water or just that delightful maze of island-dotted river scenery.

The palatial steamers of the Canada Steamship Lines pass through this fairyland of Canada on their way from Niagara to the Sea. It's a trip you'll enjoy every minute of, from the time you go aboard at Niagara Falls or Toronto, until you reach Chicoutimi at the head of the glorious Saguenay River.

Booklet telling all about it, sent for 6c., to cover cost of mailing.

Thos. Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Canada Steamship Lines, Limited
115 Victoria Square, Montreal, Que.

Fares from Niagara Falls:

To Montreal and return\$18.55
To Quebec and return \$25.90
To Saguenay River and return. \$34.55

This Size TRIAL BOTTLE Sent Free

Dioxogen

Many a pin prick has led to blood poisoning. Many a nail scratch has brought on lock-jaw. Any break in the skin lets infection in—unless you cleanse it first with Dioxogen. Every household needs this powerful, pure, non-poisonous germicide. Avoid the weak peroxides preserved with acetanilid so frequently offered. Ask for Dioxogen by name—at any drug store.

The Oakland Chemical Co.
10 Astor Place New York

The Pleasures of an Ocean Voyage

You cannot go abroad for pleasure this year—but you can enjoy the benefits of an ocean voyage without the discomforts.

LONG ISLAND'S

vast ocean shoreline, with its hundreds of resorts beckons you.

Delightfully cool climate—surf bathing and all outdoor sports.

Send ten cents to the Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Long Island R.R., Pennsylvania Station, N. Y., for beautifully illustrated book covering Long Island.

has never been a joke to me. Last year, when that affair with Tom was on, I wrote, of course, to Uncle Dick about it—Uncle was then in the West. Now, since he always liked Tom, he wrote me a beautiful letter, offering me all manner of felicitations and wishes for a bright and prosperous future. I treasured that letter from Uncle Dick.

"Now, it isn't necessary for me to refer to my disappointment in Tom—his behavior justified any action on my part. I know that people say I threw him over and all that sort of thing, but, honestly, there was only one thing to do, and of course I did it.

"Well, I suppose it did seem a little startling to Uncle Dick when, a little over two months since the writing of his first letter, he received another from me, telling him of my engagement to Harry. But Uncle was terribly nice about it. He approved of my course in the matter, even tho he did prefer Tom to anybody else. And I couldn't complain of the letter Uncle sent me in reply to the second. It was just as nice as his first, altho he did give a hint of surprise.

"It was afterward that Uncle Dick showed himself most objectionable. Two weeks ago, when I found that, after all was said and done, it was really Clarence that I loved, I got a third letter from Uncle Dick—the brute! After acknowledging the receipt of my announcement he went on to say:

"Permit me, my dear, to congratulate you on your approach to marriage to —"

"Then he inserted one of those star signs (what do you call 'em—asterisks?) and added in a footnote: 'Here insert the name of the happy man!'"

Neutral Dress.

One does not often hear of feminine protest against the military note in prevalent fashions of dress. But the *Baltimore American* offers this:

"Why, my dear, how sober you look! There isn't a single bright color about you."

"No, I thought that now James is in the diplomatic service, I had better wear neutral tints."

Living on Hope.

An examination was being held in little Emma's school and the *New York Times* reports that one of the questions asked was:

"Upon what do hibernating animals subsist during the Winter?"

Emma thought for several minutes and then wrote:

"On the hope of a coming Spring."

A Good Standing Advertisement.

A few weeks ago a lady residing in a small town asked her husband, Major —, to call in at the dairy when passing to order some new-laid eggs. After making a brief demur the major yielded. A little later he called at the shop in question, quite a small and unimportant establishment in a back street. The subsequent proceedings are described by the *New York American*:

Two or three minutes passed; then as no one came to attend him, the major gave a gentle knock on the counter. This had no effect, so a smart double rap was given, when a curly-headed youngster put his head round the door and lisped out, "Father's a-comin'." By the time "father" arrived the major was boiling with rage.

"What do you mean by keeping me here all this time?" he roared.

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the man, "but, you see, it's like this. You're the very first well-dressed gent with a tall hat I've had in my shop, and as there were a lot of people passing by I thought what a good advertisement you was a-standing there."

How She Classified Him.

Mrs. Atkins, dissatisfied with the number of times one man came to see her cook, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* discovers, spoke to her about it. "When I engaged you, Martha," she said, "you told me you had no man friends. Now whenever I come into the kitchen I find the same man here."

"Bress yo', ma'am," smiled Martha, "dat niggah ain't no fren' ob mine."

"No friend? Then who is he?"

"H—'s ma husband'."

THE AFFAIR OF SUB-LIEUTENANT BIMONT

[Stories of personal heroism among the French in this war are discouraged by the authorities. There is to be but one hero or heroine, it seems—La Belle France. This tale of Bimont, in *Le Figaro*, is an exception. But even this exception is made amusing rather than heroic. The heroism appears to be, as it were, an incidental affair.]

WHEN the war broke out, the Adjutant Bimont, of the chasseurs à pied, was in garrison in a frontier city. He was very happy.

Formerly he had campaigned in the Sahara and won his first gold lace at the taking of Igli.

Altho he was a soldier to the bottom of his soul, and altho he knew how to extract a conscientious joy from the instruction of recruits, he had not ceased to regret past combats, the night watches behind the sand shelters, the bold escalades and all the passionate excitement of surprise attacks against the enemy.

At thirty-four years he felt the same enthusiasm with which he had palpitated at twenty-one. He was going to fight, and, to borrow his unaffected language, was going "to follow his trade."

For three months he followed his trade in the Argonne. His soldiers loved him. They had confidence in him because nothing made him afraid. If he asked for four men to make a dangerous reconnaissance, ten at once presented themselves.

One time he headed a party to dislodge some mitrailleuses, which were posted twelve hundred meters away. He cleared the space by leaps, as did his men.

"They were aligned as on a maneuver field," said the adjutant. "At my command they leaped and then fell flat on the ground. They raised themselves to leap again. Really that day we made enormous jumps."

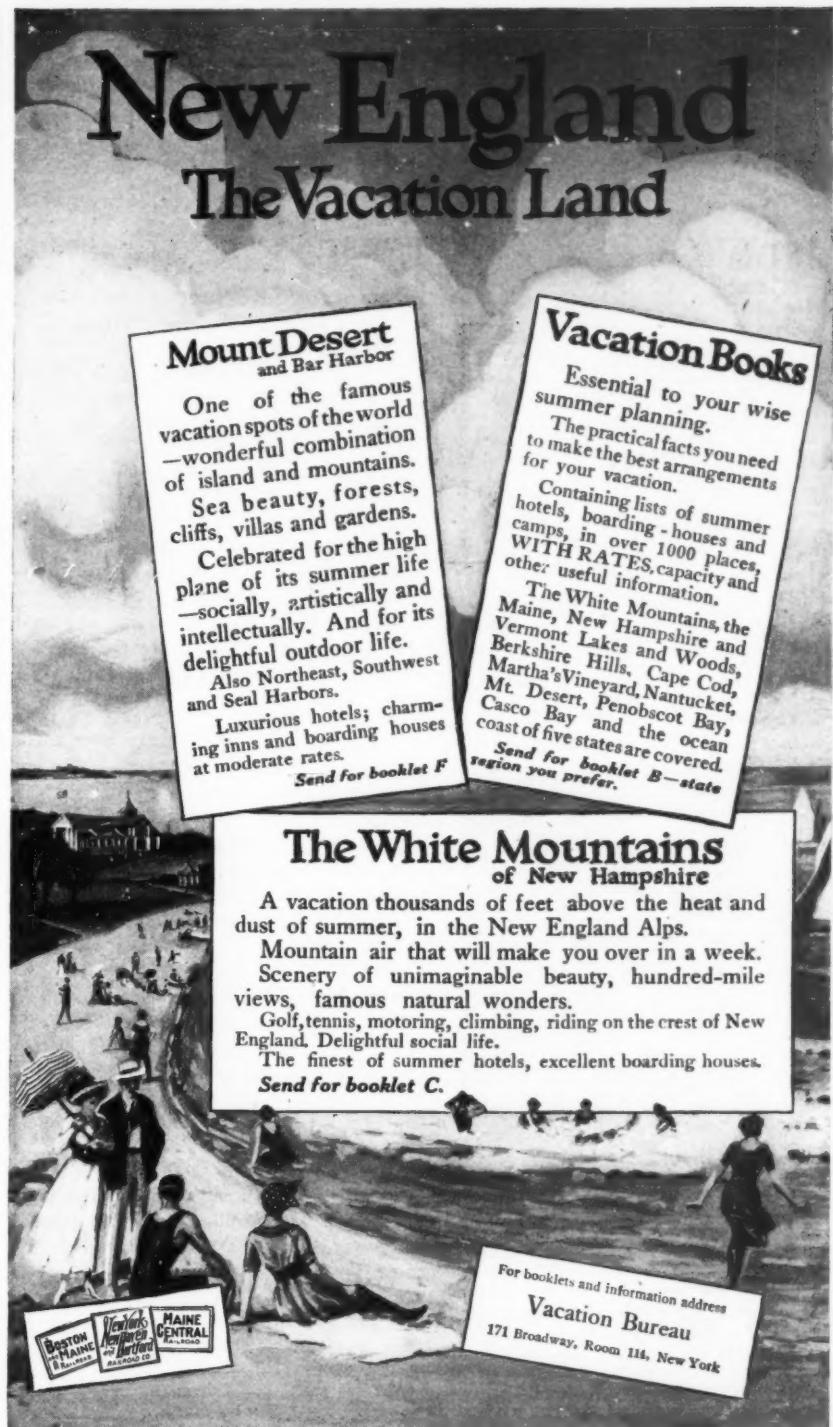
Of the rain of lead around him he has nothing to say. He is satisfied that his men were well aligned and made enormous leaps. To have courage is easy. To leap is difficult.

He took no precaution to sink his identity in that of his company. On the contrary, one would have said that he wished to make himself a marked man for the fire of the enemy.

He took off his coat before charging. It was new; he did not want to soil it. He charged in his tunic.

Afterward he lost his coat, his képi, his leggings and even his military account book. He had only some rags on when they placed him by force on a stretcher. But at the moment of which I was speaking he was still very solicitous about his "personal effects."

Occasionally the captain frowned and declared that the Adjutant Bimont was



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not careful enough of himself. Afterward he wrote to him with a sort of grumbling sympathy:

"I have been deeply grieved at hearing of your wound. I shall add that I was not at all surprised. Your too exaggerated contempt for danger was bound to pull you into some affair."

I WANT to tell you of the affair of the Sub-Lieutenant Bimont (for he became quickly a sub-lieutenant) as he told it to me while in the hospital on the way to recovery:

"You have perhaps heard of St. Hubert. It is in the Argonne. Not even a hamlet, merely a hunting rendezvous. That is why they call it St. Hubert. A house, yes; but now there remains nothing at all.

"The Germans had scooped out trenches and installed themselves in them. We, naturally, had dug trenches opposite. From trench to trench we were forty meters apart.

"Shells rained. They were the bombs which the Prussians sent at us from the mine throwers, two hundred meters away. One saw them mount in the air and then, —pouf! they fell right on us.

"Then I watched. When I saw a bomb I said to the men: 'Lie low! This one isn't for us.' They lay low, and for the most part escaped. I remained outside most of the time, because I noticed that that encouraged the men. And I spoke to them in a natural voice. Often I affected to examine little details, without an object except to have occasion to say a word to them, to show them that I had all my sang-froid. I had made the offer of my life. I said to myself: 'A bullet, and then one dies.' That seemed to me nothing at all. And you know the men have their eyes on the chiefs. And one feels himself responsible.

"For two days, the 25th and 26th of October, the bombs fell without stopping, night or day. And all that time the Germans were digging a transverse trench to come into ours. It was necessary to prevent that.

"I had two little perpendicular trenches dug. And out of them we fired at every Prussian who showed his head. We killed a great lot of them. They had enough of it, naturally.

"The third day they charge on us. The officer marches ahead—a tall fellow, much taller and heavier than I am. I bring him to the ground with a revolver shot and then beat down the soldier behind him. But a third sends a bullet into my head. I feel almost nothing—a sounding in the ear like the sound of a telephone, you know, when it is in use.

"A little corporal, who scarcely ever quitted me, a polite fellow, says to me: 'I am going to make you a dressing.' I answer: 'No, no. We have no time.' For I saw a little wavering among the Ger-

How Advertising Prevents Monopoly

BEFORE the days of nationally advertised trade-marks, competition was based almost entirely upon the price of goods to the middleman. The consumer had nothing to say about it.

The richest manufacturer could crowd out all of his lesser competitors by reducing prices temporarily below cost—thereby forcing them to sell out to him or go into bankruptcy—then he had a *real* monopoly and could cheapen quality and raise prices as much as he saw fit. When competition developed again, he could repeat the process—and he not only *could* do these things but he *did* do them.

There can be no monopoly in advertising, therefore to-day one manufacturer stands as good a chance as another to win favor for his trade-mark, so long as he backs up his advertising and his trade-mark with quality. And the trade-mark makes the consumer the deciding factor in all purchases, because it enables him to identify the goods. Trade-marks, and the advertising that makes them known, are the two things that do most to standardize qualities, permanently reduce prices and prevent commercial piracy.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two greatest public servants in business to-day. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

Current Opinion

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mans, in consequence of the death of their officer. It was necessary to profit by it."

THE Sub-Lieutenant Bimont did profit by it—the best he knew how. The German ball had pierced the skull under the left ear and had come out some inches further back. For several minutes Bimont felt nothing but the caress of a cool thread under his jaw. Naturally he occupied himself very little with so slight a detail; he fired without let-up. But he was taken with a little vertigo. He sat down. His men bandaged him in haste. He took his gun and fired again. The Germans fell.

"From time to time I felt myself going. Then I seated myself, took my head in my hands and said: 'Leave me alone for five minutes.' Then I got up and gave my orders. Only, all my right side grew numb and I had also difficulty in speaking. At the end I could say only one or two words. 'Courage' or 'Hold fast,'—things like that."

"And how long a time did you remain there?"

"A little more than an hour. I was entirely covered with blood. At the least respite one chasseur or another put on a new bandage. I had seven or eight of them, one on top of the other. I looked like a package, so it seemed."

But all the bandages did not stop the blood, which soaked through them and continued to run.

Bimont now hardly saw clear. He still fired and tried to say some words, which his paralyzed tongue did not know how to form.

The Germans, I think, must have looked with some fear on the monstrous red head of the fallen officer. They retired just as the Sub-Lieutenant Bimont sank down in a faint.

They go to hunt for a stretcher. They stretch him on it. He becomes faintly conscious, straightens himself up and takes a gun from a soldier to begin firing again. This time the men use force on him and carry him away to the ambulance. It is already full of wounded.

"Oh," says the corporal who brings the stretcher. "There are some in there who can walk. You must make a place for my lieutenant."

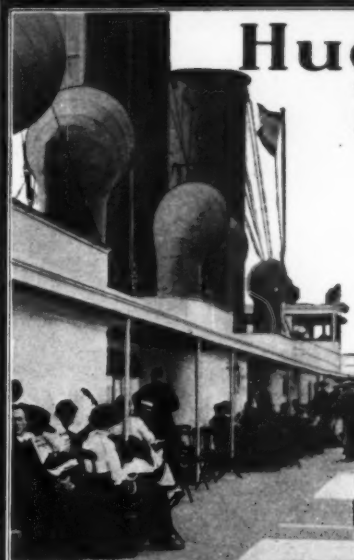
"Useless," says a major; "he is done for."

Done for! That major didn't know the Lieutenant Bimont.

"Something must be done," says the corporal. "You will see that he will know how to pull through."

THEY put the wounded man in the ambulance, which goes to the hospital in St. Menchould. The four chasseurs return to the trench. They weep.

For several days Bimont remains in a coma. They trepan him and await the



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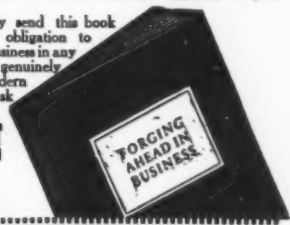
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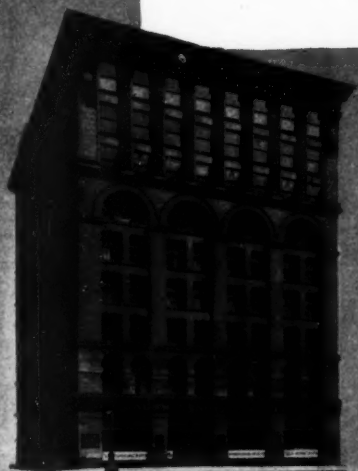
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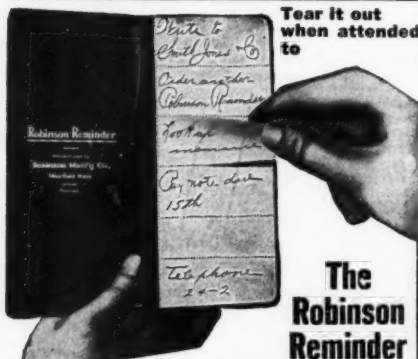
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miracle which will save him. He is one of those wounded over whom the surgeon bends each morning, astonished that they still live.

But he has always led a singularly sober life. He doesn't drink wine. He eats only vegetables. He has lost blood. He has also lost brain matter. But he persists in living.

Finally he comes out of his coma. One can believe that he is saved.

Yes, if one fine day this terrible man had not got out of bed without permission! An abscess of the brain was the result of that prank.

It was necessary to forward him to Paris, to the admirable hospital in the Rue des Peupliers, where the master surgeons had to trepan him again. And behold! the Sub-Lieutenant Bimont in his comfortable chamber, saved and happy, looking at me with clear eyes. He still has some difficulty in moving his right arm and in forming unusual words. But that will pass. He is sure of it.

He turns his hand toward a cross of honor on a new ribbon, which they have pinned opposite him so that he can always see it. His chiefs have thus described the affair which it is part payment for:

"He was the soul of the defence for three days and three nights at the most critical point of the sector of St. Hubert, sustaining a continuous conflict, at a few meters' distance, with the enemy. On October 27, in leading his chasseurs in a hand-to-hand fight inside a trench, he killed an officer and a soldier of the enemy. Wounded seriously in the head, he remained at his post until the enemy was repulsed, refusing to be cared for until, half unconscious, he was forcibly carried away by his men. An officer with a courage and energy equal to any test."

The sub-lieutenant followed me with his eyes as I read. Then he said:

"Ha! They certainly are polite."

THE BOY IN THE BURROW

[This is a story of a boy who won the Iron Cross—a German boy, of course. The thrilling tale of what he did and how he did it is told by an American newspaper correspondent—Herbert Corey—in the N. Y. Globe.]

THERE is a river—and a battlefield—and a boy. The boy's name is on the list of the Iron Cross of the first class. It is not possible to be more precise—military reasons.

He had just turned sixteen when the war began. He became one of those slender, erect, elegant little cadet officers one sees—children who are being trained for war.

Eventually he came to this battlefield and this river.

He had become hardened, as cadet-officers will. His muscles no longer were pulpy. His lips were tight and firm, and his eyes were not so widely open as they had been. He was a child who had made a companion of death.

A long dip in the French half of this battlefield ran down to the river.

It happened that this low-lying ground could not be seen from the German half. It was so long and so wide that many troops could be assembled in it. Fliers bucketed over it now and then, of course

—but the French knew its value. It was protected by a fringe of guns. The fliers were driven so high in air that they could not see. It was needful that an observer be stationed where he could watch the French.

"Let me go," asked the boy. "I can swim the river."

This was in January. There was no ice in the river—or not much ice—tho a hem of it formed at night along the banks.

Those in command considered. If they hesitated it was not because of any compassion for this boy, with the little downy line of hair just forming above his lip. Boys are very numerous in any army, and no one thinks of life. Otherwise there would be no war.

"It is worth trying," said those in command.

SO THAT night the boy strapped a reel of telephone cable to his shoulders and hung the telephone instrument to his body and slipped into that January water, dressed in full uniform.

It was very dark and the river was swift. Perhaps he swam 200 yards—paying out that cable as he swam—before he was able to make a landing. By and by the little buzzer in the trenches sounded. The boy's trembling voice was heard.

"I have found a place," said he. "I do not think they will find me for a day or two."

It was not through fear that his voice trembled. Boys who do such things do not fear. It was only that he was very cold. He could not light a fire by which to warm himself, and dry out that soaked uniform.

Through the night the murmur of French voices came to him. It was January weather.

He has been there ever since. January, February, March—it is April when this is being written. Somewhere he managed to find himself a hole in which he burrowed like a beast of the field. No fire, no light, for three long winter months.

All day long he watched through the peephole in his earth and telephoned to the German army the movements of the French troops.

Then a gun begins to play on this road or that field. Many Frenchmen die. Horses gallop screaming or lie upon the earth and scream—it is a frightful sound, the scream of a horse. Once he telephoned:

"The Frenchmen are within ten yards of me now. I think they may find me. Listen—you can hear the tramp of their feet!"

The man at the other end of the wire heard the scuffle of the steel-shod boots of the French.

But they did not find the boy. They knew he was there, of course. The obliteration of companies, just as they begin

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912

of CURRENT OPINION, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1915.

EDITOR: Edward J. Wheeler, 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR: Edward J. Wheeler, 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.
BUSINESS MANAGER: Adam Dingwall, 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.
PUBLISHER: Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.

OWNERS:

Current Literature Publishing Co., 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.
Leonard D. Abbott, 241 East 201st St., New York, N. Y.
Adam Dingwall, 134 West 29th St., New York, N. Y.
Wm. Beverley Winslow, 55 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.
Thomas Ewing, 1067 H St., Washington, D. C.
Isaac H. Ford, 1412 N St., Washington, D. C.
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[SEAL]

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(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

to form—the destruction of wagon trains when they reached the crossroad in the hills—these things do not come by chance. They swept that field in which he was hidden by shell fire. They passed over it a besom of shrapnel. But they did not find the boy.

AT NIGHT he crept down to a hole in the bank and waited by the telephone cable. He buried it as he ran from that hole to his earth.

By and by the men on the other side of the river lifted it, silently, on a pole, and a package of food slipped down. He got his blankets that way—and eventually the heat of his young body dried them.

Once he could not get to the bank for three days because the Frenchmen were so near. Then came a snow, and he waited, starving, in his burrow, until it melted. He dared not leave a track. Each day he telephoned ceaselessly.

"You are overshooting," his soft, tense, young voice would murmur. "Lower and to the left—ah—the shrapnel burst among them then."

They wanted to relieve him after a time. These men in command are not heartless. They thought this boy of less than seventeen had done a pretty tour of duty, and that some one else should take his turn. Perhaps they wanted to save that sort of a boy against another need.

But he would not have it. He said he knew his territory now. He knew every little mound and ditch and swale in it. If a new man came it would be days before he could be instructed in these things.

Between times he telephoned the details of a map to headquarters.

"So that the man who takes my place will know all that I do," said he, "if they get me—"

One day headquarters telephoned. The general himself was on the wire.

"I wish you to report at once," said the general. "Another man will take your place. You have been granted the Iron Cross of the first class—but under the regulations your commander must pin this on your breast himself. So you must come in."

The boy cried a little. They could hear his voice break over the phone. Two or three times he sniffled, as any boy does when his heart is touched. But he would not come in.

"The Frenchmen are doing something," said he. "I do not know what—but a new man here could not find out and I can. So I will not come in."

He would have been given the Order of Pour le Mérite, they say—if he had lived.

Last night another observer took his place.

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CURRENT OPINION should be on the news-stands and in the hands of the subscriber on or about the first of the month. Patrons unable to get the magazine will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Manager. News-stand patrons should instruct News-dealers to reserve their copy of CURRENT OPINION, otherwise they are likely to find the magazine "sold out."

TERMS: \$3.00 a year, \$1.50 for Six months; 25 cents a copy. Foreign postage 84 cents per year additional; Canadian postage 50 cents per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing a number notice of change of address must reach us by the 15th of the month preceding issue you wish change to start with. Thus, if you want the February issue to reach you at the new address, notice must be in our hands by January 15th.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD J. WHEELER
President
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

134-140 WEST 29th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ADAM DINGWALL
Secretary and Treasurer
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

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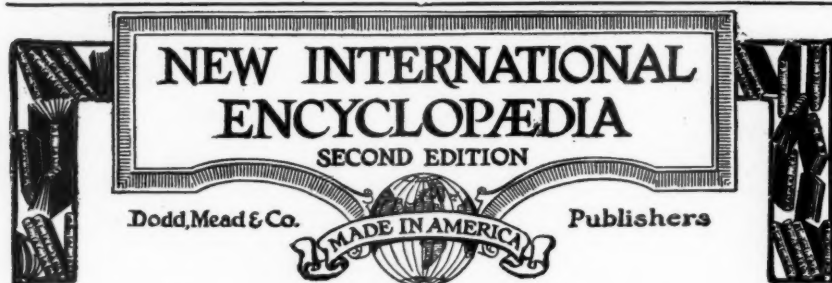
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THE SUBMARINE IN SEARCH OF ITS PREY

[The most vivid stories of the war that have appeared so far have been "made in Germany." They are Lieutenant Weddigen's account of the cruise of the submarine U-9 (published in our November number) and the account of a German aviator of his flight over Paris (published in our December number). To these should be added the following account of the cruise of another German submarine, U-26, and her attack upon a British warship (name not given). It appeared in the *Berlin Zeit*, and as here translated, in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. It is written by one of the submarine crew, but his name is not given.]

AROUND the heavy granite rocks of the long pier, monstrosly black in the dark night, the storm sweeps up the water of the North Sea in angry waves. Inside the pier the water lifts up our submarine in the regular motion of heavy waves. Everything is pitch-dark. The fact that many people are hurrying about on deck is shown only by the somber figures which now and then pass in front of the single lantern. From out of the engine-room, already under water, there arises the sound of heavy pounding and the weird crackling of the engines which are being tried out.

At half past ten there is a shrill whistle from the little bridge which stands high above the submarine and which is covered with heavy canvas. The officer in command, dressed in his oilskins, gives the sign of departure. The cables are loosened. A short, sharp signal of the engine-room, the sudden whirr as the motor catches, and the U-26 is under way. The sharp bow ploughs through the water. On both sides of the ship long waves are formed, shimmering with light foam in the blackness of the sea. We move in a westerly direction. We are going towards the enemy.

The heavens are covered with clouds. Not a star is visible. A few feet away from the boat, nothing is noticeable at all. The commander, with his experienced eye, tries in vain to penetrate through this wall of solid blackness. The wind is from the side, and the bridge is entirely flooded with water. No noise is heard but the heavy droning sound of the motor

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and the swish of the water passing along our sides.

THE earliest signs of dawn appear when suddenly in the near distance there is the sight of a heavy bulk, swinging high above us upon the water. We pass through the long tail of foam which a hostile torpedo-destroyer has just left behind, speeding towards the east. We have managed to find our way through the first line of the enemy's advance guard. From now on we must be very careful.

A signal is heard and men appear upon deck. The boat is prepared for action. The flagpole is taken down. Part of the bridge is folded together and well fastened. The periscope is brought up to the proper height. Then the entrance through the combined bridge and conning-tower is hermetically closed. The tanks are opened and the intruding water tells us that the boat is about to submerge. The gasoline motors stop their endless song. Electricity will drive us from now until we shall reappear upon the water.

A young lieutenant is posted at the periscope and looks for the enemy. The sailors take their position near the torpedoes. The interior of the boat is lighted with two small electric bulbs. They make the darkness visible but give no light. Everywhere there is a stale smell of oil. It is impossible to speak to each other because of the noise of the engine and of the water. The heat in the small room is oppressive.

From time to time, the officer in command of the three torpedoes looks at his watch or at his compass, both of which he carries around his wrist. Intently the men all watch the signboard on the wall in front of them. The storm which is raging upon the surface makes itself felt in the depth. Every motion of the water

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Everyone of us has heard of cases of this sort—any doctor can quote a number of just such instances showing the wonderful power of that God-given faculty called the Will when developed to its full possibilities.

But it is not only in the great crises of life that the vital need of will-power is felt, it is in every-day life—in business as well as in the home.

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Show me a big successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time—whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor or fighter. The problems which baffle you right now will find an easy solution if you but train your will to that end.

How to Strengthen the Will

Latent in all normal human beings is will-power waiting to be developed and trained. In some it is stronger than in others without conscious training. But in ninety-nine out of every one hundred people the will is dormant—inactive—undeveloped, from lack of use. The trouble is that we carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance, instead of asserting ourselves, until we finally become unable to use our own will.

If you carried your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a spoon. The same is true of the will, it weakens like a muscle when not used, and just as you could quickly strengthen your arm by intelligent exercise, so can you strengthen your will by intelligent exercise and use.

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causes the boat to rock up and down, up and down, up and down.

We think of the advantage of the man on board a warship. If his time comes, he can go down with a last look of the happy sun and the blue sky. We see nothing, hear nothing. If the boat is to go down we shall all suffocate in the darkness under water.

SUDDENLY we all jump up and forget heat and bad air and discomfort.

In small lighted letters, the sign-board says: "Attention." The officer in command holds the lever which will release the first torpedo. The sailors make ready to launch the second one as soon as the first shall have gone. A few seconds pass. We must be very near the enemy. Suddenly the first sign disappears. Half a second later and the red-glowing letters say "Fire!" With a single jerk, the lever releases the torpedo. A short metallic click, the noise of the water rushing into the empty tube, and all is over. The second torpedo is at once pushed into the tube. A few seconds later and the interior of the submarine looks as before the attack began.

But what of the first torpedo? Did she reach her goal? Instinctively we all have kept count—one hundred meters, two hundred meters, three hundred, four hundred. Under water no sound penetrates. We only hear the noise of our engines. We wait. Nothing happens. Then, suddenly we are all thrown together by the jerky movement of the boat. Twice or three times more we feel that we have changed our course very abruptly.

Then the boat rolls as before. The regular purring of the engines is heard. Our submarine is rapidly moving eastward.

We are on our way home. The attack has been successful.

Johnny On the Spot.

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the kindergarten of her new pupil.

"I don't know," said the little boy bashfully, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Well, what does your father call you?"

"I don't know," still more bashfully.

"How does your mother call you when the griddle cakes are done?"

"She don't call me," beamed the new pupil; "I'm there already."

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TERMS: \$3.00 a year, \$1.50 for Six months; 25 cents a copy. Foreign postage 84 cents per year additional; Canadian postage 50 cents per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing a number notice of change of address must reach us by the 15th of the month preceding issue you wish change to start with. Thus, if you want the February issue to reach you at the new address, notice must be in our hands by January 15th.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD J. WHEELER
President
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

134-140 WEST 29th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ADAM DINGWALL
Secretary and Treasurer
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York.

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FLYING OVER THE GREAT- EST BATTLE-FRONT OF HISTORY

[The cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, John T. McCutcheon, had at least one experience before he left the German lines that he will never forget. It is described by him in the Tribune. He had casually expressed a desire to go up in one of the war aeroplanes, but he did not dream that such a desire would ever be gratified. To his surprise, the German captain took up the matter at once with his general, and the following narrative indicates the result:]

WHICH one of you gentlemen wished to go up?" asked Capt. Walter, chief of the flying corps.

I was indicated as the candidate.

"This is the man," said Consul Robert J. Thompson, American representative at Aachen, who was one of our party. "He is the only one of our party who is not married."

"We will use this 'double-decker' over here," said Capt. Walter, "and you will be taken up by one of our greatest flyers, Ingold. He has made many records for Germany. For a long time he held the endurance record, having flown for sixteen hours without landing. We have now beaten that record, however."

The captain led the way across the field to where a great, massive, gray biplane was standing. I was impressed by the strength and size of it. No American machine that I had ever seen was nearly so heavy and strong. A crowd of aviators, staff officers, and our party of civilians followed and watched the preparations for the flight.

"What size is your hat?" I was asked, after which a leather helmet was given me to try on. It seemed all right, but the captain sent for another. Evidently it was important that the helmet fit properly. Two pairs of goggles were tried on before a snug and secure pair was found. Then a Bavarian staff officer gave me his leather coat to slip on over my heavy ulster. It came only to my hips, and the effect was such that I looked like a tribesman from central Asia.

"This coat has my officer's shoulder straps," said the owner of the coat, "so that if you fall into the hands of the enemy you will be treated as a prisoner of war and not a spy. If you were captured in civilist's clothes you would be shot as a spy."

I was conscious of a new thrill of interest. It was evident that going up along the battle front was not entirely devoid of serious possibilities.

Another officer then brought a woollen muffler, which was wound tightly around my neck. The goggles were given a final adjustment to see that they were wind-tight, and I was asked to climb on board.

INGOLD had already taken his place in the rear seat, a sort of cockpit, above which only his head and shoulders appeared.

One of the mechanics showed me
(Continued on page VI.)

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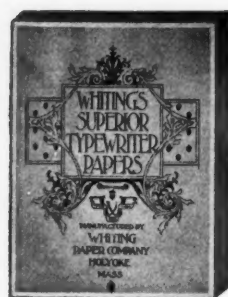
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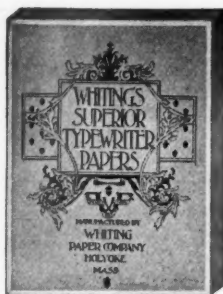
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which was at least six or seven feet above the ground, and was in the forward part of the long and heavily built boatlike body of the "double-decker."

The engine was started, and there was a tremendous roar as the speed of the great propeller forward was speeded up and slowed down in a preliminary test.

In another moment the roar rose to a high key and the aeroplane moved forward with increasing speed and within only a couple of hundred feet left the ground.

We climbed swiftly. In an incredibly short time the houses and wagons and roads below shrunk to toy proportions. A long wagon train of ammunition became tiny objects on a white road, which stretched off for miles to the north. Railway trains, loaded with troops, contracted in size until they were toy trains.

I did not know what the pilot's instructions were, but at first we flew northward, away from the battle front, just to the south of Laon. This was a distinct disappointment. But all the time we were climbing to higher altitudes, and I soon realized that the wind was fitful and treacherous. The machine gave sudden and disquieting lurches, and occasionally would fall for a few feet. . . .

Below me, like a relief map, stretched the vast plain, dotted with clusters of houses, with railways and roads and checkered with beautiful fields and patches of wood.

Ahead of me was the propeller, but so high that the blast of air from it passed over my head. In my cockpit there were two handles of steel to which one might cling, and along the forward edge of the pit was a leather-padded rim that would break the shock of a bad landing. There was no altitude gauge in my compartment and so I could not determine how high we were. Above me the clouds were very close, and the expanse of country unfolding below me was vast.

When we swung about we were several miles north of Laon. In a wide half circle we sheered about until the city lay dead ahead. We were still climbing, probably for the serener air levels above, and the wagon trains and long lines of motor trucks below were microscopic in size. Soon we passed the aviation field and left it behind. This meant that we were to fly south of Laon and thus see the greatest battle front that has ever been known in history.

THE town of Laon is perched on a hill 600 feet high. The great cathedral, rising 200 feet above the street levels, dominates the town as the Cologne cathedral dominates Cologne. From its towers one may see Paris, and from the chateau, or prefecture, where the general's staff is quartered, one may see, day and night, the fierce artillery duel that is rising six or seven miles to the south.

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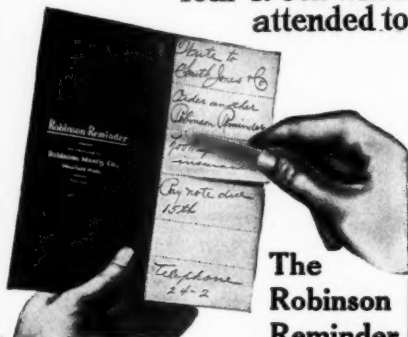
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And yet, notwithstanding the crowning eminence of the town and its cathedral, they now looked like toy houses far below. The cathedral had become squat and had flattened out to the altitude of the smaller buildings around it. It seemed incredibly small. The great normal schools which now are field hospitals and which look off from the rim of the crescent hill across the rolling valleys and hills to the south were like miniature blocks which seemed hardly to be higher than the valleys below them.

Elevations had flattened and instead of hills the country to the south of Laon was like a plain, crisscrossed with roads, spattered with houses and villages and checkered with green and yellow fields. Off to the south was the ribbon of the Aisne, along which the mightiest battle of the ages has raged for weeks. Farther away to the southwest were the dim outlines of Paris, seventy miles away.

It was a wonderful sight. Human beings were specks, and I could not see the tragedy of their movements, but the huge clouds of belching smoke from the French and English batteries and the answering bursts of unfolding white billows from the German batteries told how savagely the great artillery duel was raging and meant that in every moment men were being torn to pieces and others were soon to be carried away from the field on stretchers. . . .

The noise of the motor in the aeroplane was so great that it drowned the sound of the firing. I could not hear the deep growl of the guns. And if by any chance a balloon gun of the allies had bombarded us as we flew, we could not have known it until we saw the white balls of smoke around us or felt the sudden and violent convulsion of the air. And if a hostile aeroplane had hovered over us, as the events of the next hour proved to be possible, we could not have heard the noise or felt the throb of the propellers. Our only intimation of its presence would have come when a bomb exploding near us gave warning of danger from above.

INGOLD steered the plane south of Laon, passing over the Faubourg d'Arden at a great height and swinging off in a wide circle as we reached the edge of Bruyère. On the higher levels the air was not so disturbed by fitful gusts and the flying was smoother than it had been a thousand feet below. Off to the southeast, the Aisne traced a silver course through beautifully checkered fields and woodland. Rheims lay near the horizon with the towns of Maison Rouge, Maison Bleue, Amifontaine, and Neufchâtel between.

In the skies there was no sign of a hostile flyer, altho at that moment a French machine was rising into the clouds from somewhere back of the line of battle. We were to see him a few moments later, but

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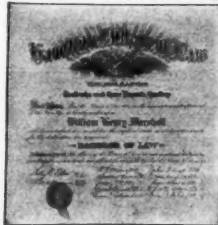
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at the time we were happily unconscious of the menace of his movements.

As we passed over Laon, northward bound, I felt the head of the machine dip and start on its long and gradual drop to the aviation field, which at that height was so tiny that the long white cross of bunting on the ground was a mere mark in the flat plains. The wagon trains still crept in, a procession of ants, and the toy engines were still pulling their endless trains of wounded going north and of fresh troops coming south.

We made a beautiful landing on the white bunting and bounced along for a few rods until the machine was safely on its wheels. Then a wide swing about and in another moment we were climbing out. The flight was over and I had the happy consciousness of having safely undergone an experience which, of all others, I would rather have had than any other in the battle zone. A crowd gathered about the machine as I got out of my leather coat and the helmet of leather.

It was then that we saw for the first time the French flyer high in the clouds to the south of us.

ON THE FIRING LINE IN NORTHERN FRANCE

[The most striking thing about the great war in Europe is the invisibility of the actual warfare. The infantry are concealed in trenches. The artillery is hidden by hills or forests. Orders are given by wireless and telephone. Men fight for days without sight of an enemy. Irvin S. Cobb, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives an impressive description of this style of war.]

WE STOPPED at our appointed place, which was on the top of a ridge where a general of a corps had his headquarters. From here one had a view—a fair view and, roughly, a fair-shaped view—of certain highly important artillery operations. . . .

There would appear just above the horizon line a ball of smoke as black as your hat and the size of your hat, which meant a grenade of high explosives. Then right behind it would blossom a dainty, plummy little blob of innocent white, fit to make a pompon for the hat, and that, they told us, would be shrapnel. The German reply to the enemy's guns issued from the timbered verges of slopes at our right hand and our left; and these German shells, so far as we might judge, passed entirely over and beyond the smashed hamlets and the ruined sugar-beet building and, curving downward, exploded out of our sight.

"The French persist in a belief that we have men in those villages," said one of the general's aids to me. "They are wasting their powder. There are many men there and some among them are Germans, but they are all dead men."

He offered to show me some live men, and took me to one of the telescopes and aimed the barrel of it in the proper di-



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rection while I focused for distance. Suddenly out of the blur of the lens there sprang up in front of me, seemingly quite close, a zigzagging toy trench cut in the face of a little hillock. This trench was quite full of gray figures of the size of very small dolls. They were moving aimlessly back and forth, it seemed to me, doing nothing at all. Then I saw another trench that ran slantwise up the hillock and it contained more of the pygmies. A number of these latter pygmies came out of their trench—I could see them quite plainly clambering up the steep wall of it—and they moved, very slowly it would seem, toward the crosswise trench on ahead a bit. To reach it they had to cross a sloping green patch of cleared land. So far as I might tell, no explosive or shrapnel shower fell into them or near them, but when they had gone perhaps a third of the distance across the green patch there was a quick scatteration of their inch-high figures. Quite distinctly I counted three manikins who instantly fell down flat and two others who went ahead a little way deliberately, and then lay down. The rest darted back to the cover which they had just quit and jumped in briskly. The five figures remained where they had dropped and became quiet. Anyway, I could detect no motion in them. They were just little gray strips. Into my mind on the moment came incongruously a memory of what I had seen a thousand times in the composing room of a country newspaper where the type was set by hand. I thought of five pica slugs lying on the printshop floor.

It was hard for me to make myself believe that I had seen human beings killed and wounded. I can hardly believe it yet—that those insignificant pygmies were really and truly men. I watched through the glass after that for possibly twenty minutes, until the summons came for lunch, but no more of the German dolls ventured out of their make-believe defenses to be blown flat by an invisible blast.

"WE are going now to a battery of the twenty-one-centimeter guns and from there to the ten-centimeters," called out Lieutenant Geibel as we climbed aboard our cars; "and when we pass that first group of houses yonder we shall be under fire. So if you have wills to make, you American gentlemen, you should be making them now before we start." A gay young officer was Lieutenant Geibel, and he just naturally would have his little joke whether or no. . . . Thereby we arrived safely and very speedily and without mishap at a battery of twenty-one-centimeter guns, standing in a gnawed sheep pasture behind an abandoned farmhouse—or what was left of a farmhouse, which was to say very

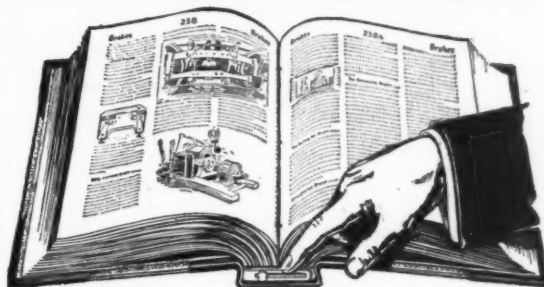
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little of it indeed. The guns stood in a row, and each one of them—there were five in all—stared with its single round eye at the blue sky where the sky showed above a thick screen of tall slim poplars growing on the far side of the farmyard. We barely had time to note that the men who served the guns were denned in holes in the earth like wolves, with earthen roofs above them and straw beds to lie on, and that they had screened each gun in green saplings cut from the woods and stuck upright in the ground, to hide their position from the sight of prying aeroplane scouts, and that the wheels of the guns were tired with huge, broad steel plates called "caterpillars," to keep them from bogging down in miry places. I say we barely had time to note these details mentally when things began to happen. There was a large and very soiled soldier who spraddled face downward upon his belly in one of the straw-lined dugouts with his ear hitched to a telephone. Without lifting his head or turning it he sang out. At that all the other men sprang up very promptly. Before, they had been sprawled about in sunny places, smoking and sleeping, and writing on postcards. Postcards, butter and beer—these are the German private's luxuries, but most of all postcards. The men bestirred themselves.

"YOU are in luck, gentlemen," said Von Theobald. "This battery has been idle all day, but now it is to begin firing. The order to fire just came. The balloon operator, who is in communication with the observation pits beyond the foremost infantry trenches, will give the range and the distance. Listen, please." He held up his hand for silence, intent on hearing what the man at the telephone was repeating back over the line. "Ah, that's it—5400 meters straight over the tree tops."

He waved us together in a more compact group. "That's the idea. Stand here, please, behind Number One gun, and watch straight ahead of you for the shot—you must watch very closely or you will miss it—and remember to keep your mouth open to save your eardrums from being injured by the concussion."

So far as I personally was concerned that last bit of advice was unnecessary—my mouth was open already. Four men trotted to a magazine that was in an earthen kennel and came back bearing a wheel-less sheet-metal barrow on which rested a four-foot-long brass shell, very trim and slim and handsome and shiny like gold. It was an expensive-looking shell and quite ornate. At the tail of Number One the bearers heaved the barrow up shoulder-high, at the same time tilting it forward. Then a round vent opened magically and the cyclops sucked the morsel forward into its gullet, thus reversing the natural swallowing process,

and smacked its steel lip behind it with a loud and greasy *Snuck!* A glutton of a gun—you could tell that from the sound it made.

A lieutenant snapped out something, a sergeant snapped it back to him, the gun crew jumped aside, balancing themselves on tiptoe with their mouths all agape, and the gun-firer either pulled a lever out or else pushed one home, I couldn't tell which. Then everything—sky and woods and field and all—fused and ran together in a great spatter of red flame and white

smoke, and the earth beneath our feet shivered and shook as the twenty-one-centimeter spat out its twenty-one-centimeter mouthful.

A VAST obscenity of sound beat upon us, making us reel backward, and for just the one-thousandth part of a second I saw a round white spot, like a new baseball, against a cloud background. The poplars, which had bent forward as if before a quick wind-squall, stood up, trembling in their tops, and we

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dared to breathe again. Then each in its turn the other guns spoke, profaning the welkin, and we rocked on our heels like drunken men, and I remember there was a queer taste, as of something burned, in my mouth. All of which was very fine, no doubt, and very inspiring, too, if one cared deeply for that sort of thing; but to myself, when the hemisphere had ceased from its quiverings, I said:

"It isn't true—this isn't war; it's just a costly, useless game of playing at war. Behold, now, these guns did not fire at anybody visible or anything tangible. They merely elevated their muzzles into the sky and fired into the sky to make a great tumult and poison the good air with a bad-tasting smoke. No enemy is in sight and no enemy will answer back; therefore no enemy exists. It is all a useless and a fussy business, signifying nothing."

Nor did any enemy answer back. The guns having been fired with due pomp and circumstance, the gunners went back to those pipe-smoking and postcard-writing pursuits of theirs and everything was as before—peaceful and entirely serene. Only the telephone man remained at his post in the straw with his ear at his telephone. He was still there, spraddling ridiculously on his stomach, with his legs outstretched in a sawbuck pattern, as we came away.

THE ATTACK OF THE AEROPLANE

[No longer do we get from the war correspondents descriptions of huge battles and the movements of massed battalions. Instead, we get descriptions of detached events, thrilling little dramas of individual experience. The following is taken from one of John T. McCutcheon's letters in the *Chicago Tribune*. He was inside the German lines in northern France when these events took place.]

SUDDENLY an abrupt order was given to cease firing. There were a few hurried words from the telephone man and then the eyes of the officers began to scan the skies. A hostile flyer had been sighted. As long as he was hovering above, the guns must cease belching out the smoke that would betray their position to a watchful hawk, who would be studying the earth to find the location of the battery.

At first we could not find the flyer. Then, a mile in the rear and less than 100 yards from the grove of trees that sheltered the general's field headquarters, a great volume of white smoke sprang up.

"He's dropped a bomb!" some one said.

"He's spotted the field headquarters!"

The German officers fixed their glasses on the sky and soon found the flyer, thousands of feet above where the burst of smoke was seen and almost directly over the general's position.

The balloon gunners also had seen him, for now there appeared as by magic the sinister balls of white smoke high in the sky. Then came to our ears the dull boom of the exploding shells.

We couldn't see the balloon gun. It may have been the one at the aviation camp or it may have been another, but as shell after shell exploded we could see

that the gunners were getting the range and altitude. Closer and closer the white balls drew toward the gray plane sailing across the blue, very small and appalling-ly high.

WE SAW the flyer suddenly shift his course. Now he was headed directly toward the battery, which he may have seen and which he now might be preparing to attack. One at least of those gathered about the battery observed his course with deep concern. I wondered if a dropping bomb could be seen in time to enable one to beat a masterly retreat from the spot where it would light.

There was no alarm manifest in the faces of the German officers and no movement indicative of impending flight. So I stood my ground as each minute brought the flyer nearer to a position directly above us.

In the meantime, the exploding shells were bursting nearer to the flyer. One or two suddenly blossomed immediately ahead of him and he began to zigzag. He no longer flew straight and purposeful. If he had been bent upon attacking the battery, that object had been abandoned and his one purpose now was to escape the shells from the balloon gun. His own safety was now the paramount consideration.

I was relieved to see that the flyer's course no longer led him toward the battery. And I tried to imagine what must be the sensations which that flyer was undergoing. Upon all sides hung the floating balls of smoke and in the middle of them he steered his machine in a zig-zagging course which made it difficult to hit him.

A GREAT cloud lay dead ahead of him and if he could reach that safely he would be secure from the exploding shells. The balloon gunners knew it, too, and their firing became faster and truer. At one time there were at least eight floating clouds of smoke near the aviator and some seemed so close that we could not believe he would escape.

But he did. We saw the aeroplane fade into the edge of a great cloud and in another instant he was lost to sight. A little later he again appeared, flying rapidly for his own lines, and then once more faded from view behind another cloud. That was the last we saw of him.

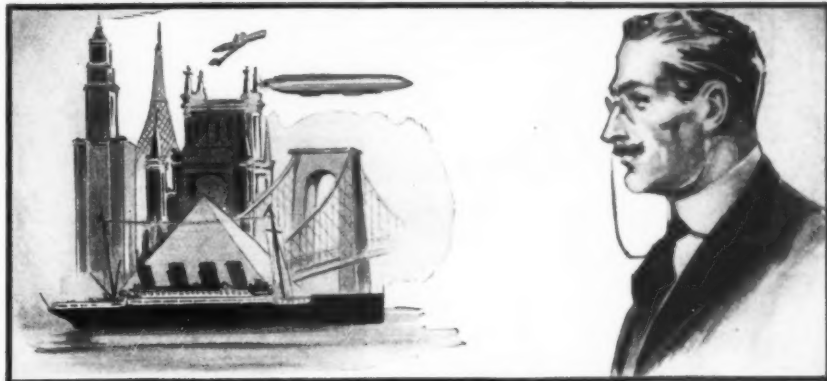
After a time the battery resumed its firing and before we left I noticed that the military balloon, which had been hastily hauled down, was once more rising into the sky.

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The users of "Power of Will" speak of it as a Bible. It has pulled men out of the gutter and put them on the road to self-respect and success—it has enabled men to overcome drink and other vices, almost overnight—it has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—making thousands of sick people well—it has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities suffused with the joy of living—it has enabled people who had sunk deep into the grooves of a rut to pull themselves out and become masters instead of the blind tool of circumstance—it has reawakened ambition in men and women who had been turned from their life purpose and given them the courage and confidence to build anew—it has converted failures in business into spectacular successes—it has enabled successful men to undertake even bigger projects by showing them how to use the power they already possess with even more telling force. Young and old alike, men and women in all walks of life, testify to the almost magical changes in their lives once they undertake Dr. Haddock's simple formula for strengthening the will—once they know how to use this God-given faculty recognized the world over as the greatest weapon of achievement.

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Although "Power of Will" is a 400-page, leather bound book containing more material than any \$25 correspondence course, the price is only \$3. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon below, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn this page.

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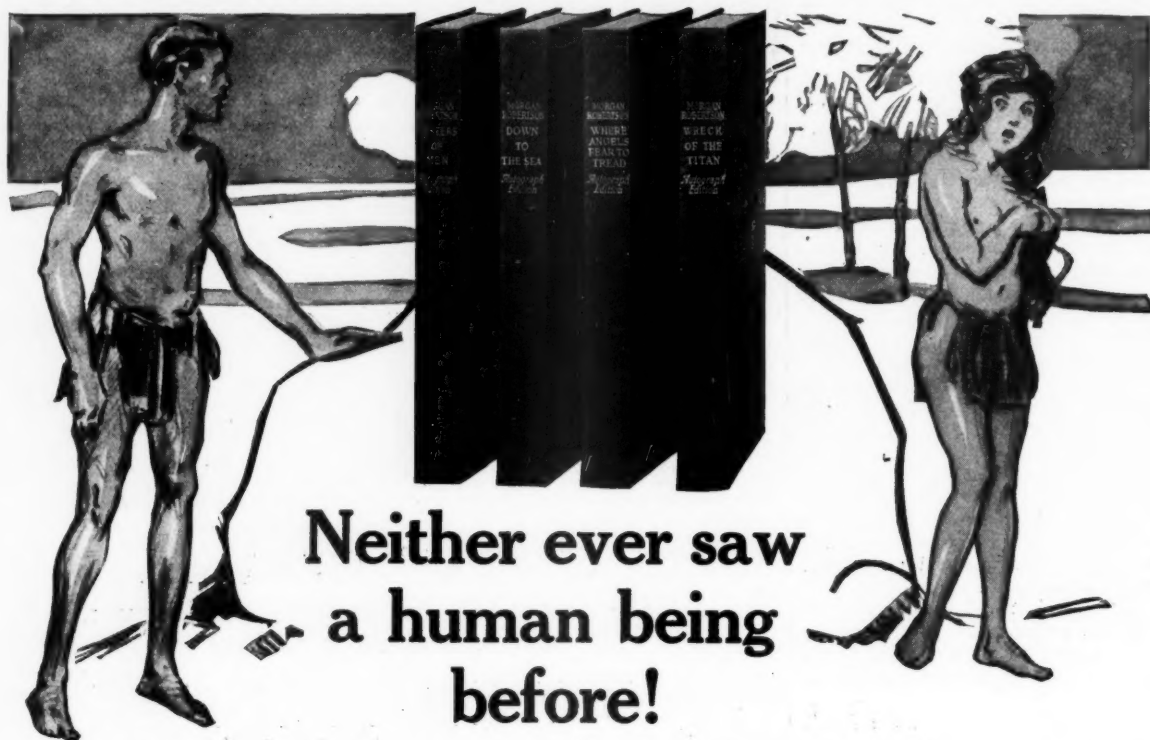
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How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of consecutive thinking, reasoning, analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
These are only a few—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.



A boy of three is cast on a desert island—all that's left of a ship's company. On the opposite side of the island a baby girl is cast up. Both grow up—neither knows of the other. How they survive—how they meet—what they think—throws a light on how our prehistoric ancestors may have lived—a vivid picture of instinct and need for love. The title of this story is "Primordial," and it is one of many stories—stories that writers say are some of the best stories ever written by an American author. Today the writer of these stories is old, broken and penniless.

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tiny—of good fights—of rescue—of shipwreck—stories of brutality—of crimes and shanghai—stories of courage and wild daring—stories wild as a hurricane—sea stories laughing as the sea at peace.

BUT STORIES OF THE SEA AND BATTLE ARE NOT ALL THAT HE WROTE. His fancies play about all conditions of life. Read his love stories, his stories of sweet and tender women. And there is a beautiful and pathetic story, "The Closing of the Circuit," of a boy born blind, whose father brought him up so that he thought all the rest of the world blind also. How he learned otherwise makes a dramatic tale full of tender charm.

YET—TODAY—MORGAN ROBERTSON IS OLD AND POOR—for his stories appeared in the days before magazines paid big prices to authors—and though he got much fame—he got very little money. And fame is a poor substitute for beefsteak!

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His stories are bully—his sea is foamy and his men have hair on their chests.
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"If you do not tell us soon what happens to Captain Bilke, I will have nervous prostration."
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(In a letter to Morgan Robertson.) Morgan Robertson has written some of the best sea stories of our generation.
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The trail of the sea serpent is over them all.
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The ablest writer of sea stories in this country, and sincerely hope that your venture will help him to gain that recognition of his work which is rightfully his.
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The magic and thrill of the sea, that bring back to us the day-dreams of boyhood.
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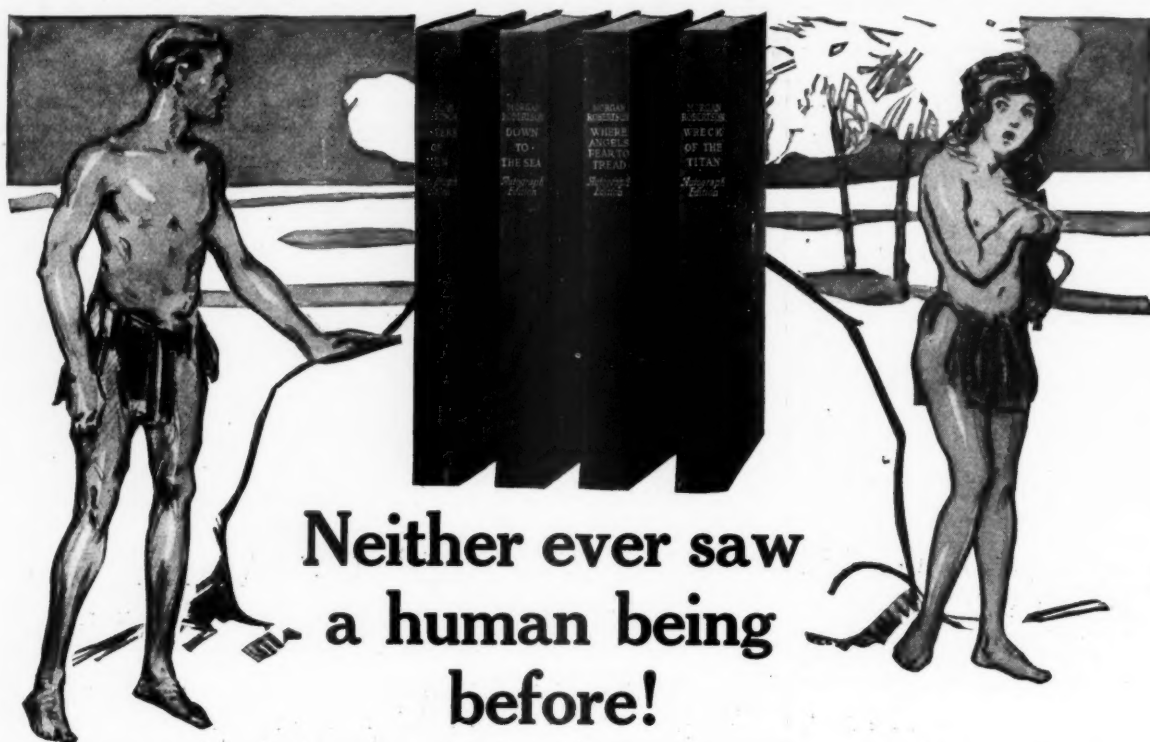
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Neither ever saw a human being before!

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SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Dr. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL
Medical Teacher and Lecturer
Satisfactory or Money Back
Plain Truths of Sex Life and
Eugenics, according to latest
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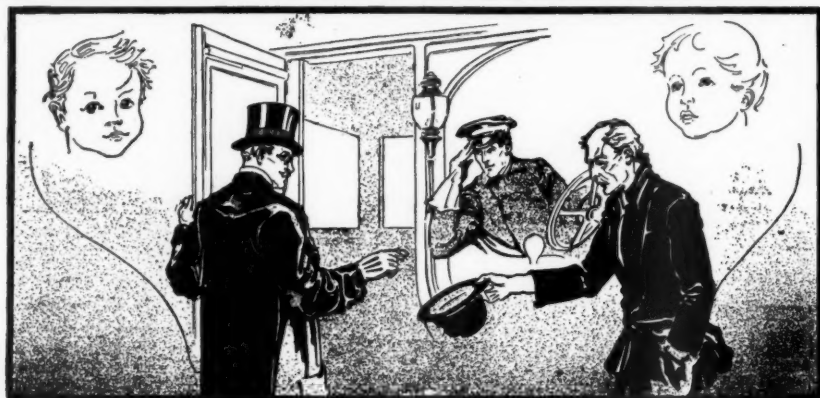
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How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
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How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
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How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body health.
Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.
This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

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Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment sometimes end up so differently? One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries on thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.
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Power of Will contains 400 pages, half leather, gold-top leaves, and includes more material than any correspondence course selling at \$25, yet the price is only \$3.00. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford not to own it. Send no money now. Simply send the attached coupon, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. You can keep it five days. If at the end of five days, you do not want it, mail it back. Tear out the coupon now, before you turn the page and forget. This announcement may not appear in this magazine again.

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Shear Nonsense

Romance to a Degree.

They were at a tea on Morningside—she extremely pretty and engaging despite the fact that she was in Teachers College, and he an earnest student of the law. The New York City Evening Post Saturday Magazine is our authority. They had really gone quite far along the pleasant road of Romance. He inquired civilly what degree she pursued.

"I aspire to be an M. R. S.," she replied demurely.

"I dare say it's hard," he answered absently. Hours afterward under the green shaded light in his own room it all came to him suddenly.

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English Lady (traveling in western America): "The idea of calling this the 'Wild West'? Why, I never saw such politeness anywhere."

Cowboy: "We're allers perlitte to ladies, ma'am."

English Lady: "Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere. But I refer to the men. Why, in London the men behave horribly towards one another, but here they treat one another as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing-room."

Cowboy: "Yes, ma'am, it's safer."

No Use for Him.

The handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out. Having thus properly placed the minister, *Harper's Magazine* continues:

One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said:

"I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?"

The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied:

"I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella already; he come twice a week, and I t'ank he no like you to come."

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The Language of the Times.

The New York American calls this a good comparison:

Alice, an enthusiastic motorist, was speaking to her friend, Maude, in relation to the slowness of a certain young man at proposing.

"Charley seems to start easy," she remarked, "and he speeds up well; but just at the critical moment he always skids."

Salesperson Efficiency.

A lady selecting a hat at a milliner's asked cautiously:

"Is there anything about these feathers that might bring me into trouble with the Bird Protection society?"

"Oh, no, madam," said the milliner. "But did they not belong to some bird?"

"Well, madam," returned the milliner, pleasantly, "these feathers are the feathers of a howl; and the howl, you know, madam, seein' as 'ow fond he is of mice, is more of a cat than a bird."

Hens of Leisure.

Where it started, we cannot tell, but once started the following has been going the rounds of funnymen columns:

A family which had only recently come into great wealth bought a huge country estate. One day at a reception the wife was telling of the new purchase. "It's all so interesting," she gushed. "We're to have our own cattle and horses and pigs and hens—"

"Oh, hens?" interrupted another guest. "And they'll lay fresh eggs for you!"

"I don't know," was the rather frigid response. "Of course our hens can work if they want to, but situated as we are, it really won't be necessary."

Explained at Last.

The Boston Transcript vouches for this timely revelation:

Wife: Henry, I wish you would tell me why a barber's pole is red, white and blue. Is it patriotism?

Hub: Oh, not at all! You see, the red represents the blood he draws, the white the lather he uses, and the blue how he feels when he doesn't get a tip.

True to Life.

The Detroit Free Press does not say where, but we can believe this happened:

"Pa, how do you pronounce—"
"If it's the war news you're reading you needn't go any further. I don't know."

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Marshall Wilder Stories.

The recent death of Marshall P. Wilder, the dwarf humorist, known for his storytelling on both sides of the Atlantic, brought out repetitions of some of the stories he counted as best. The New York American quotes him as saying:

"Of course, all my stories do not appeal to everybody, but a few of my stories do seem to hit everybody alike, such as the story about the Irishman who aimed at a bird and hit a frog. Picking it up he looked surprised, but said:

"Well, anyhow, I knocked the feathers off of it."

Two more from Wilder's inexhaustible repertory are:

SCOTCH TREAT.—A man dropped into a café one afternoon and saw his Scotch friend Sandy standing at the bar indulging in "a lone one." He walked up to the bar and greeted Sandy.

"Will you have another one with me?"

"No, thank you," said Sandy, "but you can pay for this one if you will."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—Among the Presidents about whom many stories were told was Grover Cleveland. One which he enjoyed very much himself was that one time when he was out hunting he was overtaken by darkness, and coming to a fisherman's hut knocked at the door. The family had retired, but after repeated knockings a man put his head out of a window and asked:

"Who's there?"

"I am Grover Cleveland."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right, stay there."

The Gnats and the Beetle.

The latest variation played on the string of difference between city and country points of view, we find in the New York Evening Post Saturday Magazine:

Some Gnats gathered together in a congeries and fell to darting about in so very bustling and intricate a manner as to move the curiosity of a Beetle.

"Er—what's the game?" inquired the Beetle civilly.

"Game? This is no game. We're very much in earnest. We're a city," replied the Gnats.

"And what, if I may ask, is a city?"

"A city is a device for intensifying discontent."

"What is discontent, then?"

"Discontent is the mainspring of progress."

"But what is progress?"

Here the Gnats of the congeries burst out laughing. "You don't know what progress is? You must be from the country!" they scoffed.

Mental Strain.

Proof that these are terrible times for the human mind is offered by the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"Gosh, life is getting strenuous."

"How so?"

"It was a heavy strain to follow four or five serial stories in the magazines. Now you've got to follow 'em in the moving pictures as well."

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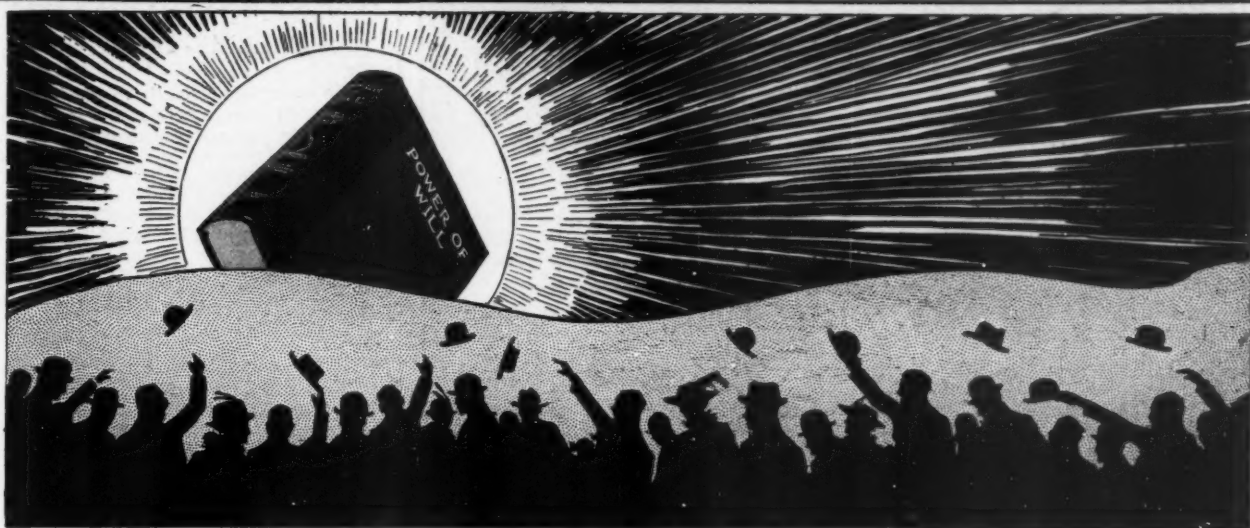
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WHEN THE COSSACKS WERE CALLED TO WAR

[No other land appeals to the imagination as strongly as Russia. It is vast, mysterious, full of contradictions. In all forecasts of the world's future it looms large and ominous, and the effect of this war upon Russia is likely to be the most important problem that grows out of the conflict. Stephen Graham, writing in *Collier's*, gives us a luminous view of the way in which the Russians in the interior received the first news of the war.]

I WAS staying in an Altai Cossack village on the frontier of Mongolia when the war broke out, twelve hundred versts south of the Siberian Railway, a most verdant resting place with majestic fir forests, snow-crowned mountains range behind range, green and purple valleys deep in larkspur and monkshood. All the young men and women of the village were out on the grassy hills with scythes, the children gathered currants in the wood each day, old folk sat at home and sewed furs together, the pitch boilers and charcoal burners worked at their black fires with barrels and scoops, and athwart it all came the message of war.

At 4 a. m. on the 31st of July the first telegram came through—an order to mobilize and be prepared for active service. I was awakened that morning by an unusual commotion, and, going into the village street, saw the soldier population collected in groups, talking excitedly. My peasant hostess cried out to me: "Have you heard the news? There is war!" A young man on a fine horse came galloping down the street, a great red flag hanging from his shoulders and flapping in the wind, and as he went he called out the news to each and every one: "War! War!"

Horses out, uniforms, swords! The village feldscher took his stand outside our one Government building, the Volostnoe pravlenie, and began to examine horses. The Czar had called on the Cossacks; they gave up their work without a regret and burned to fight the enemy. Who was the enemy? Nobody knew.

THE preparations for departure went on each day, and I spent much time watching the village "vet" certifying or rejecting mounts. A horse that could not go fifty miles a day was not passed. Each Cossack brought his horse up, plucked its lips apart to show the teeth, explained marks on the horse's body, mounted it bareback and showed its paces. The examination was strict; the Cossacks had a thousand miles to go to get to the railway at Omsk. It was necessary to have strong horses.

On Thursday, the day of setting out, there came a third telegram from St. Petersburg. The vodka shop, which had been locked and sealed during the great temperance struggle which has been in progress in Russia, might be opened for one day only.

What scenes there were that day!

All the men of the village had become soldiers and pranced on their horses. At eight o'clock in the morning the holy-water basin was taken from the church

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TERMS: \$3.00 a year, \$1.50 for Six months; 25 cents a copy. Foreign postage 84 cents per year additional; Canadian postage 50 cents per year additional.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing a number notice of change of address must reach us by the 15th of the month preceding issue you wish change to start with. Thus, if you want the May issue to reach you at the new address, notice must be in our hands by April 15th.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD J. WHEELER
President
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

134-140 WEST 29th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ADAM DINGWALL
Secretary and Treasurer
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

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and placed with triple candles on the open sun-blazed mountainside. The Cossacks met there as at a rendezvous, and all their womenfolk in multifarious bright cotton dresses and tear-stained faces walked out to say a last religious good-by.

"God is with you," said the priest in his sermon—the tears were running down his face the while—"God is with you, not a hair of your heads will be lost. Never turn your backs on the foe. Remember that if you do, you endanger the eternal welfare of your souls. Remember, too, that a letter, a post card, one line—will be greedily read by all of us who remain behind. God bless His faithful slaves!"

When the lesson was read there was a great scramble among the soldiers to get their heads underneath the Bible. They looked true "slaves of God," these soldiers on their knees in the blazing sunlight, the great Bible on their bushy heads. Each soldier dismounted and prostrated himself in the prayers, each soldier at the last kissed the cross in the priest's hand and was anointed on the brow with holy water.

And when anointed he passed away from the priest, leading his horse by the bridle. He sought out mother and wife in the waiting throng, embraced them and was blessed, amid sobbings that wrung the heart.

AWAY, away! Two miles from the village an ox had been killed and was being cooked by the side of the road, and gallon bottles of vodka awaited in the grass. The soldiers got into saddle again, and rode out through the crowds of women, old men, children. And a great number followed them to the place of picnic.

The ox was cooked over a great fire by the riverside, the green birches withering in the smoke. The Cossacks came up quickly, and, getting down from their horses, tied them to the trees. Buckets and kettles and glasses were brought forth from a shed, also many plates, but no tables. There was soup and roast beef and vodka for all comers.

First of all, the gallon bottles of spirit were emptied into the buckets and kettles and distributed among the men, the men themselves officiating. There were drinks all round and healths to the Czar and to Russia and to themselves.

One man held up a ruble, showing the Emperor's face, and all the soldiers sang "God Save the Czar," and then danced round the coin.

The ataman was taken, hoisted shoulder high, and thrown three times into the air and caught again with cheers, a great, stout, bearded military official. A number of soldiers even came up to me and laid their hands on me, saying:

"Pozvolyte vas raskatchat!" ("Let's give you a swing!")

I had difficulty in getting away.

The roaring little river rushed along under the birch trees, the horses waited in the green shade, the men danced and sang, the women sobbed and keened.

There was an hour of it, and then the officer in command gave the word, and all the men were in the stirrup again.

The long journey and farewell began in earnest. Even so, women on horseback accompanied their husbands twenty or thirty miles and then said good-by and even watched them out of sight as they dipped with the dust into the horizon. So Russia sent off her men from the frontier of Mongolia to fight on the far-off plains of Austria and Poland.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER

[This address by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is one of the notable addresses of American history. It was delivered at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, February 20. There are few, very few, utterances in our history that equal it in exaltation of tone, effectiveness of appeal to national sentiment, beauty of literary form and freedom from bathos. It is one of the very few fine things that has not come out of sectional strife or partisan animosity and hence its appeal is to all Americans.]

THE sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this exposition tells.

Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

Prophets, priests and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which look down upon the court of the nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day.

Without him we would not be here.

Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

Without him San Francisco would not be to-day the gayest city of the globe.

Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

To me he is far more: he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command, "Sail on, sail on, and on." But the westward way was barred.

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent.

His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

(Continued on page 6)

WAR

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He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges, where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanch and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought, was cast down but never broken, and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where some one fell.

Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of Spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why!

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp-fire of his race and he has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ships across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

And here on this spot this pioneer has called his sons to speak, with modesty as is becoming in strong men, of many things done: How they have filled the night with jewelled light conjured from the

melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagle in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade and court.

Athens and Rome are not far memories to the pioneer.

We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doors of the nations.

We are to know each other.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes think the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

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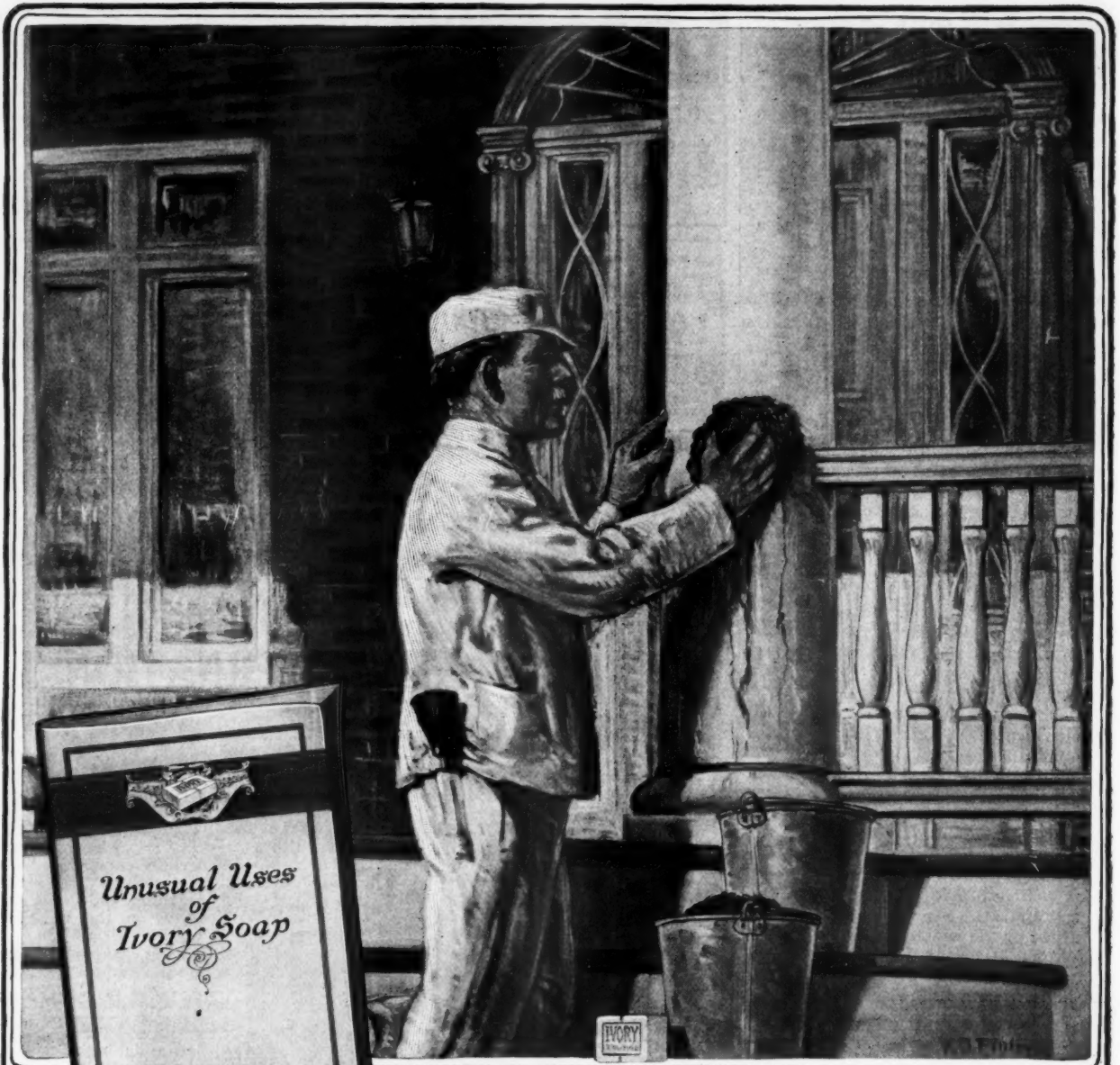
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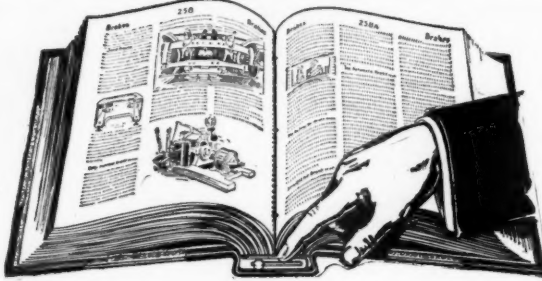
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INVALIDED HOME

[Near La. Bassée, in northern France, a British officer (name not divulged) with the expeditionary forces of the Indian army was wounded. His experiences on the trip to the first-aid quarters in the rear, then to the hospital, then by train to Boulogne and then home are vividly portrayed in the *North American Review*. One is reminded of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." Only this is fact and Crane's story was entirely imaginative.]

SOMETHING has struck you just behind the thigh. It feels a heavy blow—something big, in the nature of a sledge-hammer or cannon ball.

"Dash it, I'm hit," you murmur, instinctively; and yet it cannot be. What hit you was too big. You wonder what on earth it can be. Perhaps a bomb that failed to explode—or a large piece of one.

All this flashes through your mind as you lie there in the snow, with the enemy just across the road still shooting and throwing bombs at you. Very soon you realize it is a wound, all right. It is cold and wet and clammy, and is feeling sore.

You look round to see what has happened to the others. Only two or three have arrived. Are they coming? You wait. No signs of them. Your Subadar is near you; he has followed you in the rush. The rest have been stopped.

"What's happened, Subadar Sahib? Where are the others?" "I don't know, Sahib; they haven't come." "Subadar Sahib, I'm hit." "So am I, Sahib," comes the answer. "We can't take the trench alone, Subadar Sahib, so we'd better try and get back out of it."

You crawl back and away, being shot at all the time, wondering vaguely why they don't hit you. After what seems an eternity you get back, report what has happened, and one Sepoy is told off to help the two wounded officers back.

"The communication-trench is full of men; to struggle past them means too much pain. You decide to chance the bullets and keep to the open. It is a slow, long walk, a thousand yards at snail's pace. You realize you are lucky there are no bones broken, but you wonder to what extent it is possible to bleed.

THE Subadar says he is only slightly wounded, too, but you are conscious that he is very depressed. He maintains he is in no pain, but he has lost his air of quiet confidence.

Suddenly the reason comes to you. His faith has been shaken; he is a devout Mohammedan, and has without ostentation told you that very afternoon that he will not be hit—"for these things are in the light of God." You realize now why he is upset. His faith is the faith of

(Continued on page iv.)

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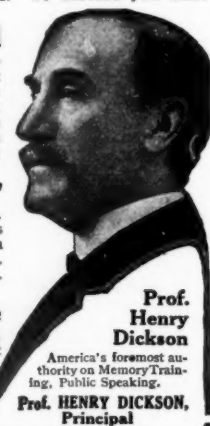
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one who imagines much prayer will make him invulnerable, and at the moment he is shocked. Later he will reason it all out and regain his inward peace.

And so you struggle on through the night till you reach the village where the billets are (for it is midnight or later—everything happens at night in modern war). Arrived at the cottages, you go into the room where the first little beam of light comes from.

"Where is the first-aid post?" you inquire. "Second turn on the left, about two hundred meters off." Off staggers the trio into the darkness again. Eventually a kind officer to whom you confide you are wounded pilots you through the intricacies of a farm-house, and there, in one of the minor rooms, is the doctor busy bandaging a crowd of Sepoys.

There is a small fire in an outer room, and here, cowering over it, is a British officer. He seems to be bandaged everywhere. Presently you discover it is the gallant Sapper who went to the trenches to boost the Germans out. Unfortunately the Germans got the first hit. Poor fellow! he is very plucky. He tells you with quiet humor he is not badly hurt anywhere, but is hurt more or less everywhere. This you see from the bandages—on hands, feet, and head; he is waiting for a stretcher to take him to one of the wagons.

IN comes the doctor: "Well, where are you hit?" You tell him, and proceed to remove your equipment. The doctor ruthlessly applies scissors to the tails of your shirt; it goes to your heart—you have but one other. Then comes the examination, for which the Sapper at the fire wakes up and takes interest.

"Here, you see, is where it went in, and here it came out," the doctor remarks. "Just missed the hip-bone," says the Sapper, adding, "It's made a bit of a hole." Eventually the first-aid bandage is applied.

Next comes the Subadar, who, it appears, has a slight wound through the inner part of the thigh. This is also bandaged, and again we sally forth into the night, with hazy directions as to the whereabouts of the ambulance-wagons. Another crawl for a half-mile or more.

One is beginning to feel faint and wonder how much longer it will be possible to walk. Stray bullets keep coming up the road. These stray bullets have followed you throughout your wanderings, and you pray that one will not find you just at the end of your goal. At last you come upon the wagons standing in the road. You ask for an officer, and are directed to a house.

On entering, you find it is the temporary mess of some reinforcements put up

to relieve the troops in the trenches. Among them you find some old friends that you did not know were even in the country. When they hear you are wounded, rum and hot water are immediately offered and accepted. The drink puts new life into you. Three or four real Egyptian cigarets are pressed on you, and you are taken to the medical officer in charge of the wagons.

Here you and your Subadar are parted, for he has to be conveyed to the Indian portion of the field ambulance. A seat is found for you in one of the wagons, which will start when full—luckily the wait is not longer. You are helped up into the wagon and feel your way in darkness to the farther end and sit down; this you find a painful operation. Then commences the long drive in.

THAT drive will never fade from your memory. The wagon is a heavy concern, drawn at a slow walk by two heavy horses that keep slipping on the frosty road. It is bitterly cold and utterly dark as you creak along a road full of filled-in "Jack Johnson" holes.

How long it takes to cover that three miles of road you cannot tell, but it feels a century. Each bump gives you a painful jar and makes your heart ache for the other poor fellows lying silently in the stretchers, of whom you caught a glimpse as you came in.

Soon you are conscious of some one sitting opposite you breathing through his mouth and giving a little sigh occasionally. Presently a hand touches your own; you close on it and give it a little squeeze.

"Where are we?" says a gentle little voice in broad Scotch. "It's all right, laddie; we are in the ambulance-wagon." There is a long pause.

"You an officer?" "Yes." Long pause.

"You wounded?" "Yes." Long pause.

"I'm in the Black Watch. The officer took my name. I lost my head and got among the Germans."

"You badly hurt?" "No; but I can't see." The voice is very faint and indistinct. It dies away, and one doesn't care to fatigue the sufferer by asking questions. After another long pause the voice continues, painfully. The three things it harps on are the fact that he lost his head and got in among the Germans alone, that his name was taken, and that he can't see because his eyes are bandaged.

You try and cheer him up and tell him not to worry, that it will be all right now. He relapses into silence for a while, and then painfully goes over those three points again, adding, "It was a bomb that done it."

At last the long, painful drive comes to an end. The field ambulance, situated in a beautiful French château, is reached and you are taken through the inviting gates into light and warmth.

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AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN A GERMAN PRISON

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THEY came to get me while I was at luncheon on Saturday, Feb. 6—two nice, gentlemanly looking policemen, who looked through all my things, took all my papers, and requested me to go with them to the police station.

They asked me a thousand or two questions, harping on the fact that I was inimical to Germany. Incidentally I got so tired of the two words, "deutschfeindlich" and "deutschfreundlich," that I hope I never hear them again as long as I live.

At about 4:30 in the afternoon, when they were tired out asking me everything about my past life, my plans for the future, and my hope of immortality, they smilingly informed me, much with the air of hosts giving an invitation, that they were regretfully obliged to detain me there for the night. I was slightly staggered, but their pleasant faces calmed me, and I saw in prospect a room, not too large, but comfortable, a student's lamp, perhaps, by which I could read until midnight, and then early in the morning out again.

"Can't anything be done," I asked. "Can't I 'phone to the embassy or the consulate, where I am known, and let them explain for me?"

They would not give me permission to 'phone either of the American representatives, but said I might send word to the American Woman's Club, where I was staying, in order that they shouldn't worry about me there.

I didn't want to make a useless pother over just one night, so I rather laughed over the matter on the telephone to the secretary of the Club, and asked her to accept for me a dinner engagement which I had just received for the following night—so sure was I that I should be out. For they assured me at the police bureau that an officer would come and get me in the morning and take me before the commandant.

I asked the Club secretary to send me some food and books—neither of which, by the way, I was allowed to receive, and then I was led away to my cell after depositing my valuables with the jailer.

FIRST I was stripped and searched while the women attendants stood around and made remarks about the disgrace of being a spy and wasn't I ashamed to be hiding under a false flag—this when my American flag was taken from my bag.

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I got angry at that and told them what I thought of them. They then locked me in a cell so cold that even in the almost complete darkness I could see my breath—and since I could hardly speak as a result of the cold which I already had, I begged for a warmer cell and got it. This was the only request the women keepers granted me. On the whole, they were cruel, telling me tales of three months' imprisonment and always refusing to take any of my petitions to the director. The men, on the contrary, were uniformly courteous.

In my cell—the warmer one to which I was transferred—it was impossible to see anything. One could feel a bed and one stumbled over a stool. Quickly all idea of a comfortable room with a student lamp was banished from the mind.

All night long I lay dreading to touch the coverlet of the bed, still entirely dressed, for fear I might come in contact with a straw mattress which had been there since time immemorial and fearing lest rats and cockroaches and worse were all about the cell.

But that would be a libel on German thoroughness. Nothing like an animal or insect was inside the cell, it was tolerably clean, and if the straw-filled mattress and cover had been there forever, at least there was a clean sheet in which I pinned myself carefully each night after the first, as they do children in the nursery.

However, the beds there aren't built for sleep. They rather resemble the Alps, with deep hollows and high crests, the pillow leaks straw all over the place. My bed stood immediately under the window, so that when it is open the steam comes in and trains rush and roar and rumble past continually through the night. . . .

ON Monday some of my things came from the Club, a brush and a nail file, which they promptly took away from me—I might say my way out with it—my soap box, a buffer—O, yes, and my tooth brush.

It was dark when they came. I was already in bed. One is punished if one is not in bed by 6 P. M., even as one is punished if one is not up at 6 A. M. Do you know, I felt those things over in the dark, and I cried over them. As simple a thing as a buttonhook, on which I traced with caressing fingers the familiar inlaid monogram, could arouse that much emotion in me. They seemed like friends. . . .

Again nothing happened until I was taken downstairs and asked another thousand or so questions, all of which were faithfully entered in a ledger built extra large for the purpose. By this time I was eating sparingly at times of the food they brought me.

On Monday, at noon, they gave me permission to write to the consulate, where I had many good friends, and I sent that letter off by special messenger, and it was delayed until the next day at 5. The consul general's reply was likewise delayed eighteen hours.

Each day at three, with irritating punctuality, they would call me downstairs to contribute another ten pages to the book. They asked me so many irrelevant, ridiculous questions that I used to sit through the séances with one silly idea in my head: "In a minute they are going to ask me if I have ever heard Anna Held?"

I told them my every amusement since I had arrived in Germany, every question I had ever directed to any one, how much my salary was and how I received it, what my sentiments were toward the allies, if I played poker; had my paper

sent me there to deny Mr. Bennett's stories?—and a thousand more.

But all this time people were not idle in Berlin. For some reason the charge against me had been lodged at the Marine-Amt, and every one who knew me was trying to find some way to release me. Our ambassador, Mr. Gerard, applied repeatedly for my release and vainly for permission to see me, only being granted that permission on the fifth day.

I was told I was a clever spy, and that these very things which appeared so harmless in my life in Germany—the concerts I went to and the quiet dinners at the homes of my friends—would be the things a clever spy would do to divert suspicion.

But at last it was settled, on the day after Mr. Gerard had sent the cable to *The Tribune* telling them to get Ambassador von Bernstorff to advise his government of my integrity, and my release was arranged for before any answer could come back, and in spite of the fact that an officer from the Marine-Amt had told me, as per schedule, "to be patient; that it would take another three days."

I think they were finally convinced that they had made a stupid mistake. But did they apologize to me? Jamais de la vie, as they say in the good old town I am going back to as quickly as a train will take me. They were positively abject to the embassy, but I merely got a scolding and a warning.

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WHEN THE LUSITANIA SANK

[The most coherent and apparently accurate story of the destruction of the *Lusitania* that we have seen is the following, told in the London *Daily News* by Oliver P. Barnard, a scenic artist of the Covent Garden opera.]

IT WAS my rare fortune to be one of four people who saw the torpedo of the German submarine fired at the *Lusitania* at a distance of probably not more than 200 yards.

I had just come up from luncheon in the dining saloon and was looking across an uncommonly calm and beautiful sea when I saw on the starboard what at first seemed to be the tail of a fish.

It was the periscope of our assailant.

The next thing I observed was the fast-lengthening track of a newly-launched torpedo, itself a streak of froth. We had all been thinking, dreaming, sleeping, and eating submarines from the hour we left New York, and yet, with the dreaded danger about to descend upon us, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes.

An American lady rushed up to where I stood, exclaiming nonchalantly, "This isn't a torpedo, is it?"

I was too spellbound to answer. I felt absolutely sick.

Then we were hit. My impression of the contact of the torpedo was that it was an indescribably terrific impact, tho not marked by anything such as the imagination might fancy, in the way of a roar.

The torpedo must have penetrated deeply into the side of the vessel and exploded internally. The shot was obviously fired at our bow and got us, I should think, abreast of the bridge. For reasons incomprehensible to most of the survivors, the *Lusitania* was making at the moment only about 15 knots, with the result that the torpedo traveled, say, the 200 yards of its course just in time to strike the ship squarely.

The point of contact was about beneath the grand entrance to the saloon and the result of the explosion was that it blew everything in that immediate vicinity into smithereens. Then the tremendous water tanks on the funnel deck burst, releasing their enormous contents and flooding everything.

The moment the explosion took place the *Lusitania* simply fell over just as a house, kept up by the underpinning, would topple the instant the main props were pulled out.

INSTANTLY there was a tremendous rush of passengers to the deck from the saloon and lounge. I did not think that anybody, not even the women and children, were so much terrified as they were astounded and stunned by the consciousness that the fears, cherished half in ridicule for five days previously, had at last been realized and the German "bluff" had actually come off.

"By heavens, they've done it!" ejaculated a broad-shouldered American whom I never saw again.

That was the first universal thought. "What shall we do?" was the next.

Many people, evidently convinced that the *Lusitania* was unsinkable, made preparations to sit tight and let things take their course.

My own first impulse was to obtain a lifebelt. Excitement and fright were now everywhere, but there was no panic. "Keep cool" seemed to be everybody's

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TERMS: \$3.00 a year, \$1.50 for Six months; 25 cents a copy. Foreign postage 84 cents per year additional; Canadian postage 50 cents per year additional.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: To avoid missing a number notice of change of address must reach us by the 15th of the month preceding issue you wish change to start with. Thus, if you want the July issue to reach you at the new address, notice must be in our hands by June 15th.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD J. WHEELER
President
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

134-140 WEST 29th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ADAM DINGWALL
Secretary and Treasurer
134-140 West 29th St., N. Y. City

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motto, tho there was on all hands a pell-mell scurry below to obtain lifebelts.

Every second people reappeared singly, in pairs, and in groups armed with belts, uselessly carried out in most cases and inadequately strapped on. Others forgot the belts and devoted themselves to hunting for their relatives.

The last passenger I spoke to was a young American bride, Mrs. Steward Mason, the daughter of William Lindsley, an American manufacturer.

"Have you seen my husband?" she shrieked at me appealingly. I had not, and could only advise her to remain there on the port side, to which I had in the meantime gone, as the port boats would soon be swung over and sent off.

I myself now made for the funnel deck and climbed up a ladder to what I thought was likely to be the safest eminence in the rapidly foundering ship.

I crossed over to the starboard side again, and on my way encountered the two Marconi operators in the emergency wireless room. They, too, were coolness personified. I learned from them that the explosion had put the main wireless room out of action. It also put out every electric light in the ship.

The *Lusitania's* inside compartments were now in complete darkness.

The wireless sent out their "S O S," altho the vessel was already listing heavily to starboard. The operators had great apprehension that even the emergency apparatus would break down because the list seriously interfered with the antennae. They scarcely got their first reply to the signal of distress when the expected followed and their emergency installation collapsed.

Finding that he could do no more the young operator, superbly humored and careless of what looked like sure disaster for us all, took up a kneeling position on the funnel deck in order to make snapshots of the *Lusitania* settling to its doom.

The "snap" was probably the only one attempted in the whole ship, but it did not come off. A further lurch of the boat upset him and his plans, for the last glimpse I had of him was astride a chair in which he said that he was going "to sit down and swim."

ONE of the first boats lowered away was empty. It was very hard to get it down properly, owing to the angle of the vessel.

Two boats were presently launched from the port side and were the best-manned boats sent off from the vessel.

Nowhere, as far as I could observe, was there anything but the utmost readiness, self-sacrifice and coolness; but men can only work to the extent of their physical powers.

The glorious old cry of the sea, "Women and children first," was the unvarying rule on the *Lusitania*. Some man, whom I assumed to be an alien steerage passenger, was the only person to attempt to violate it by trying to clamber into the boat before his turn and before the adjacent women and children were accommodated. A seaman threatened him with an axe, and he retired. Later he succeeded in getting into the bow.

Under the circumstances, realizing that I should soon have to battle for life, I proceeded to divest myself of all unnecessary overweight, such as coat, waistcoat, and collar and tie.

I cannot swim a yard, and the prospects were fairly unnerving.

The angle of our list was now so

acute that I could no longer stand and had to cling. Then I climbed down a ladder, leading on to the boat deck. As it was awash, I had no choice, but let myself be swept into the water, hanging on as best I could to some davits.

One boat near was just being let down head foremost and it was smashed. A moment later I contrived to clamber into a boat, which, tho badly waterlogged, was carrying a good many people, probably forty or fifty.

Certainly not more than fifteen minutes, or eighteen at the outside, had now ensued since the torpedo impact, and the *Lusitania* was gone.

Above the spot where she had been serenely afloat less than twenty minutes before was nothing but a nondescript mass of floating wreckage.

EVERYWHERE one looked, a sea of waving hands and arms, belonging to struggling men and frantic women and children in agonizing efforts to keep afloat. That was the most horrible memory and sight of all.

The ship herself had disappeared from view with something of picturesque grandeur about it, even tho we knew that many hundreds of helpless souls, caught like rats in a gilded trap, were in her. . . .

Probably few passengers met their doom directly in consequence of the explosion. Most of them and the rest of the crew who lost their lives died from drowning.

I shall never be able to forget the heroism of one of the deck stewards at the moment of launching the boats and in one of them later on.

He was a little, stunted man, the kind on whom men of big physique are accustomed to look down with mingled pity and contempt, but he had the heart of a lion. I wish I might some day be able to identify him and recommend him for a reward for conspicuous gallantry.

Tho our boatload was ready to pull away, we found that there was a hitch about getting it off. The *Lusitania* was lurching in such a way that one of her giant funnels was actually hanging over us and momentarily threatening, as the ship continued to list, to crush down upon us.

Then one of the staylines threatened us with disaster, but the indefatigable deck steward chopped the lines clear.

The vessel literally slid away from us, and we were left free.

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Those who were passing stopped to listen to him. "Why, what ails you?" they demanded of the blind man.

"I am afraid," he replied. "There was nothing in my eyes a moment ago, and now there are great shadows! . . ."

"What do you see?" they said.

"See!" cried the blind man impatiently.

(Continued on page vii.)

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"I cannot see. Have I not told you that I am blind?"

"But tell us what is in your eyes."

The blind man stood for a moment quietly, and his eyes looked fixedly towards the man who held his hand.

"There is a great shadow in my eyes," he said at last, "and sound comes from it. It moves. Oh, I am afraid! . . . Is that a man?"

And the man who held his hand said, "I am a man, and these that are about me are men and women. Those are houses that you see reaching above you."

"I am afraid to move!"

"Come," they said, "take but one step. It will be easy when you have done that."

"I am afraid," he said, looking up at the great buildings on either side of the street. "I am afraid that they will fall on me."

The crowd laughed at him, saying, "We have walked between those houses since we were born, and they have done us no harm. We built them."

"But I have not seen them before."

"You knew that they were there. You have lived in some of them. You can see them now. Look how we push them, and they do not fall!"

"It is very strange," said the blind man.

"Now, you must walk," they urged again.

"I must walk!"

He put his foot out as he had done in the days when he could not see.

"No," they said, "you must lift your feet from the ground. You must not drag them so. It is only blind men who shuffle along. Men who can see lift their feet from the ground."

"I shall fall."

"We will save you if you fall."

He stood still, gazing queerly at the street.

"What is all that?" he asked, pointing to the horses and carts that passed rapidly.

"That is the traffic," they said. "You must not step off the pavement until you are accustomed to the sight of it. Even men who see are sometimes afraid of it. It moves so quickly."

"I wish I had not lost my blindness!"

"It is cowardly to say that!"

"I was happy in my blindness!"

"You will be happy with your sight."

"I do not want to see! There is so much to learn."

"You cannot help yourself," they said. "You are blind no longer. You can see. You must go on seeing!"

"I am afraid!"

They brought him to a quiet place so that he might get accustomed to seeing.

"Look about you," they said. "Look at the green."

"Green!" he said, puckering up the flesh between his eyes in the manner of one who is puzzled. "What is green?"

"It is a color," they replied.

"Oh, yes," he said, trying to associate the word with the idea that had been in his mind before he had received his sight.

"I understand. It is a color."

"This is grass," they said.

"Grass! It is green, is it not?"

"It is."

"That is what green is," he said looking at the grass intently. "May I take some?"

They put grass into his hands, and he looked at it for a long time. "That is green!" he murmured; and as he spoke his eyes wandered to a pine-tree that stood near. "What is that?" he asked; and they told him.

"Has it got color, too?" he said.

"It also is green," they replied.

(Continued on page ix.)

Contrary Mary

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SHAKESPEARE

"But it is not the same color as the grass!" He turned to them reproachfully. "You said that this was green," he exclaimed, holding out the blades of grass to them, "and now you say that that is green!" He pointed to the pine-tree. "You are deceiving me," he said bitterly. "I am a blind man and have never seen before. You are mocking me!"

Said they: "The grass and the pine-tree are both green. There are varieties of green. There is light green and dark green, the green of grass and the green of the pine-tree; there is green that is almost yellow, and green like blue and green like black. There is the green of holly leaves and ivy, and the green of corn and wheat. There is the green of young leaves in spring and the green of old leaves in autumn. There is not one green, but many kinds of green."

"And are all things like that?" he asked.

"All things are like that," they replied.

"Then, indeed, it were better for me that I had remained blind. How shall I find my way through the world, when I must stop to learn all these things about one thing? When I have learned green I must learn blue, and when I have learned blue I must learn red. When I know the pine-tree I must learn to know the oak and the ash and the willow. I am too old to learn all these things. I do not want my sight. I wish to be blind again. I was happy when I was blind. I could move about without fear. My stick tapping on the ground enabled me to find my way. I am not happy without my stick."

They left the blind man, and told him he must learn to walk by himself. He besought them not to leave him, and moaned piteously when they said they must go. "We have much to do," they said. "You must learn to stand by yourself, so that you may come and help us." "I shall never be able to help," he said. "I shall never cease to be afraid."

When they had gone he sat down on the ground, and was filled with despair. The clouds passing swiftly over his head caused him to tremble lest they should fall out of the sky and overwhelm him in disaster. He sat for a long time, looking about him, and then said to himself, "I will try to walk." He raised himself slowly and fearfully from the ground and stood up. He became dizzy and swayed a little. "I shall fall down," he said to himself. But tho he swayed a little and his legs rocked, he did not fall. He moved, and then, his voice being tremulous, said, "I can walk a step, I can walk!" He moved quickly, and fell. "I knew," he said ruefully and he rubbed himself where he had been bruised. "I knew that I should fall!" And he declared that he would walk no more. But after a while he said he would try again, and he walked a long way until he came to the end of the field where a hedge was. "I can walk!" he said joyfully. "I can walk! I can walk!" He turned to walk back again, and when he had gone part of the way, he said, "I will run!" And he ran, but so quickly that he could not stop, and he collided with the hedge, and was torn by the thorns. "I will walk," he said, "but I will not run."

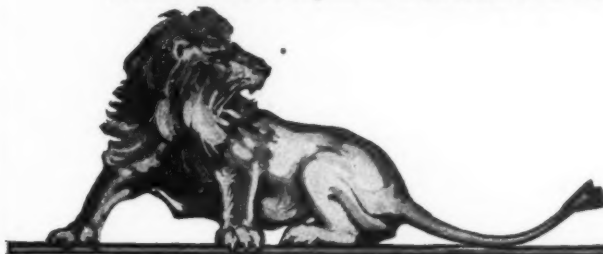
After he had walked and had run and had leaped, and could go about the earth like other men, he came to the town and walked through the street in which his sight had come to him. And he was not afraid. He walked easily. "It is almost," he said, "as if I were blind again!"

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The factors which are primarily responsible for short life and lack of endurance in a motor car, are:

- Un-scientific design
- Un-suitable material
- Un-workmanlike construction
- In-accurate workmanship
- Poorly fitting parts
- Improper lubrication
- Vibration

The foregoing being true, then what would more naturally follow, than that scientific design, intelligently selected materials, workmanlike construction, correctly fitting parts, efficient lubrication and absence of vibration, will assure long life and lasting service?

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But it offers no promise of unusual smoothness and endurance, unless a correct design be supplemented and supported by the most skillful working out of details.

And its details must in turn be supported by a far higher type of workmanship than is demanded in the more conventional types of engines.

During the past year we have achieved much in the perfecting of materials and their various alloys, making it possible to adopt them with more scientific correctness for the specific duties which they must perform and the strains, stresses and wear which they must withstand.

The reputation of the Cadillac Company for producing the highest type and the most accurate workmanship in a motor car is not disputed, yet the workmanship in the "Eight" surpasses anything ever before achieved by this Company.

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